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SEX ♦ SPORTS ♦ BEER ♦ GADGETS ♦ CLOTHES ♦ FITNESS

# MAXIM

**FOR MEN**

APRIL 1998

**RULE  
THE  
WORLD!**

**OUTWIT STATE  
TROOPERS**

**PERFORM EMERGENCY  
SURGERY**

**PULL OFF A 5-DAY  
BACHELOR PARTY**

**RIP A PHONE  
BOOK IN HALF  
AND MORE...**

**NATASHA  
HENSTRIDGE**

**MAN EATER**

*The Species  
girl is back  
for seconds* pg. 80

**WOMEN'S  
SEXUAL  
FANTASIES**  
**AND YOU THOUGHT  
YOURS WERE WEIRD?**

**BASEBALL '98  
PREDICTIONS**





**"If you call *mad, crazy,*  
*passionate sex*  
ordinary, then yeah, my  
dreams are pretty ordinary."**



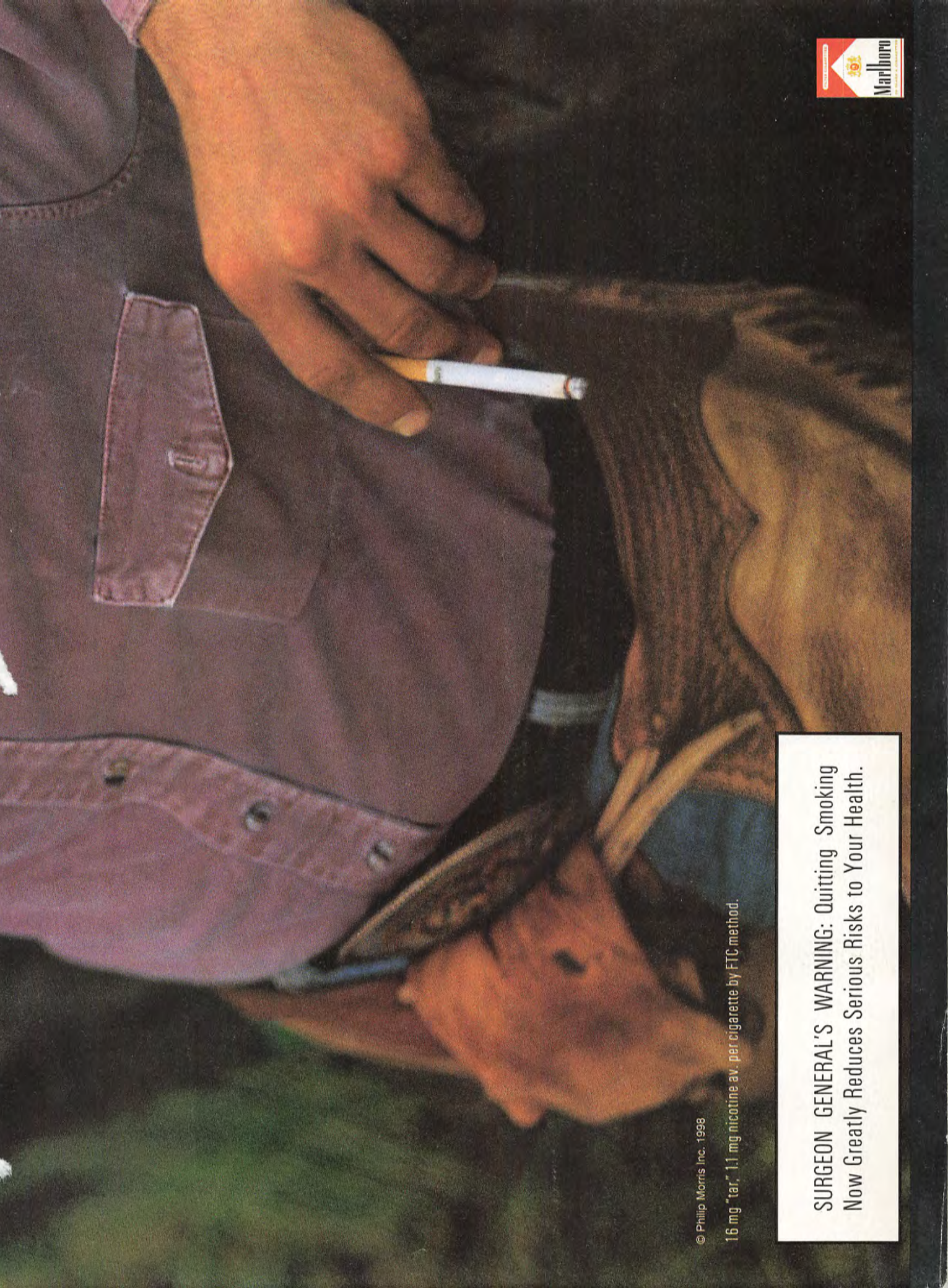












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**A PRACTICAL INVESTMENT.** Designed for the future, D-VHS also fully supports present technology. The DSR100 can playback and record standard VHS tapes, which means



\* DISH Network is a trademark of EchoStar Communications Corporation. Subscription required for satellite programming.

\*\* Dolby Digital broadcasts scheduled to begin late 1997. Outboard decoder required.

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# OF HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

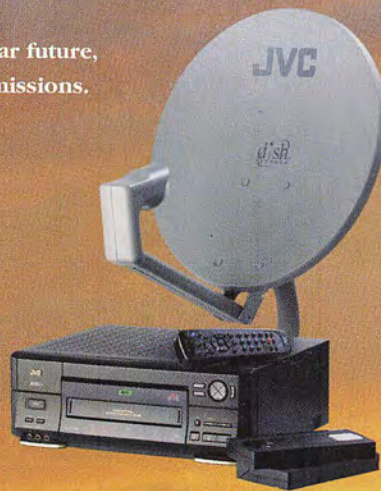
your current video library won't become extinct. Plus, in the near future, the D-VHS format will also be capable of recording HDTV transmissions. D-VHS is truly a technology whose time has come.

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- V-chip parental control

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*D-VHS digital satellite  
recording system.*



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# Abra Moore

(Singer, songwriter, VETERAN OF VAN living.)

AIR FRESHENER  
(Bought EVERYONE  
IN THE BAND ONE OF  
THESE. THINGS GET  
PRETTY RANK AFTER  
2 DAYS IN A VAN.)

IN Waikiki.  
A shot FROM MY  
Poi Dog days.

PABLO. I  
MISS HIM  
WHEN I'M  
ON THE  
ROAD.  
(HOPE  
ALL THIS  
TOURING  
PAYS  
OFF big.)

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YOU LOVE  
FRIES  
AS MUCH  
AS ME,  
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ALWAYS  
PREPARED.



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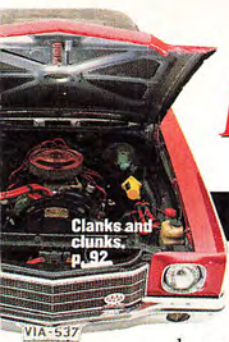
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# MAXIM

APRIL 1998

## FEATURES

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### BASEBALL '98 PREVIEW

The best of the coming season, including players to watch, stadiums to storm, and the final word on that tricky infield fly rule

80

### COVER GIRL NATASHA HENSTRIDGE

The breathtakingly beautiful, cold-blooded alien whose deadly sex games fogged up the screen in *Species* is back for more man-meat.

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### ALIEN BABES

Think Earth girls are easy? You ain't seen nothin' yet. Hollywood's alien babes come in for a landing in our stellar roundup.

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### NOISE IN THE HOOD

Bumps, rattles, and bangs: good for the bed frame, bad for the brake pads. A guide to diagnosing your car's ailments

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### FASHION: JEAN THERAPY

Water your wheels, suds your duds, and check out a wet T-shirt or two at the car wash, baby. **Plus:** Knock back a few of our great belts.



#### ON THE COVER:

Natasha Henstridge  
Photographed by  
Andrew Eccles

Styled by  
Karen Shapiro

Hair: Kali Hoefinger  
for Celestine; Makeup:  
Garrett Gervais for  
Visage; Props: Darren  
Ransdell/Cloutier

"I come from a far-off galaxy where underwear is scarce." p. 86

Photographs, clockwise from top left: Matthew Ward/OK Publishing; Roy Volkman/Outline, chair design by H.R. Giger; John Iacono/Sports Illustrated

The fairest and the foulest of Baseball '98, p. 66





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# 30 NEW MODELS THIS YEAR



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SideStreet™ W2838



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HighStreet™ W2840



SideStreet™ W2850

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"She sprayed me—  
now she will feel the  
wrath of my sponge."  
Car-wash drub, p. 102



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Expert tips to give you the edge.

In this issue: Spot a speed trap, devise the perfect password, and rip a phone book in half.

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**Plus:** Flip an omelet like a pro.

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Our cut-through-the-crap guide to movies, TV, videos, books, and music.

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Are you as funny as you smell? Write a cool caption for this photo and you could win a *Maxim* T-shirt.

Top photograph: Michael Myers; Styled by Karen Shapiro; Hair and makeup: Christiana Reyna for Peggy Bremner Agency; Middle photo: Mark Weiss; Prop stylist: Caroline Colston; Bottom photo: Maura McEvoy; Food stylist: Brett Kurzwil



# ACQUA DI GIÒ

FOR MEN

The new fragrance from  
**GIORGIO ARMANI**  
Bloomingdale's







CONTRIBUTORS



**ABBY ELLIN**

Ellin, who has written for *The New York Times* and *Cosmopolitan*, thought long and hard before using her real name on our "Beat the Taxman" story (page 62). "I'd better not get audited on account of this piece!"



**MARK NORTH**

"It's rare that someone calls and asks you to expense a bottle of bourbon," says North, a Colorado freelancer who's written for *Bike* and *Skiing* magazines and who serves up this issue's bourbon guide (page 128).



**MICHAEL MYERS**

Myers, who shoots beauty and fashion for *Allure* and *Mademoiselle*, photographed our jeans and flip-flops at the car wash (page 102). "It was chilly that day and the water was cold," he remembers. "I was glad to be behind the camera."



**MEAKIN ARMSTRONG**

A graduate of Columbia's film school in New York and our regular video-page guru, Armstrong dove into the archives to find the sexiest aliens (page 86). "It was fun to take off my critic's cap and put on my babe goggles," he claims.

Editor's Letter Photograph by Andrew Eccles; Grooming: Assumpta for Susan Price, Inc.

# Women aren't from Venus.

**T**oo bad, because Venus girls might look amazing. Supertanned skin from being closer to the sun. No sagging anywhere, thanks to Venus' weaker gravity. And who knows what other otherworldly treats might lie in store? Maybe Venus women would have seven or eight knockers instead of our gals' ho-hum two. Maybe their otherworldly constitutions would require a strict diet of empty beer cans and pizza boxes; maybe they'd need vigorous sex eight to 10 times a day just to keep their lungs in shape to breathe our oxygen.

**HOLLYWOOD'S  
ALIEN BABES  
TEND TO LOOK  
AMAZINGLY  
HUMAN...**

But Earth girls ain't so bad, when you think about it. They're agreeably warm-blooded; they know how to bandage our wounds and give neck massages and turn groceries into food. So what if they've only got two breasts—you've only got two hands, right? Earth girls speak the same language we do, more or less, and all our plumbing

fittings are compatible. (Think about it: Sex with alien babes might require mood-killing adapters.) In short, Earth girls are perfect. Is it any wonder that whenever Hollywood depicts alien babes, they tend to look amazingly human? *Maxim* rounds up the best on page 86.

On another note, this is my last issue as acting editor of *Maxim*. Starting with the May issue, we'll have a new editor-in-chief, Mark Golin, sitting in the big easy chair. He's smart, he's funny, he knows his shit. He's a bit...unbalanced. You'll like him.

Brace yourself, men of Earth—it's going to be a hell of a ride.

*Keith Blanchard*

KEITH BLANCHARD  
Acting Editor-in-Chief





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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.



# Letters

I JUST FINISHED thumbing through your March issue—thank God for Alyssa Milano! Wow, it's enough to cause a guy to endure *Melrose Place* without the volume muted.

In regards to the letter from William T. Bokelmann, who wanted his subscription canceled: Why the hell did you get a subscription to a magazine that you knew nothing about? And if it was a gift, you are a sorry excuse for a person. Besides, what's wrong with lying, cheating, and stealing? It's a joke; lighten up, you stiff.

Ryan Lockhart

(via E-mail)

*Yes, it's unfortunate that society compels us to lie, cheat, and steal in order to impress beautiful women like Alyssa Milano.*

ON THE HOWARD STERN SHOW, Howard read the 10 things women like most in bed, and he said it was from *Maxim* magazine. The list was so right-on that I wanted to get a copy for my boyfriend, so off I went to the local bookstore. Well, as it turns out, it was in a previous issue. But all was not in vain, because I fell in love with your maga-

zine. Stern raved about it, and I can see why. I'm getting my boyfriend a subscription, with a bit of selfishness, because I want to read it, too. Anyway, how can I get a copy of the list?

Laura Kruger

(via fax)

*The list was in our Nov/Dec '97 issue. You can check it out on our friendly Web site: [www.maximmag.com](http://www.maximmag.com).*

I REALLY APPRECIATE the article you wrote on increasing your odds at blackjack (Jan/Feb '98). My cousin and I recently went to Foxwoods Casino, and by using your technique of counting the cards, we both walked out with a cool grand. Thanks again, *Maxim*!

Anonymous

(via E-mail)

*Thanks for the lawsuit, bucko.*

WHILE I DON'T DOUBT that your "100 Reasons It's Great to Be a Guy" list is probably the "clean" version, it is still ridiculous, appalling, thoughtless, immature, petty, and misogynistic. Way to win over those "babes," boys. A woman loves no man the way she loves a dominant pig.

Kathryn Marlowe

(via E-mail)

*Hear that creaking in the background? That's your boyfriend, swinging from a rope. Go read the note on his chest.*

YOUR PUBLICATION refers to *Maxim* as "The best thing to happen to men since women." Women are not things. Men are not things. I am not a thing. I will take the retailer who sold me your publication into small claims court. The retailer will then either have to fight with me in court over constitutional issues or accept a default judgment, which I will execute. Please forward this to your legal counsel and have a nice day!

Anonymous

(via E-mail)

*OK, buddy. Time to turn on all the electrical appliances in your house and wrap your head in aluminum foil.*

I AM JUST NOW RECOVERING from the pain-in-the-ass event now known as Ice Storm '98. Here in central Maine, most everything was shut down for two days; even cable television was knocked out. Fortunately, I am a subscriber to *Maxim*; so not only did I have my wife to keep me warm and occupied while ice destroyed this state, but also a warming Famke Janssen interview, an ice-melting exposé on Bond Girls, and an invigorating get- ▶

# MAXIM

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"Sure you dropped your contact lens." Alyssa Milano



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.027 seconds — less than seven feet — stood between Mark Blundell's victory and Gil de Ferran's second place finish at Portland.



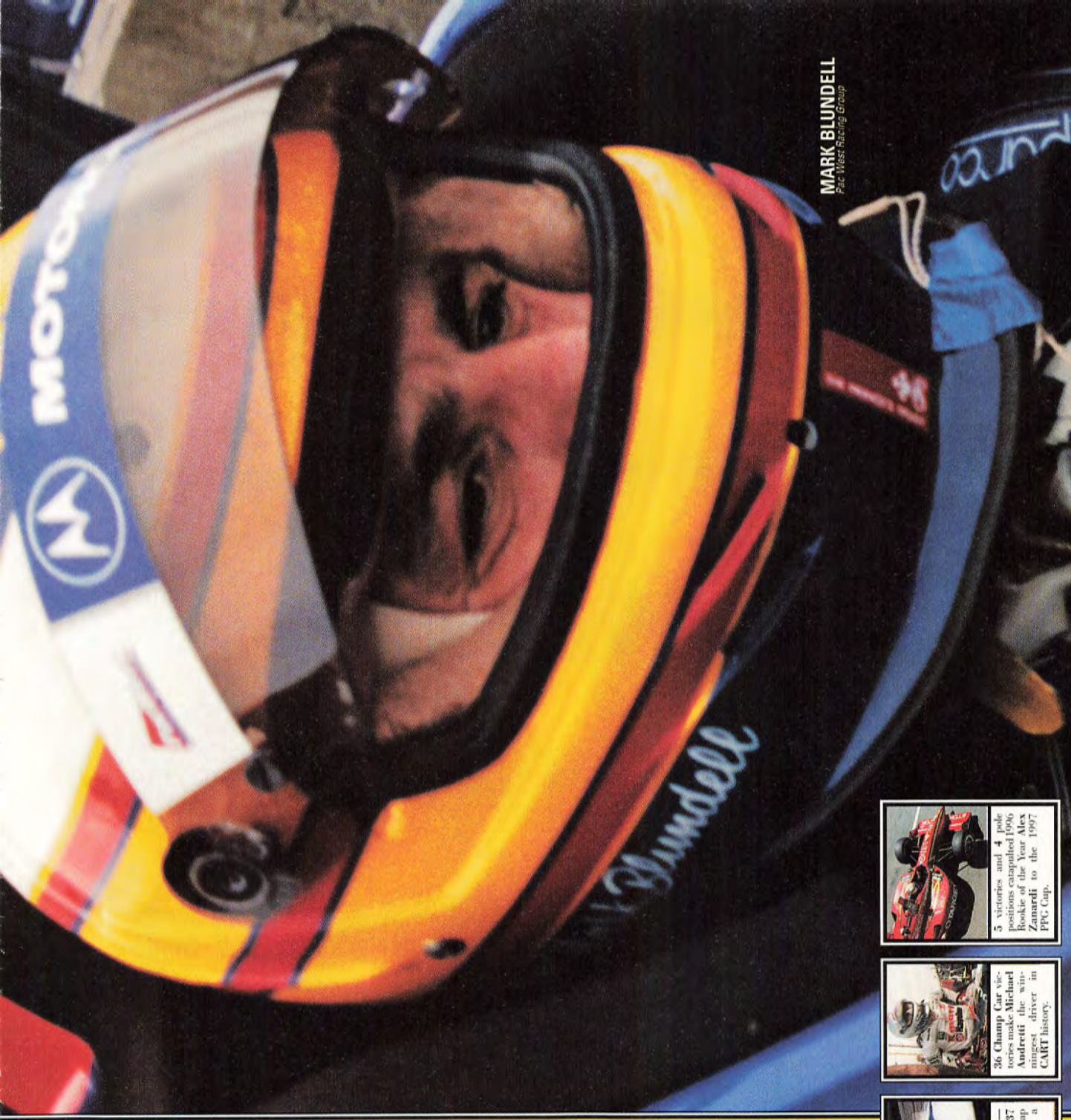
With speeds of 240.92 miles per hour — the fastest qualifying lap ever, and 242.37 miles per hour — the fastest unofficial lap ever, Mauricio Gugelmin secured a place in open wheel racing history.



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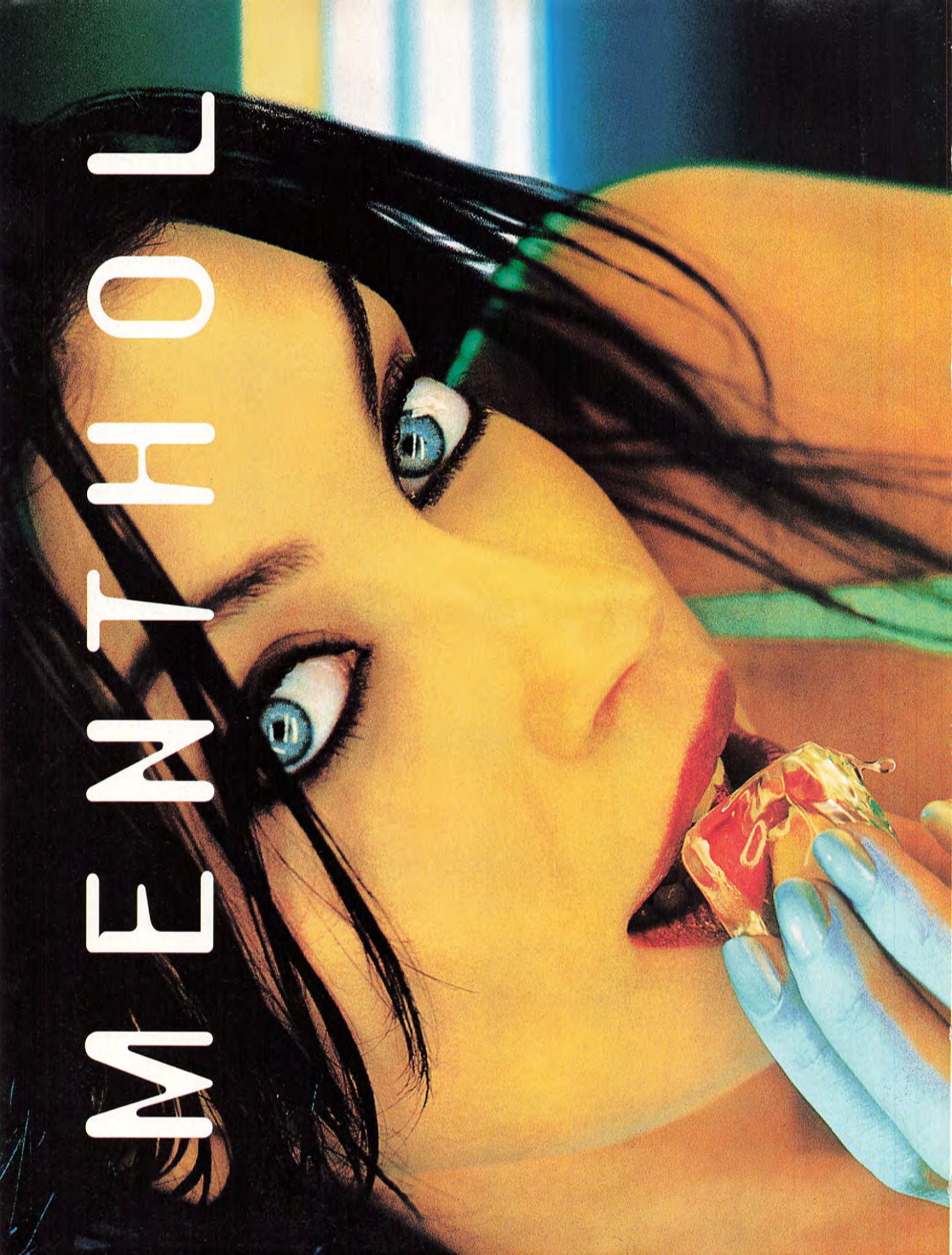


MARK BLUNDELL  
Pac West Racing Group

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fit guide. Together we made it. And for that I will renew my subscription.

Jeff Schneider  
Waterville, ME

*Sorry, that storm was our fault: We were attempting to blot out the sun.*

IN YOUR ARTICLE "007th Heaven," you stated that Holly Goodhead was the first woman in space, which would mean she beat American Sally Ride by four years. Actually, Russian cosmonaut Valentina V. Tereshkova was the first woman to orbit Earth, aboard *Vostok 6*, June 17, 1963.

Shawn MacPhee  
Lwr. Sacville, Nova Scotia

*Oops—we were talking about women who don't look like Lou Albano.*

WILL YOU PUBLISH the *Maxim* equivalent for women—a magazine full of cute guys? (When will *Cosmo* figure it out, anyway?)

Lisa Frohmader  
Elroy, WI

*Never. The people at Cosmo are not very bright—but keep that under your hat.*

WHAT A JOKE, rating and giving stars to pizzas that come packaged in cardboard and thinking that you're reviewing real pizza. Yuk, yuk. Here in Chicagoland, home of true pizza lovers, none of the five chains reviewed would even finish in the top 100 among pizza restaurants.

Even better was how you helped me on my most recent first date, "First-Date Detailing." I never knew I should shower before a date, especially about cleaning up "downstairs." Duh. I thought that stuff was never to touch water—that all the beautiful women I've dated like it smelling manly.

Jerry Meyers  
Northfield, IL

*Can we assume you've taken "all the beautiful women" to pizza joints? You're right, Casanova: our dating tips can't help you.*

I WAS IN A RUSH TO GET HOME after a long and frustrating day. Determined to not let any time be wasted in my journey, I pulled out in front of a policeman in a squad car, who had to put on his brakes to keep from hitting me. He



### LETTER OF THE MONTH

MY BOYFRIEND buys your magazine and pointed out your "100 Reasons It's Great to Be a Guy" to me. Just for fun, I added my own touch to some of them.

▶ "Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat." *And you still didn't say anything useful.*

▶ "A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase." *But your wife/girlfriend has to pack it.*

▶ "You can open all your own jars." *For all those great pickle-and-Spam dinners.*

▶ "If someone forgets to invite you to something, he or she can still be your friend." *But he "owes you big-time."*

▶ "Wedding dress: \$2,000; tuxedo rental: \$75." *Divorce settlement: one half. No offense intended, of course.*

Donna Carr  
(via E-mail)

*None taken. It's nice to know that we can laugh at ourselves together, honey.*

turned on his lights and pulled me over. I immediately recalled the "How to Get Out of a Speeding Ticket" article from your Summer '97 issue and followed the article's advice. He let me off and just told me to pay more attention to the road. Thanks, you saved me \$62.50!

Jon Montgomery  
(via E-mail)

*Just doing our duty to serve and protect our readers.*

GREETINGS FROM the Federal Correctional Institution in Sheridan, Oregon. My celly and I are both avid readers of *Maxim*. Your issues are in such demand that in exchange for an issue, we can get a rack of tuna (three small cans) and a couple of packs of Camels. We thoroughly enjoy the quizzes and comparison charts. However, we have to be careful because there are strict rules around here: Absolutely no fun allowed! If we are caught having fun, we are subject to a urinalysis without notice. The bottom line? *Maxim* is the messiah!

The Bank Robber & The Smuggler  
Sheridan, OR

*March 21, noon, the south guard tower—be there. And bring the potato gun.*

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# Laugh Tracks

## Heads You Win

A woman develops a brain tumor, and the doctor says it could kill her shortly. Luckily, he has good news: He has perfected a way of doing a brain transplant. Unfortunately, there is no donor, so she has to wait.

The next week the doctor calls her. "Well, you're in luck. There was a terrible boating accident, and two women died—a blonde and a redhead. So there are two brains available."

"That's great!" says the woman. "Which one should I get?"

"Well, cost is one factor," the doctor continues. "The redhead's brain would run you \$30,000, while the blonde's will cost \$100,000."

"I don't understand," the woman says. "Why such a difference in price?"

"Well, the redhead's brain is used."

## The Vise Squad

A construction worker comes home just in time to find his wife in bed with another man. Incensed, he drags the man out to the garage and puts his johnson in a vise. He secures it and removes the vise handle, then picks up a hacksaw.

The man, terrified, screams, "Stop! Stop! You're not going to...to...cut it off, are you?"

The husband shakes his head and hands him the hacksaw. "Nope—you are. I'm just going to set the garage on fire."

## What's Up, Doc?

A guy goes to his doctor because he's been having problems remembering things. After a battery of tests the doctor says, "Unfortunately, I have bad news, and I have *very* bad news."

"What's the very bad news?" the man asks warily.

"Well," says the doctor, "our tests show that you have cancer and only have three weeks to live."

"Oh, my God!" says the man. "Well, what's the bad news?"

"Our tests indicate that you also have Alzheimer's disease," says the doc.

"Well, I can always look on the bright side," says the man. "At least I don't have cancer!"



## Peep Show

A man and his wife are in the shower together when the doorbell rings. The wife puts on a robe and goes down to answer the door. In walks her husband's friend Ben. The woman tells him her husband's in the shower. Can he come back later? Instead, Ben steps in and quietly says, "I have \$400 in my pocket. I'll give it to you if you'll open your bathrobe for me." She's offended, but really needs the money so she agrees, opens her robe, and lets Ben have a quick peek before doing it up again. Ben gives her the \$400, and she opens the door for him to leave, but he says, "I have another \$400 in my other pocket. I'll give it to you if you let me touch your breasts." Now she's really mortified, but again, she needs the money, so she undoes her robe and lets him have a quick feel. Taking the other \$400 from him, she lets him out the door.

Going back upstairs, she gets back in the shower with

her husband, feeling a little bit guilty.

"Who was that?" the husband asks.

"Oh, that was just Ben," the wife answers.

"Ben?" the husband says. "That son of a bitch owes me 800 bucks!"

## Grass in the Field

The ambitious coach of a girls' track team starts giving his squad steroids. Their performance soars, and they go on to win the county and state championships. The day before the nationals, Penelope, a 16-year-old hurdler, comes into his office.

"Coach," she says, "I have a problem. Hair is starting to grow on my chest."

"Oh my God!" yells the coach. "Well, how far down does it go?"

"Down to my balls," she replies, "and that's another thing I wanted to talk to you about."

## Hammerheads

Two blondes are working on a house. One of them, who's nailing down siding, has been reaching into her pouch, pulling out a nail, and either tossing it over her shoulder or nailing it in. The second blonde, figuring this was worth looking into, asks, "Hey—how come you're throwing half the nails over your shoulder?"

The first blonde explains, "If I pull a nail out of my pouch and it's pointed *toward* me, I throw it away because it's defective. If it's pointed *toward* the house, then I nail it in."

"You moron!" the second blonde yells. "The nails pointed toward you aren't defective. They're for the other side of the house."

## Bedside Manner

A guy and his wife are lying in bed when the husband starts caressing her back.

"Not tonight, dear," she

says. "I have an appointment with the gynecologist tomorrow." The husband rolls over and tries to go to sleep. A few minutes later, he turns back and again starts caressing her back.

"Honey, stop," she says. "I told you I have to go to the gynecologist in the morning."

"I know," he answers. "But you don't have to go to the dentist, do you?"

## Urban Warriors

A Texan, a New Yorker, and a Bostonian are sitting together in a bar in the Yukon. The Texan tosses back his shot of tequila, throws the half-full bottle up in the air, pulls out a gun, and blows it to pieces. The other two, shocked, just stare at the Texan. He explains, "Where I come from, we have plenty of tequila."

The New Yorker, not to be outdone, finishes his glass of wine, tosses the half-full bottle up in the air, pulls out a gun, and blows it apart.

"Where I come from," he explains, "we have plenty of fine wine."

The Boston guy slowly drinks the last drop of his beer, tosses the empty bottle in the air, pulls out a gun, and shoots the New Yorker between the eyes. He then catches the bottle on the way down. "Where I come from," he says slowly, "we never waste booze—and we have plenty of New Yorkers."

## Family Values

Q: Moms have Mother's Day and dads have Father's Day. What do single guys have?  
A: Palm Sunday.

Send us your own choice jokes, and if we like 'em we'll print 'em and send you a *Maxim* T-shirt. Write us at Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail us at [editors@maximmag.com](mailto:editors@maximmag.com).



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out tonight, just think how  
you'll feel at seventy three.

Beefeater Imported Gin, 47% Alc. by Vol., Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Southfield, MI



**BEEFEATER**  
Live a little





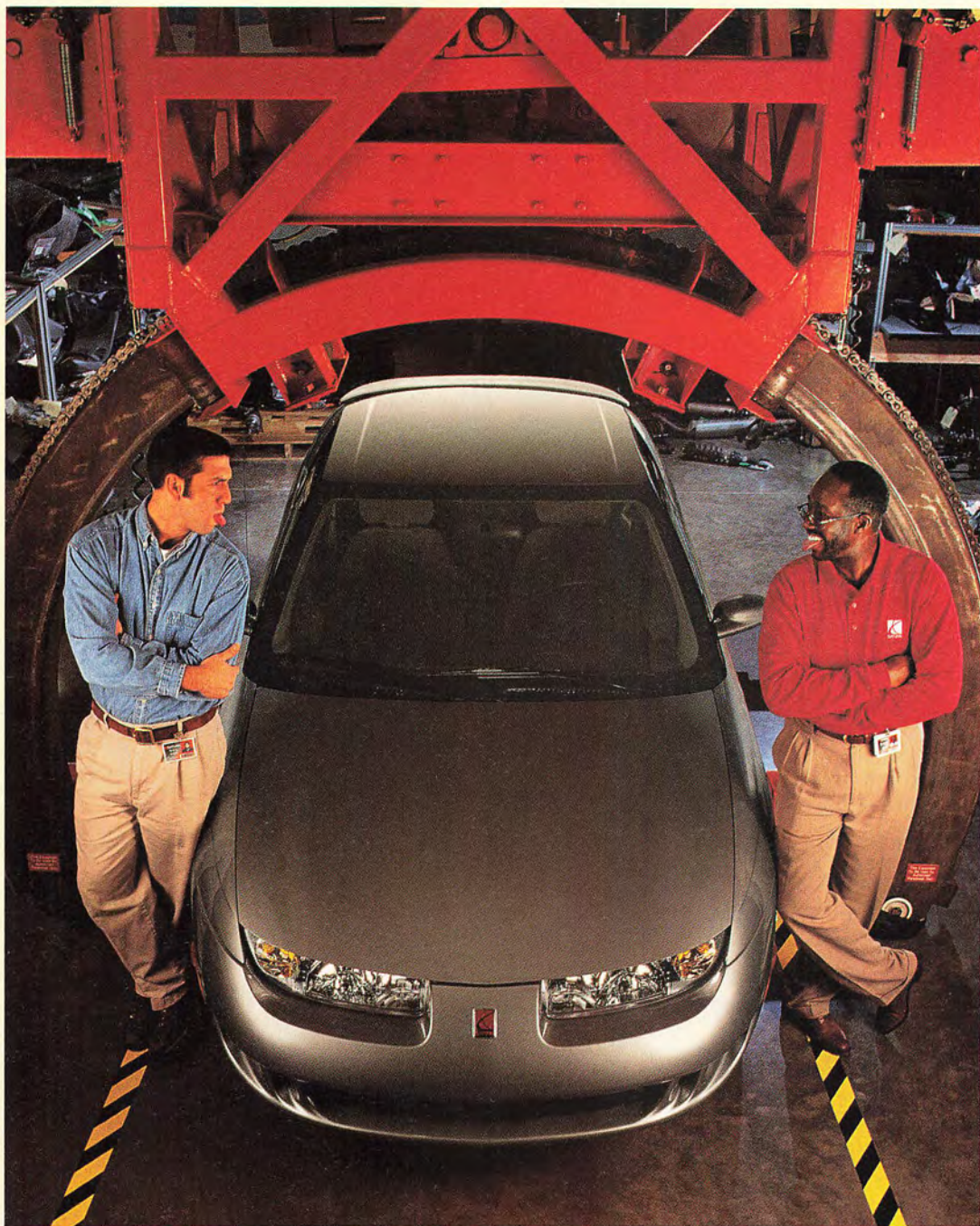


It's a game of good-natured one-upmanship that has repeated itself since the first Saturn rolled off the line some seven years ago. One that is won by microns and microscopic stress fractures. And one that is played by folks like design engineer Byron Johnson and test engineer Will Bothe.

Byron's job is to make our cars last. Will's job is to tear them apart. (It's as close to a rivalry as you're likely to find around here.)

Which is to say, they don't go at it like Democrats and Republicans. But they still manage, in the most Saturn of ways, to get in their digs. Say a part Byron designed doesn't pass Will's tests. Then let the taunting voice mails begin. And if it does? Then the reverse holds true. Now, this sort of competition isn't limited to Byron and Will; it's repeated by each of the 500 engineers who work here. Each giving a mock insult here, a good-natured jab there. Ultimately ending in some really great cars waiting at your friendly Saturn retailer.





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The 1998 Saturn SC2 comes with an M.S.R.P. of \$15,295, including AC, retailer prep and transportation. Of course, options, tax and license are extra. We'd be happy to provide more information at 1-800-522-5000, or visit us on the Internet at [www.saturn.com](http://www.saturn.com). ©1998 Saturn Corporation.





# Way Out There

A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

## RULES OF ATTRACTION

# NASAL WARFARE

Dr. Alan Hirsch of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago has been sniffing around bedrooms for years, researching the impacts of various odors on men's and women's sex drives. Take this quiz to see if you can identify the smells that make women go wobbly.

### Which of the following scents...

#### 1 is most likely to enhance a woman's sex drive?

- a) Men's cologne
- b) A combination of chocolate and cherries
- c) A combination of Good & Plenty and cucumber

#### 2 is most likely to enhance a man's sex drive?

- a) Charcoal-barbecued meat
- b) A combination of doughnuts and transmission fluid
- c) A combination of lavender and pumpkin pie

#### 3 is most inhibiting to the female sex drive?

- a) Charcoal-barbecued meat
- b) Cherries
- c) A combination of bed sheets and human flatulence (a.k.a. the dreaded "Dutch oven")

#### 4 is most likely to enhance the sex drives of women who say they find masturbation arousing?

- a) A combination of Good & Plenty and banana-nut bread
- b) A combination of cucumber, banana, and salami
- c) Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia

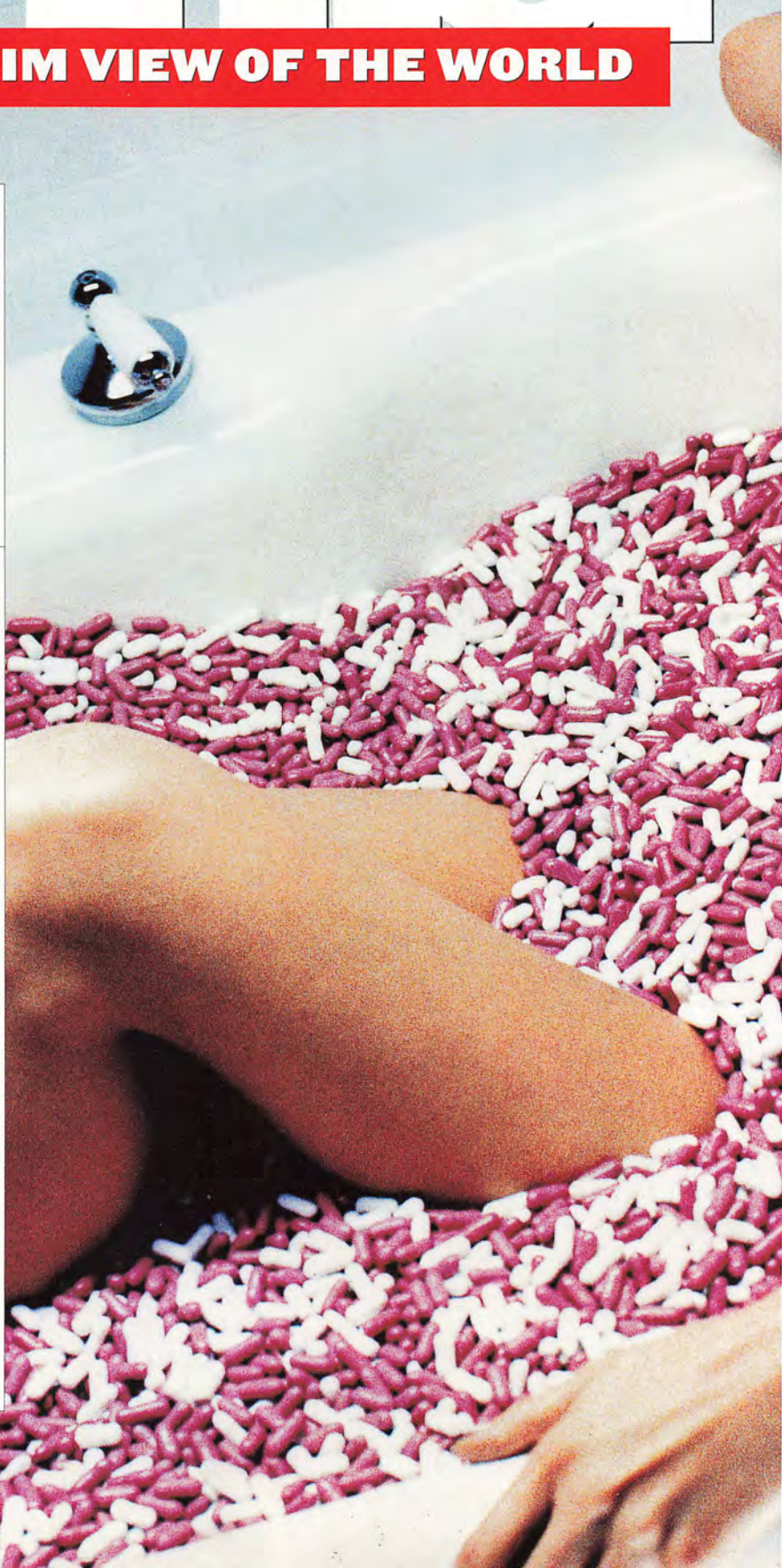
#### 5 is most likely to enhance the sex drives of women who consider themselves "usually multiorgasmic"?

- a) Male sweat
- b) Baby powder
- c) Gucci loafers fresh out of the box

#### 6 is most inhibiting to the male sex drive?

- a) Herbal tea
- b) Salad dressing
- c) Dr. Hirsch was unable to find any odors that inhibited the male sex drive.

Answers: 1. c, 2. c, 3. b, 4. a, 5. b, 6. c





e



And you thought  
you didn't have  
a sweet tooth.

Photography by Chris Rogers/AKA Reps; Grooming: Olive for UTOPIA; Manicurist: Jin Soon Choi for Mark Edward Inc.





## CANDID CAMERA

# ANIMAL LUST

True sordid tales from the sex files of the animal kingdom.

► The female **gray whale** chooses two males for each bout of nookie: one to do the deed, one to hold her 45-ton body still.

► Like Florida college students, male **toads** are always in heat. When there aren't any ladies around, they occasionally mount each other and bang away.

► During the mating season, **lion** couples can have sex up to 100 times a day, without the aid of a single spicy video.

► The male **porcupine** urinates on the female to soften her quills before mating.

► Hermaphrodite **banana slugs** practice "apophallation," in which one slug gnaws another's penis off and the castrated slug becomes a chick. Banana-slug Jerry Springers have a field day with this sort of thing.

► Like Mrs. **Black Widow Spider**, the female **praying mantis** always kills her mate. The evil twist: The mantis beheads her partner *before* copulation. Afterward, she devours his corpse and lights a tiny cigarette.

"Eat me. Er, wait—"



## UP, UP, AND AWAY

# VALUE JETS

When the ultralight fad started, it was like a bad joke. Flying lawn chairs with rubber-band engines. Chain saws with wings.

**But the lean**, spidery planes have grown faster and safer, and they're suddenly the hottest thing in aviation, despite the very public crashing and burning of country poster boy John Denver ("Ah've seen it rainin' fire in the sky..."). The United States Ultralight Association (USUA) boasts 14,000 members, and ultralight manufacturing has become a \$30 million business.

Anyone with some spare cash and serious brass can climb aboard and fly one of these babies himself. You don't need a pilot's license or an FAA inspection and you don't have to register the plane. Technically, you don't even need a single flying lesson to head for the clouds. For around \$10,000, you can buy a fiberglass frame-and-engine kit you assemble yourself that'll cruise at 65 mph or more and take off and land in places many "real" pilots wouldn't even think about, like high school football fields.

There are a few pesky FAA rules, however: Ultralights can only have one seat (two for instruction), must weigh less than 254 pounds, can carry no more than five gallons of fuel (which really hurts you on transatlantic crossings), and must be incapable of flying faster than 55 knots (63 mph) in level flight. Exceed any of these limits and, legally, you'll need a pilot's license. But ultralights,



being small, are easily overlooked by the authorities. And rules, it's worth pointing out, are made to be broken.

Is it dangerous? Well, since the planes aren't registered, nobody tabulates precise mortality numbers for ultralight flying, which means it's perfectly safe! (The USUA estimates that the death rate is a little higher than that for general aviation.) Luckily, ultralights are relatively slow and they glide well, bumping up the safety factor. One cowboy we know who's logged 2,000 hours in the air has had engines quit on him nine times; every time it happens, he brings it down like a glider, catches his breath, and heads up again.

To try before you fly, coast on over to the Sun n' Fun Experimental Aircraft Association Fly-in, a very big gathering of very small planes, April 19–25 in Lakeland, Florida. (For general info on ultralights, call the USUA at 301-695-9100. For the scoop on Sun n' Fun, call 941-644-2431 or contact the Fly-in Web site at <http://www.sun-n-fun.com>.)



# Curve

LIZ CLAIBORNE

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FOLEY'S ROBINSON'S-MAY KAUFMANN'S FILENE'S  
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*Curve for Women*

*Curve for Men*



"Poor little mad cows. They just wanted to rule the world..."

# BARNYARD HOLOCAUST

## THE KILLING FIELDS

When Hong Kong chickens caught the flu last year, humans staved off viral disaster by killing 1.5 million of them. Similarly, when hoof-and-mouth disease struck Taiwanese pigs, we sent three million of them to hog heaven, and when cows began going mad in Britain, we turned two million of them into biker jackets. With an unprecedented get-tough age clearly dawning, here are a few public nuisances we wouldn't mind seeing on the new endangered species list.

Only you can prevent forests.



## SPOT THE FAKE QUOTE

### COUNTRY STYLE

Think you know your country? Prove it by spotting the fake quotation in this list. (Real quotes taken from *Twang: The Ultimate Book of Country Music Quotations* by Obstfeld and Burgener, Owl Books.) Answer, right

**TRAVIS TRITT:** "Country music without whiskey's like sex without orgasm."

**MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER:** "Everybody has moments of despair; it's just that I exploit mine."

**DOLLY PARTON:** "It's a good thing I was born a woman, or I'd have been a drag queen."

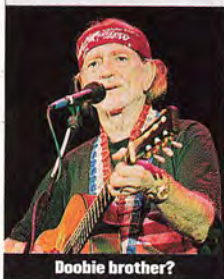
**JOHNNY CASH:** "I didn't ever kick the drug habit, and I don't think I ever will. There will always be that gnawing."

**WILLIE NELSON:**

"I'm not in bad shape, for a tequila-drinking doper."

**WAYLON JENNINGS:**

"Willie Nelson is my buddy, but I may have to shoot him one of these days."



Doobie brother?

## OFFENDER: TREES

**Crime:** Snuffing out skiers, especially politically inclined celebrities. To date, only a few individual trees have actually committed murder, but given trees' wide distribution (particularly in ski areas), an epidemic obviously looms.

**Solution:** Clear-cut the earth. Offer big money prizes and parting gifts to lumberjacks who level the most forest.

**Possible downside:** Tree-hugger types, deprived of their natural habitat, return to infest our cities.

## OFFENDER: BOEING 737 AIRPLANES

**Crime:** Falling to pieces. Last year a SilkAir 737 fell 35,000 feet onto Sumatra, killing 104 passengers; investigators found 26 "fasteners" missing from the plane's wing, and 18 other 737s with dangerously loose wing screws.

**Solution:** Destroy them all, just in case. Plunge planes into the Pacific en masse in one last monster air show.

**Possible downside:** A world surplus of honey-roasted peanuts, miniature liquor bottles, and ex-flight-attendant hobos.

## OFFENDER: PAPARAZZI

**Crime:** Preying on the famous; in particular, mowing down semi-disgraced members of hard-luck royal families.

**Solution:** Give Sean Penn an Uzi and a license to kill and let him pick them off one at a time.

**Possible downside:** Eliminating their natural predators may cause celebrities to proliferate and become even more cocky and intolerable.

## OFFENDER: DEFENSE ATTORNEYS

**Crime:** Oh...you know.

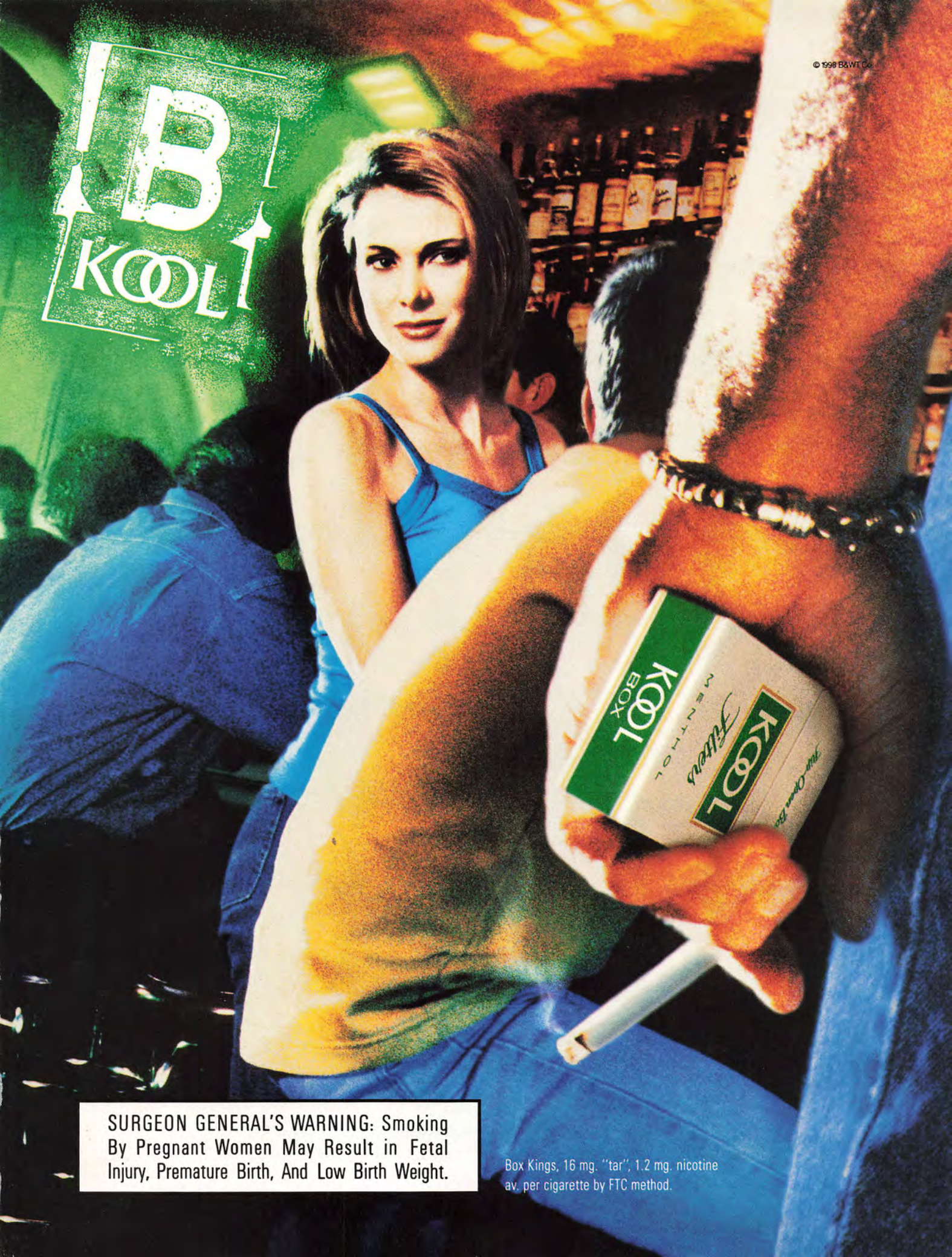
**Solution:** Send 'em all to death row without parole and deliver 800 volts to each alleged dirty chiseler.

**Possible downside:** Insurance rates go down, medical bills decrease, we all live in peace and harmony.

Photographs: cows: Frank Augustin/AP Photo; Forest: Jacques Jangoux/Tony Stone; W. Nelson: Brian Rasic/Rex USA; FAKE COUNTRY QUOTE: TRAVIS TRITT



B  
KOOL



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Denise Richards:  
"Wanna be my navel  
commander?"

#### HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

### KICK-ASS BOXER

**THESE ARE THE EYES** of a woman hellbent on destruction. She's Denise Richards, a 26-year-old California native ready to wreak some serious Hollywood havoc. You know her as flying ace Carmen Ibanez from last year's *Starship Troopers*, in which she blasted some giant bugs and slew us with her gravity-defying, Barbie-doll proportions. "But I felt like an ass trying to react to a big bug that wasn't there," she says of the special-effects challenges of her first marquee performance. This year she's got *Girl Power* in her sights as she teams up—and does the lesbo lambada—with *Scream* queen Neve Campbell in *Wild Things*. Her new but still insectlike target: yet another smarmy Matt Dillon character (a high school guidance counselor) just waiting to be Lewinskied. And just in case you're thinking of doing the Clinton, be warned: She's a manic kickboxer, so keep those hands where she can see 'em.



# OMEGA, the only watch worn on the Moon, is now on its way to Mars



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## BAD SPORTS

During a practice last December, Golden State Warriors coach P. J. Carlesimo innocently asked hot-dog shooter Latrell Sprewell to "put a little mustard" on his passes. Sprewell responded by choking his coach, dragging him to the floor, and punching him in the neck. It's only the most recent bout in a long history of player-coach pugilism. Here are a few of the best marquee match-ups:

# SIDELINE SLUGFESTS!

## THE GATOR BOWL MASSACRE, DECEMBER 29, 1978

**In this corner:** Woody Hayes, ironfisted Ohio State football coach

**And in this corner:** Charlie Bauman, anonymous, 225-pound Clemson guard

**The hype:** Hayes, who'd scuffled with sportswriters, torn up sideline markers at the end of a loss to Michigan in 1971, and was accused of shoving a camera into the face of a news photographer, was the overwhelming favorite.

**The fight:** After Bauman intercepted a pass that sealed the Gator Bowl for Clemson, the 65-year-old Hayes pounced and punched him under his face mask. Bauman did not retaliate.

**The winner:** Hayes, unanimous decision. (Calling himself "a bitter loser," Hayes was dismissed as coach the next day, ending a 28-year career at Ohio State.)

## THE BUMBLE IN BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER 21, 1985

**In this corner:** Billy Martin, hard-drinking, hard-punching Yankee manager

**And in this corner:** Ed Whitson, high-priced, wild-throwing Yankee pitcher

**The hype:** Martin was a featherweight but regularly took on heavier, younger opponents, like Reggie Jackson. Still, Martin was old and thin. Whitson was a student of the martial arts but was constantly at odds with the New York fans and demoralized. Experts gave them even odds.

**The fight:** Whitson and Martin scuffled, ap-



parently over Whitson's spot in the starting rotation. As bystanders separated the combatants, Whitson kicked Martin in the groin and the fight continued in the parking lot. Martin sustained a broken arm; Whitson, cracked ribs and a busted lip.

**The winner:** Whitson, decision.

(Martin was replaced by Lou Piniella after the season; Whitson played one more season for the Yankees.)

## ROUGHHOUSE IN THE CLUBHOUSE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1992

**In this corner:** Lou Piniella, hot-tempered Cincy Reds manager

**And in this corner:** Rob Dibble, smoke-throwing Cincinnati relief pitcher

**The hype:** Everyone knew Piniella was tough as a bulldog, having survived coaching under George Steinbrenner and

Marge Schott. But Dibble, 28, was one of the Nasty Boys and had a definite advantage over the 49-year-old war-horse.

**The fight:** When asked why he didn't use Dibble, his regular closer, in a 3-2 victory over Atlanta, Piniella claimed that Dibble had complained about a sore shoulder. Dibble denied the charge; Piniella called him a liar and tackled him on the clubhouse floor.

**The winner:** Piniella, unanimous decision. (Piniella's grouchy post-fight comment to reporters: "You all saw it; write it.")



## THE FAMILY FEUD, DECEMBER 7, 1993

**In this corner:** Bobby Knight, overbearing general of Indiana

basketball

**And in this corner:** His boy Patrick: lanky, glass-jawed IU buck private

**The hype:** Bobby was the overwhelming favorite: "The General" was known throughout the sports world as a brilliant tactician and also as a chair-throwing brawler. Pat Knight looked like a deer caught in Daddy's headlights.

**The fight:** After making a bad pass, Pat was called to the bench to face his father's wrath. Some say Bobby kicked his son as he walked off the court (a.k.a. the "Phantom Punt"); he certainly pushed him into a chair. Many in the crowd, including Pat's mother, booed.

**The winner:** Bobby, TKO. (But he was suspended by Indiana and missed the Hoosiers' next victory, a game in which Patrick was ejected for brawling.)



P.J., fitting self for imaginary neck brace



Latrell: dis him and die

Photographs: W. Hayes: UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; Otto Crutts/Allsport (2)



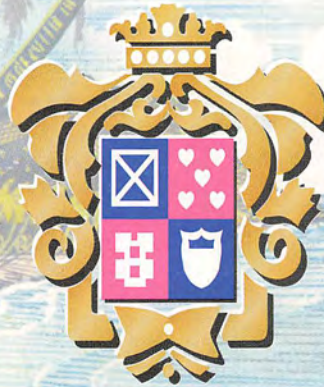
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come from  
Puerto Rico

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SAD BUT TRUE

# COCKAMAMIE CROOKS

True stories from *The World's Stupidest Criminals* by the editors of *Fortean Times* (Cader Books, \$8.95)



## KENTUCKY

Police spotted William Bowen's car weaving down a Louisville street, pulled him over, and arrested him for drunk driving. But Bowen had excuses: He was sad—his girlfriend had dumped him—and he was legally blind. In fact, his seeing-eye dog, Sir Anheuser Busch II, had been behind the wheel. Bowen spent 30 days in jail.

## PENNSYLVANIA

In the summer of 1994, John Roberts walked into a bank brandishing a gun,

convinced a teller to fill his duffel bag with money, and got away without incident. But he forgot that his name was embroidered across the back of his jacket. Police captured him within minutes.

## ENGLAND

John Gilmer had a few pints at the pub and was driving home when police pulled him over for drunk driving. Refusing to go quietly, Gilmer managed, somehow, to steal the cops' car and drive away. But he didn't know how to turn off the car's flashing blue light, so the police were able to follow him until he gave up.

## UTAH

Clumsy shoplifter Steven Kemble was lurking in a music store in Saint George. Finding a CD he wanted, he shoved it into his pants and bolted for the door. He eluded security and sprinted free but ran into a pillar outside the store, knocking himself unconscious and thereby assisting the police in his apprehension.

## NEW YORK

Restaurateur Robin Charles reported that he'd been mugged and had lost \$4,000. He then gave police a detailed description of his assailant. The resulting composite sketch looked suspiciously like Charles himself, who later confessed that he had not been mugged, but had in fact stolen the \$4,000 from his own restaurant.

## ENGLAND

John Smart was drunk, broke, and depressed. Determined to change his luck, he decided to rob a local Woolworth's. He used a manhole cover to smash the store window. Staggering after the tremendous effort of hurling the heavy iron lid, he fell backward and into the hole he'd just uncovered.

## NORWAY

Two hours after stealing nearly \$5,000 during a holdup, Rolfe Horne returned to the same bank, asking to open a savings account. He explained to dumbfounded police that he wanted to keep the money somewhere safe, where it couldn't be stolen.

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Barry Baum, Charles Cox, Abby Ellin, Pat Pawling, John Tessitore



## SPOT THE RAVIN'

# ROCK STYLE

Think you know your rock? Prove

it by spotting the fake quotation below. (All real quotes taken from *Jabberrock: The Ultimate Book of Rock 'N' Roll Quotations*, by Obstfeld and Fitzgerald, Owl Books) Answer, right

**JERRY GARCIA:** "Our audience is like people who like licorice. Not everybody likes licorice, but the people who like licorice really like licorice."

**OZZY OSBOURNE:** "When I first went to the Betty Ford Center I was very surprised they didn't have a bar there...I thought they taught you how to drink like a gentleman."

**SHEILA E.:** "I'm not trying to sell sex. I just don't like wearing a lot of clothes onstage."

**JIMI HENDRIX AT WOODSTOCK:** "You can leave if you want to. I'm just jammin'."

## SINEAD O'CONNOR:

"I think if people got laid more often they wouldn't be so angry."

## DAVID LEE ROTH:

"For some time, my parents have been saying that I belong on the end of a rope."



Wizard with a G-String

## HEAD-TO-HEAD

# OLD SPICE VS. BABY SPICE

One's nautical; the other's a naughty gal. But who wins the nose-to-nose face-off?



## BORN

Clifton, New Jersey (1938)

Edge: Old Spice

Finchley, London (1976)

## REPRESENTS

Middle-aged conformity

"Girl Power"  
Edge: Baby Spice

## INGREDIENTS

SD alcohol 40, water, fragrance, propylene glycol, benzyl alcohol  
Edge: Old Spice

Saccharine, skin, bubblegum, brain matter (less than 2% of the U.S. RDA)

## CLAIM TO FAME

No. 1 fragrance brand in the U.S. for years  
Edge: Old Spice

Spice Girls' Spice album was No. 1 on the *Billboard* charts for five weeks

## PACKAGING

Ersatz whalebone scrimshaw

Ersatz jailbait doll clothes  
Edge: Baby Spice

## BREASTS

0

2

Edge: Baby Spice

## COMPETITION

Canoe, English Leather, Aqua Velva

Jewel, Mariah Carey, Hanson  
Edge: Baby Spice

## SMELLS LIKE

Your dead grandpa

Teen spirit  
Edge: baby spice

## ASPIRATION

To be slathered on hairy male torsos

To be slathered on hairy male torsos  
Edge: Baby Spice

## ACQUAINTANCES

Sweaty old fisherman

Posh Spice  
Edge: Baby Spice

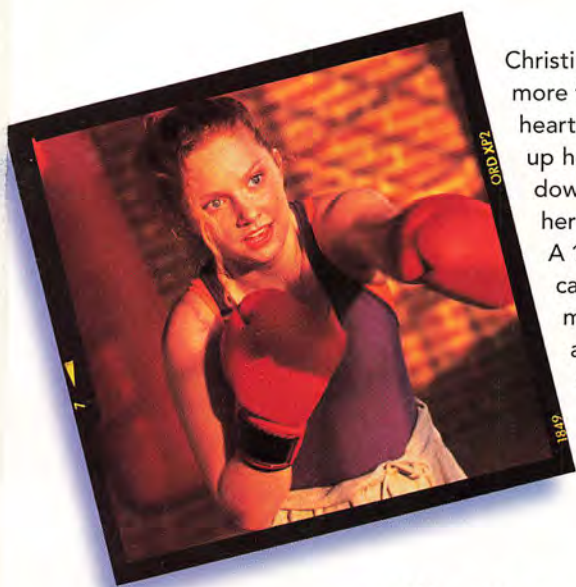


## AND THE WINNER IS

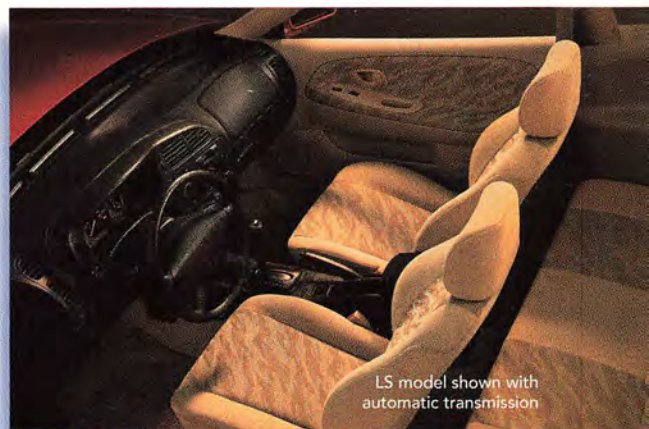
Baby Spice

Illustration: Rian Hughes; Photographs: J. Hendrix; Globe: Old Spice; Studio Seat; Baby Spice: Russel Wong/Outline; Posh Spice: Steve Sands/Outline; Fisherman: Benlux Press/H. Armstrong Roberts  
FAKE ROCK QUOTE: SINEAD O'CONNOR





Christin Wooldridge has a more fun way to get her heart rate up. She cranks up her stereo and zips down the highway in her Mirage Coupe LS. A 113-horsepower\* cardiovascular wonder machine. Too bad aerobics isn't this much fun.



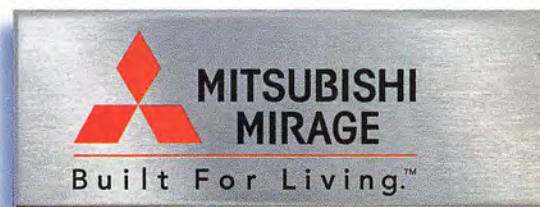
With contoured front bucket seats, a spacious interior, standard air conditioning and an available power glass sunroof, the Mirage Coupe LS is the perfect place to cool down.

It'll give you a cardiovascular workout even before you get to the gym.

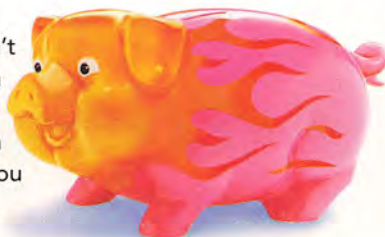


There's nothing like a few sharp turns to start the day. Hold on tight and let the independent suspension stick you to the road like a magnet.

It's true. A car can be fun and practical at the same time. Take, for instance, the Mirage Coupe LS. It's a fun car complete with CD player and a peppy engine. And it starts at an affordable price. Why not take one for a spin? That is, if you don't mind getting a little workout. For more details, call us at 1-800-55MITSU. Or swing by our web site at [www.mitsucars.com](http://www.mitsucars.com)



Just because you're on a budget doesn't mean you have to give up performance. As a matter of fact, the Mirage Coupe LS was voted "Most Fun To Drive" by *Motor Trend* in a comparison of small sport coupes.† And you thought this little piggy couldn't squeal.



Mirage Coupe DE starts at \$10,830. Mirage Coupe LS, shown with 5-speed manual transmission, MSRP \$15,281 plus \$420 destination/handling (Alaska \$540). Excludes tax, title, license, registration fee, dealer options and charges. Prices and vehicle availability may vary. Actual prices set by dealers. \*111 hp for CA Emissions Vehicles. †*Motor Trend*, August 1997. The trademark Mirage is used with the consent of Grand Touring Cars, Inc., Scottsdale, AZ.



# The Big Picture

LIFE'S A SNAP

MAXIM

## Bad Altitude

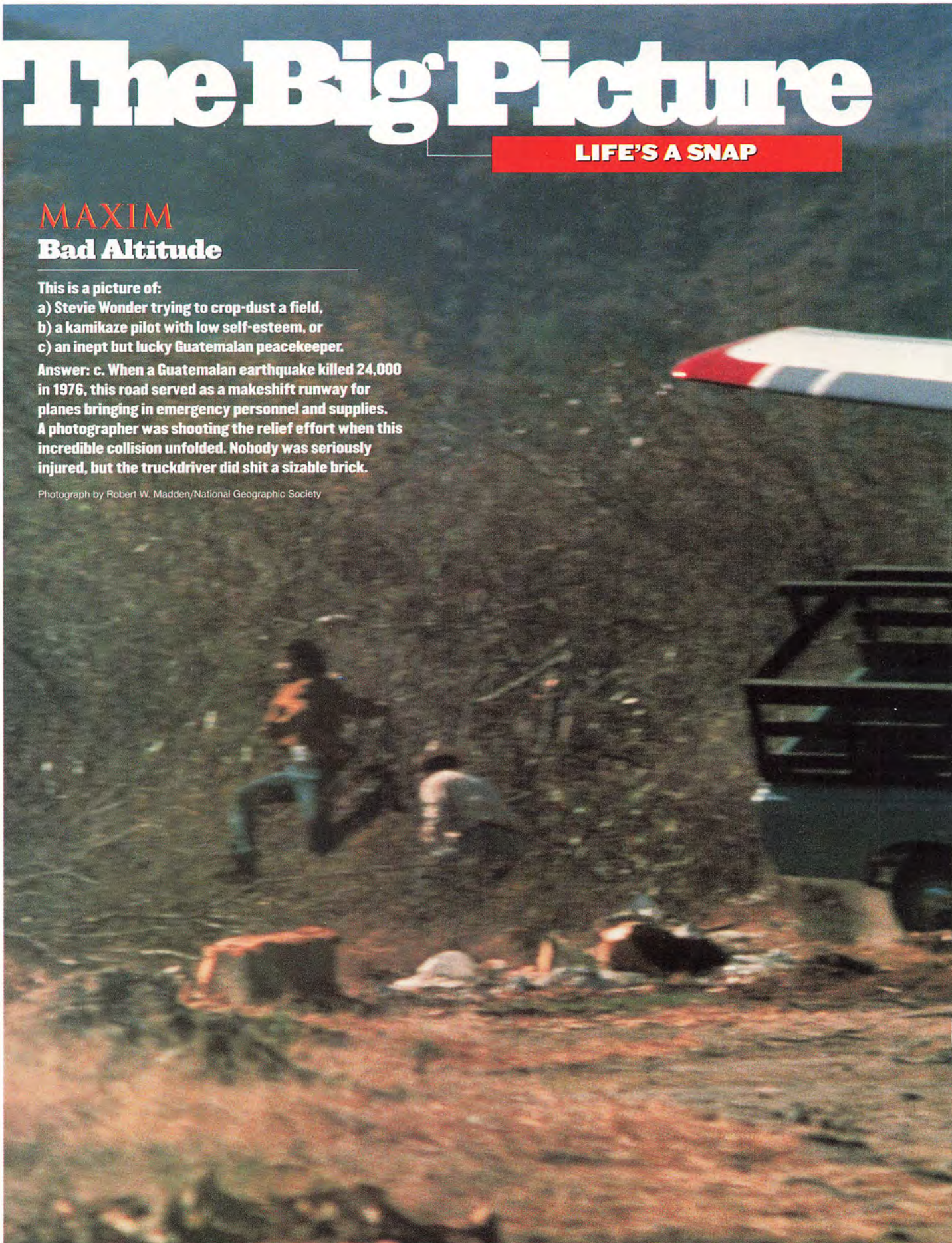
This is a picture of:

- a) Stevie Wonder trying to crop-dust a field,
- b) a kamikaze pilot with low self-esteem, or
- c) an inept but lucky Guatemalan peacekeeper.

Answer: c. When a Guatemalan earthquake killed 24,000 in 1976, this road served as a makeshift runway for planes bringing in emergency personnel and supplies.

A photographer was shooting the relief effort when this incredible collision unfolded. Nobody was seriously injured, but the truckdriver did shit a sizable brick.

Photograph by Robert W. Madden/National Geographic Society









# HOW TO

DO EVERYTHING BETTER



HOW TO

## GET ON TV AT A SPORTS EVENT

**It used to be so simple:** Buy a multicolored Afro wig, write John 2:13 on a piece of cardboard, sit behind home plate, and you were virtually guaranteed a second or two of prime-time limelight. No more. With all the competition these days, you have to be more creative, more savvy, to snag a grandstand cameo. Below, experts' tips for landing your ugly mug on the small screen.

### SIGN LANGUAGE

Even in a multimedia world, a good sign will still get the job done. But you've got to play by the rules.

- 1 **Suck up to the networks.** They're notorious for seeking free promotion. Example: EVERY SMART PLAYER NOSE ESPN RULES.
- 2 **Be funny.** Commentators need any yuk they can get. Example: WILL PITCH MIDDLE RELIEF FOR FOOD.
- 3 **Be timely.** Keeping current ensures that everyone will get your reference. Example: MARLINS—STILL IN FIRST WITH JUST 161 GAMES TO GO!
- 4 **Bust a rhyme.** This makes it easy for the daft folks at home to follow you. Example: MICHAEL JORDAN IS THE KING/HE IS BACK FOR ONE MORE RING.
- 5 **Keep it clean.** The cameras will steer clear of anything obscene. Example: MARV ALBERT BIT MY ASS AND ALL I GOT WERE THESE LOUSY SEATS.



"Mom's gonna be so touched."

**B E BOLD AND STUPID.** "We look for crowd shots that help establish and illustrate the game's environment for the TV audience," says Peggy Kearney, an editor for CNN/SI who decides which shots actually make it on the air. "And getting crazed with paint smeared all over your naked torso definitely catches the camera's eye." In short, nothing beats balls-out courage, a fact well understood by Pittsburgh Steeler fans, who log major airtime pounding their bare chests and risking frostbite.

**DRESS THE PART.** Yes, costumes are essential, and the more outrageous the better. But for this strategy to pay off, says Kearney, "the costume has to be relevant to the atmosphere of the event." Case in point: Moronic Jets fans with random Darth Vader masks can't get themselves arrested, but Duke Blue Devil fans, with their blue faces and pitchforks, have become a nationally syndicated mainstay. Equally successful are the bleacher bums at Wrigley Field who scrawl CUBS across their bloated beer bellies. "For a while, wearing a Marv Albert mask at a Knicks game would definitely get you on TV," says Kearney. If your costume is good, don't be shy about approaching the cameraman to tell him where you're sitting.

**BORROW A CHILD.** Unpleasant as it may sound, dragging a kid to the game may be your single best bet for making it on-

screen. Kids make weird faces; kids spill ice-cream cones on themselves; kids pull toupees off adults—is it any wonder the camera loves 'em? Even a sleeping kid gives you a good shot at a little airtime, says Kearney, "especially when the ballgame's slow or a blowout. And a sleeping kid dressed up in a uniform is even better."

**SIT WHERE THE ACTION IS.** The camera follows the ball, so plant yourself accordingly. At baseball games, if you can get right behind the plate, you're golden. If not, go to the homer zones: left and right fields, first five rows from the fence. For football, you can do no better than the end zone, where players strut, dance, and jump into the stands. Hockey? Near the penalty box or the walkway to the locker room. For hoops, sit behind a basket and go nuts during free throws.

**TIME YOUR MOVE.** Cameramen look for establishing shots from the crowd whenever they're going to or coming from commercials, because, Kearney explains, "those provide good transitions and give the anchors something to talk about." So hold your big attention-grabbing stunt for a commercial break—usually at the end of an inning or a quarter, or when a timeout is called. (Watch players and coaches for that classic T signal.) A portable TV can give you a few seconds' warning... plus, when you do get on, you can use it to check your form.

Photographs by Chris Rogers for AKA Repts; Makeup: Chuck Jensen for Mark Edward Inc; Wow sign: Bob Rosato/MLB



"I'm not  
a jackass...  
but I play one  
on TV."





# SPOT A FAKE...

## ...ROLEX

Parade around town with a fake Rolex on your wrist and you'll look like a real weenie. According to Brian Brokate, the lawyer who heads the counterfeiting enforcement program for Rolex USA, there are several easy ways to identify a fraud.

**First, check its weight:** "All Rolexes are made with precious metals," he says. "They have some heft to them. If it feels light, it's not real."

**Next, focus on the second hand:** On a Rolex, the hand's sweep is smooth, a combination of five separate movements per second that produces a continuous motion. On the imitation, the hand proceeds at one tick per second—a big, fat hint. (But not the final word: Imitations are always improving and some now have the sweep.)

**Third, examine the band segments:** On the real thing, they're solid and smooth; on fakes, they often appear coiled and squashed. The clasp itself should open and close easily, and the finish should be polished, with no small barbs or sharp edges.

**Now, the acid test:** Every Rolex comes with a seven-digit serial number. You have to remove the band to see it because it's printed on the six-o'clock side of the watch. "This is the real giveaway," says Brokate. That level of detail is difficult and expensive to replicate, and most counterfeiters don't go to the trouble."



FAKE



REAL



FAKE

REAL

## ...CUBAN

As long as you're paying through the nose to smoke that Cuban, it may as well be the real deal. So before you light up, wise up.

**The Band** "There are only two brands of Cubans that counterfeiters even bother with: Cohiba and Montecristo," says Lew Rothman, CEO of 800-JR-Cigar, the world's largest seller of premium cigars. "And that's because it's easy to duplicate their bands." Still, mistakes are common. On a real Cohiba, the band has two rows of tiny squares above the word *Cohiba*; fakes often have one or three. Montecristos are made in both Cuba and the Dominican Republic; the Cubans say *Habana*, not *Habano*, on the band. The best place to study up on bands is *Cigar Aficionado* magazine's "Counterfeit Gallery" Web page ([www.cigaraficionado.com](http://www.cigaraficionado.com)), where authentic and phony bands are displayed.

**The Box** Just because the band is real doesn't mean the stogie is. If you're buying a box, says George Brightman of *Cigar Aficionado*, check to see that all the cigars look the same. "They take quality control very seriously in Cuba," Brightman says, "and they go to great lengths to make sure the cigars are uniform in color, shape, length, and ring gauge." If one doesn't look like the others, there's a good chance the lot are impostors.

**The Burn** When you smoke one, if the end of the cigar becomes flaky, if the ash is loose, or if it doesn't burn uniformly, you've been burned.

## ...ORGASM

It looked real. It sounded real. It *felt* real. But did she...really? Six telltale signs that her bliss is bogus.

**There's no flush.** During orgasm, blood flow increases and becomes more apparent below the skin's surface. So look for a light, rash-like, crimson glow creeping across your honey's cheeks and chest immediately after she goes all wobbly. It's easy to detect—in the light, at least—and according to Bernie Zilbergeld, author of *The New Male Sexuality*, "the sex flush is the only sign a woman who's faking it can't reproduce."

**She's too dramatic.** Be skeptical of the big-screen effort. But don't interrupt the performance: Sex therapist Barbara Keesling, Ph.D., author of *Super Sexual Orgasm*, warns, "She may be exciting herself with her own sound effects."

**She doesn't look stoned.** At the big moment, "her sympathetic nervous system is activated, which increases pupil diameter," says Severly Whipple, a professor at Rutgers University and an expert on the female orgasm. "You can probably see a difference just from looking in her eyes."

**There's no clench.** When she's really coming, the vaginal muscles rapidly clench and relax, clench and relax; sexperts Masters and Johnson estimated that the contractions are 0.8 seconds apart.

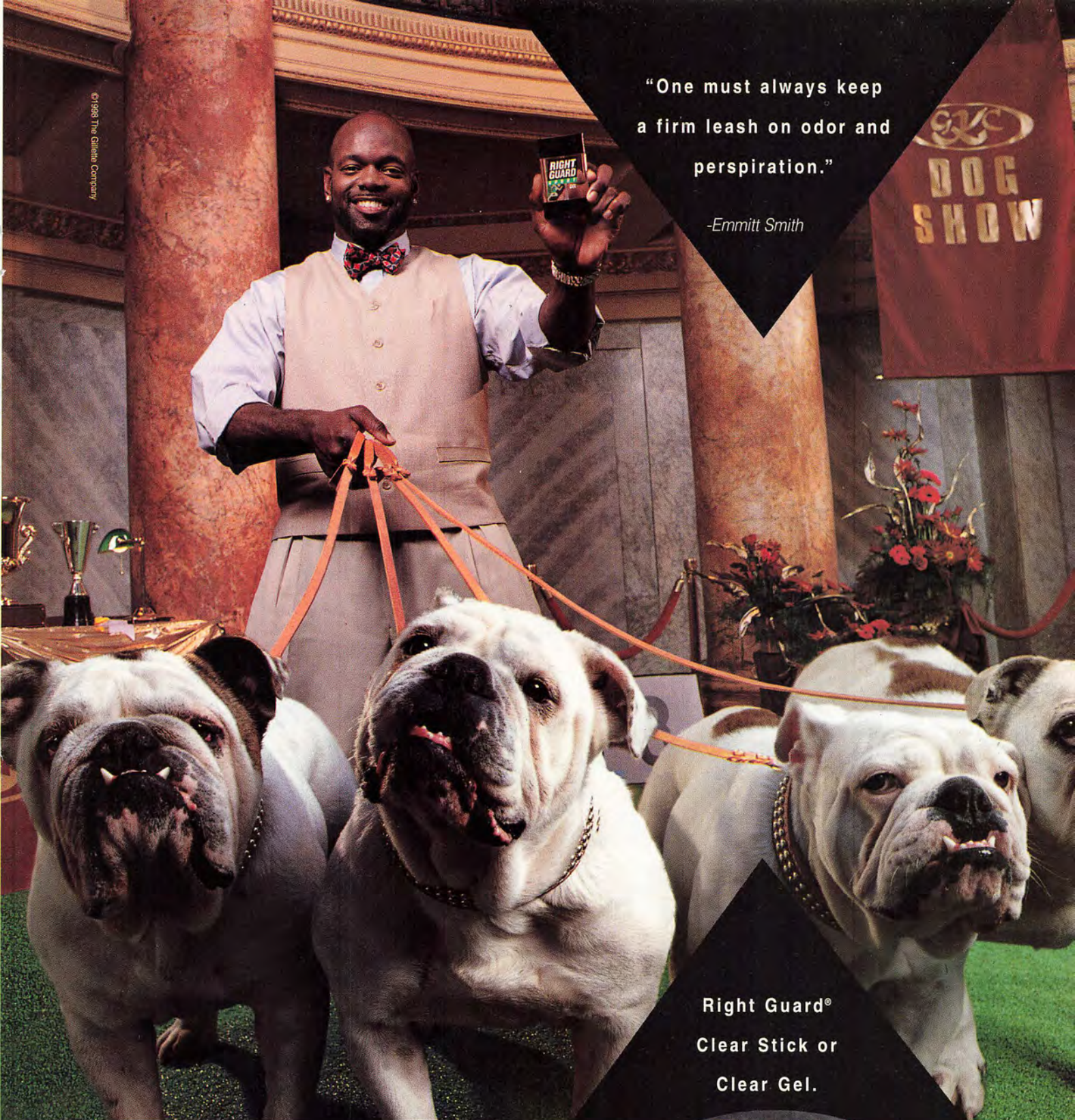
**Her timing's exquisite.** If you two are always in perfect orgasmic sync, be wary. *The Hite Report's* sex survey of 3,000 women says only 30 percent climax regularly during intercourse.



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perspiration."

-Emmitt Smith

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## HOW TO

# BREAK IN A BASEBALL MITT

When your father told you the best way to break in your mitt was to slather it with fish guts, stick it in the freezer, then park the Caddy on it, he was—how to put this delicately?—completely fucking wrong. Ken Higdon, longtime equipment manager for the Anaheim Angels, has broken in hundreds of mitts for the pros. Here's how the big boys do it.

**Step one:** The very first thing you do after buying a new mitt—even before you start banging your fist into the pocket—is play catch with it. “I usually get the mitts ready by tossing a ball around,” says Higdon. “It sounds obvious, but this helps form the pocket and ease the stiffness of a new mitt.” Two hours of catch over two days, he says, is about right.

**Step two:** Now you're ready to form the perfect pocket. “Dunk the mitt in a bucket of water for 10 minutes,”

says Higdon. “Then put a ball in the mitt, let the mitt form around it, and tape it shut with duct tape. Put the mitt in your closet and leave it there overnight. This gives the mitt the right form.”

**Step three:** “There's this softener stuff called Dr. Glove made by Franklin Sports,” Higdon explains. “Grease the mitt thoroughly with Dr. Glove twice during the first week. This relaxes the leather, which is the key to a good mitt.” *Et voilà:* No more excuses for muffing those pop-ups.

## HOW TO

# GET THAT SONG OUT OF YOUR HEAD

Forget electroshock therapy. The only method for getting an annoyingly catchy melody out of your head is cuing up a less objectionable tune to dissolve the offender into white noise. Our guide:

**For mild cases (like Aqua's “Barbie Girl”), try:**

- Blues Traveler, “Run-Around”
- Theme from *Bonanza*
- “My baloney has a first name/It's O-S-C-A-R...”

**For chronic cases (like the Mentos jingle), try:**

- Journey, “Any Way You Want It”
- Theme from *The Love Boat*

Oh, Mickey,  
you're so  
annoying.



■ “Jingle Bells” (Caution: can backfire between November and January)

**For crisis scenarios (like the Spice Girls’ “Wannabe”), try:**

- Jefferson Starship, “We Built This City”
- Theme from *Gilligan's Island*
- “Great Green Gobs (of Greasy, Grimy Gopher Guts)”



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## HOW TO

# HACK-PROOF YOUR PASSWORDS

These days, if someone cracks your passwords, he's got the keys to your candy store: the ATM, your E-mail, your phone card...the works. And we're entrusting more of our lives to these codes even as hacking becomes more prevalent. How do you create an impenetrable password you can actually remember? Jonathan Callas, chief technology officer for the computer security firm Network Associates, delivers the gospel:

► **SKIP WEBSTER'S.** Never use a word that can be found in a dictionary—that's where most hackers start. Better to use a combo platter of letters, numbers, and punctuation marks. Also, shuttle between uPpER and L OWEr cAsE.

► **DON'T BE A MORON.** A password consisting of your own birth date, phone number, address, or other number that can be traced directly to you is easy for any enterprising six-year-old to hack.

► **AVOID NAMES.** Female names are high on the target list of password-sniffing computer programs, so don't use your girlfriend's. But add some details to a name—"Charlene34D"—and the result is ideal. In more ways than one.

► **USE ASSOCIATION.** Don't rely on the same password for all of your accounts. Instead, make mental links: If your Uncle Hank is a stock-market whiz, choose "UncHank" for your Schwab account.

► **FOLLOW YOUR FINGERS.** If you're not a verbal person, a geometric pattern of keys might stick in your mind better than a word. You might choose an ATM password that forms a backward Z as you key it in: "3215987."

► **ABBREVIATE IT.** Try a line from a movie. "I'll Be Back" works well on its own. "We don't need no stinking badges" can be shortened to "WDNNSB." Add the number of times you've seen the flick ("WDNNSB14"), and you've got a perfect password.



"Yo, A.J.,  
I smell bacon."



## HOW TO

# DRIVE 85 MPH WITHOUT GETTING POPPED

Once upon a time, if Burt Reynolds movies are to be believed, you could drive as fast as you wanted—so long as you were able to outfox a single stupid, overweight local sheriff. You can still make mincemeat out of speed "limits," but it requires a bit of finesse. Below, speeding tips from experts on police speed-trap strategy.

**KNOW WHERE COPS HIDE.** Patrol cars gravitate to broad highway dividers and U-turn entrances because these make for clean sight lines and easy pursuit. Beware of hills with low speed limits: Slow it down until your sight line is clear, then step on it. "They want to get you before you can see them," says Martin Kane, a former Massachusetts assistant district attorney who's prosecuted numerous speed-trap victims. "That means when you're coming over the top of a hill or going around a corner." On highways, cops usually patrol areas with breakdown lanes so they can devour their prey in safety. "When you're on a long, straight stretch of highway with no shoulder for them to pull you over," says Kane, "you can air it out."

**IDENTIFY THE ENEMY.** Speed traps are bad enough, but you also have to watch for unmarked police cruisers. Keep in mind that only two kinds of people still drive Chevy Caprices and Ford Crown Victorias—the cops and the elderly. If the guy in the driver's seat of one of these models doesn't look like a member of the cast from *Cocoon*, odds are he's a cop in an unmarked car. According to Kane, other dead giveaways are extra-wide tires and high-mounted brake lights.

**TRUST TRUCKERS.** Big-rig drivers may have awful taste in music, but when it comes to speed traps, they know their



shit. "Truckers always know where the traps are, because it's their business to," says Todd Franklin of the National Motorists Association, the folks who lobby for your God-given right to use a radar detector. "If they're going 15 mph over the speed limit, you're safe. But if they start to slow down, watch out." And when an 18-wheeler in the oncoming lane flashes his lights at you, slow down—it's a warning.

**TRY THE OTHER SUPERHIGHWAY.** You can do some serious speed-trap snooping on the Internet. The U.S. Speed Traps site (<http://www.speedtrap.com/choice.html>) is the ultimate source for pinpointing where cops lurk, from L.A. to East Bumfuck, Maine. The National Motorists Association (<http://www.motorists.com>) also provides useful tips and resource links.

**STAY TO THE RIGHT.** Don't forget what you learned on *CHiPs*: Quota-hungry cops associate the left lane with high-speed high jinks and the right with solid citizenship. Finally, when it comes to the ticket-or-warning moment of truth, it's not only how fast you're going, it's what you look like. So keep your car clean, lose the Confederate antenna flag, and, above all, scrape that Grateful Dead sticker off your bumper.

Car: Jonathan Nourak/Tony Stone; Sheriff: Everett; Illustration: Rian Hughes



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## HOW TO

## SPRUCE UP YOUR LOVE SHACK

The babe of your dreams calls to say she's in the area and wants to "drop by." This isn't as casual as it sounds. Women don't just drop by; they embark on reconnaissance missions, searching your lair for clues that will help them decide whether you're worthy of their triple-X gifts. You've got 10 minutes to make your pad presentable—here's the game plan.

**6:50 P.M.** Start in the bathroom by breaking out a brand-new roll of TP. (To women, that fat, fresh roll implies regular bathroom maintenance.) Then tear off a strip of about 15 squares, wet it, wad it, and wipe the yellow dribble from the front of the throne. Do a quick swirl both around and inside the rim, flush the evidence, and for God's sake don't forget to put the seat down.

**6:51 P.M.** Scoop up all ointments, laxatives, extra toothbrushes, industrial-size condom boxes, and girly-hygiene products your ex left behind and bury them somewhere safe. (The medicine cabinet is not safe: She will peek.) Pull the shower curtain closed.

**6:52 P.M.** Crack the window in the bathroom, then do the same near the garbage and the doggy bowl. To fool her advanced nasal radar, replace the odors with any aroma: a squirt of cleaning liquid, a hint of incense, even a lit and blown-out match.

**6:53 P.M.** Using a plastic grocery bag, do a fly-by, collecting empty food and drink containers along with other items that scream, "Frat house!" Take the bag outside, or at least tie it closed and place it by the back door, as if you were just about to take it outside.

**6:54 P.M.** Grab all dishes and glasses and introduce them to the sink. But don't waste valuable time on scrubbing: Simply fill the sink with hot water and detergent. (Bubbles equal camouflage.)

**6:56 P.M.** Gather stray clothes, dirty or not, jam them in your closet, and shut the door. (Throw your shoulder into it if you have to.)

**6:57 P.M.** While you're there, lose the sweats. Slap on jeans or khakis and your cleanest, plainest T-shirt. (Years of cheerful Gap ads have conditioned women to trust a man in a plain T.)

**6:58 P.M.** Finally, straighten your bedroom sheets, just in case. No hospital corners, no bouncing quarters: You don't want her to suspect you're too domestic. (No sense getting her hopes up.)

**6:59 P.M.** Conduct a quick scan of the house for remaining girl-related paraphernalia, including photos, letters, and phone numbers. Even your sister's pic must go—otherwise your hot prospect will be trying to ID the mystery woman at the exact moment you want her to stop thinking altogether.

**7:00 P.M.** Quickly jot down her phone number and place it on your night table, as if you were just about to call her. Then rotate your favorite takeout menu to the top of the stack. You'll be staying in tonight.

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Mason Brown, Charles Cox, Christine Olson Gedy, Michael Hill, Bob Ivy, Steven Kotler, Jeff Ousborne, Stephanie Williams, Leslie Yazel

## HOW TO

## TEAR A PHONE BOOK IN HALF



You don't have to be a slave to the bench press to come off looking like a circus strongman. Mildly muscled, 165-pound fitness trainer Majid Ali shows how you—yes, you—can rip through a phone book like Lou Ferrigno when he's green.

You're not really Superman, so forget directories for large cities. (Try the almost 2,000-page Manhattan phone book, for instance, and the only thing you'll tear is a ligament.) Instead, look for those in the 500-page range, which usually means suburbs and small towns.

Now it's time to focus on your grip. "The exact middle of the book is its weakest point," Ali explains. Take advantage of this Achilles' heel by holding the book by the outer edge with both hands, palms facing down, the spine of the book toward you. For maximum leverage, leave about two inches between your hands.

OK, you've got the book right where you want it. This is going to be easy...but it doesn't have to *look* easy. Grit your teeth; make that vein in your forehead pulse. Schwarzeneggeresque grunting is optional.

This is the big moment: You're going to use a series of strong, quick pulls to tear the book, but—and this is the real trick—you'll subtly roll the lower edge of the pages down with your fingers as you go. This will splay the pages, so you'll only be tearing a few at a time, which any 98-pound weakling can handle. (Note: This is not cheating; this is called *technique*.)

"You probably won't get it on your first try," warns Ali, and only a half-wit would debut his act in front of those cute twins from accounting. Practice at home until you can rip your way through a library without breaking a sweat.

Photographs: torn book: Eric Aven; messy room: Superstock; Incredible Hulk: Kobal

"Operator, you wouldn't like me when I'm angry."

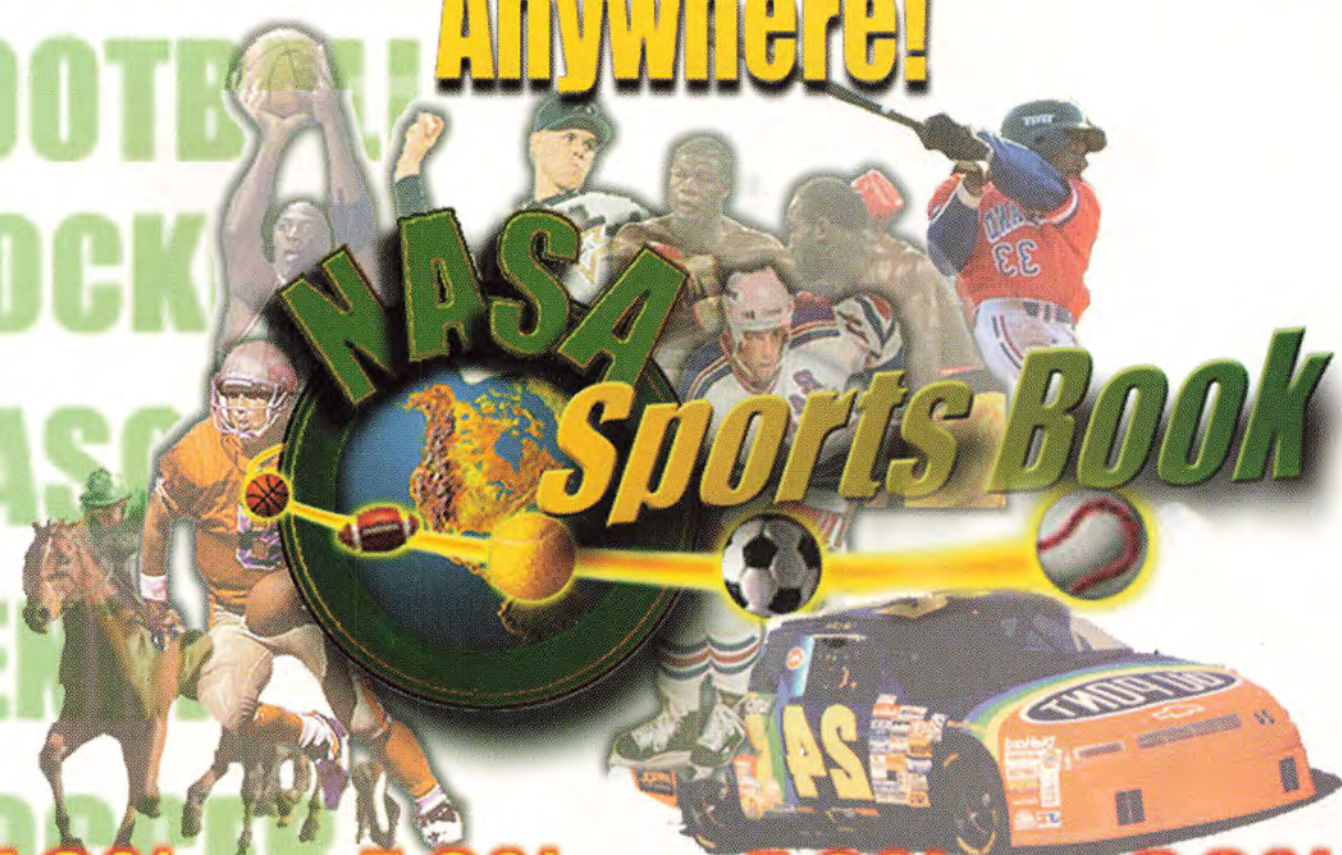




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## HOW TO

## ORDER OLD-STYLE BASEBALL UNIFORMS

**CELEBRATE** the good ol' days of minor-league baseball, when players were regular Joes with five-day-a-week jobs, by ordering replica jerseys and caps from Ebbets Field Flannels. The Seattle-based specialty catalog faithfully reproduces the jerseys (about \$175 each) of teams like the 1954 Keokuk Kernels and 1965 Toledo Mud Hens. Recently, it's added caps from the minor leagues' heyday. (Yes, there was a minor-league heyday: In 1949, 438 North American cities fielded teams.) For \$25, you can sport a cotton-twill cap featuring emblems from the '47 Lone Star League and the '53 Cotton States League, among others. For information, call (800) 377-9777.



## HOW TO

## PERFORM EMERGENCY SURGERY

Don't you hate watching helplessly as your buddy gasps his last breath and dies in your arms? Prevent this from happening again by studying these surgical tips from Dr. Joseph Moylan, former director of the Ryder Trauma Center in Miami.

### Procedure: Field Tracheotomy

**You'll need:** Pocketknife, Bic pen

You and your boss are in the elevator, munching on muffins, when he starts choking, then turns blue. Your attempts at the Heimlich maneuver fail. Then the elevator breaks, trapping you inside. (Hey, it could happen.) Is there a doctor in the elevator? You're damn right there is. Start by finding the fleshy triangle at the base of the big guy's Adam's apple. Stab the membrane with your pocketknife, then twist the blade 90 degrees. This will cause air to rush into the windpipe, allowing him to breathe. To secure the open airway (and a big fat raise), remove the ink cartridge from your Bic and poke the hollow plastic sheath into the wound.

### Procedure: Trapped-Limb Amputation

**You'll need:** Belt, kitchen knife, fishing line, sweatshirt

Your neighbor is pinned under his car, which fell off its blocks while he was rotating the tires. He's fractured the bone above the elbow; the rest of his arm is pudding. His wife calls 911, but the ambulance is six 'burbs away, and with a tornado bearing down on you (hey, it could happen), it's time to lose that arm. Using your belt as a tourniquet, cinch the arm about two inches above the fracture site, to stanch the bleeding. Wait a few minutes 'til the area below it becomes numb, then neatly slice the arm off with the knife and tie off any visible blood vessels with the fishing line. Use a sweatshirt to compress the wound and control the bleeding.

### Procedure: Sucking Chest Wound Treatment

**You'll need:** Duct tape, plastic bag, scissors

Responding to shrieks from the café's kitchen, you dash back to find that a sous-chef has fallen on an ice pick while sculpting a swan, leaving a gaping wound in his chest that hisses when he breathes. A dissatisfied patron has cut the phone lines (hey, it happens all the time), so you can't call 911. Your patient has an open pneumothorax—a "sucking chest wound"—and air is filling his chest cavity, not his lungs. If you don't act fast, he'll go into respiratory arrest—time to spring into action. Cut a square out of the bag; make it slightly bigger than the wound. Place it over the wound and tape it on three sides. When the victim inhales, the suction will cause the plastic to close over the wound. When he exhales, air will escape through the open flap. Go back to dinner; await your well-earned complimentary dessert.

**WARNING:** If any of these scenarios should arise in a place where professional medical attention is available or you are able to call 911, don't be a hero: Get expert help! A multimillion-dollar wrongful-death suit will ruin your fun for a long, long time.

Previous page: Baseball mit: Satoshi; Prop Stylist: Rachel Singer Sullivan; T. Basil: Retna; This page: old uniforms: Mark Weiss; Marx Bros.: Culver Pictures





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# HER WILDEST DREAMS!

Sure, she wants to have sex with you. But did you ever think she might want it in the back of a cab, in front of a crowd—with another woman? Listen in as these five real women detail their sexiest fantasies and slip you some secrets on how to make sure all your decadent dreams come true.

## WELCOME TO FANTASY ISLAND

**JILL:** I've fantasized about a threesome with another woman, where she touches me while I'm blindfolded; I would just sit back and have no control over what she was doing to me.

**MEGHAN:** Mmm, yeah, I know what you mean, I fantasize that I get trapped in a ski lodge in the middle of a storm, alone with a gorgeous man, and of course we end up having sex in front of the fire. It's like I had no choice; hey, we were trapped!

**JILL:** That would be great. I fantasize that I would be in a loud, smoky club and the sexy guy from the band would pull me into some dark room at the back of the club, close the door, and push me up against it. Of course I would be wearing a skirt and no panties—

**CLAUDINE:** The essence of every woman's fantasy: a skirt and no panties!

**JILL:**—and we would do it standing up against the door, with the music pounding outside the door.

**PAM:** I think you girls are right: Most women have a fantasy about being taken by surprise and letting the guy—or girl—control the moment. Like even if you don't get trapped in a ski lodge, it would still

be a turn-on to be standing at your kitchen counter in nothing but a man's button-down shirt and to have him come up by surprise behind you. You know, you don't look at each other, you don't speak—you just let him control it.

**JILL:** So is that your fantasy?

**PAM:** No, I've got a weird one. I'm going last.

**CLAUDINE:** All right, then: My best fantasy takes place on a crowded bus. We would be sitting in the far back, and we'd start to tease each other. I'd be down his pants, he'd be under my skirt—with no panties, of course—and we would become so ravenous for each other, almost getting caught by the other passengers. Then we'd get off the bus and run upstairs to his apartment and finish it off!

**BARBARA:** I've got one of those auto fantasies too, but mine starts in an Italian restaurant. I'm eating pasta and drinking red wine by myself, and this amazing man across the room orders me another glass. When I finish dinner, he walks over, throws a fifty on my table, and takes me outside. Did you see Angie Dickinson in *Dressed to Kill*, where she meets that stranger in a museum and then does it in the cab? Well, we'd do it in the cab like that, ▸

## THE GIRLS

**PAM,** 23, a salesperson, realized her fantasy of a threesome with a guy and another woman.

**CLAUDINE,** 33, an interior designer, likes to be spanked by her boyfriend.

**MEGHAN,** 29, a consultant, needs to know a man well before she'll fulfill his fantasy.

**JILL,** 26, a photographer, uses spoons to play doctor with her boyfriend.

**BARBARA,** 28, a computer analyst, feels guilty about fantasizing during sex with her husband.





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without ever talking to each other.

**PAM:** Sounds like you've got a crazy streak in you.

**BARBARA:** Your turn.

**PAM:** I've fantasized that I'm a servant, like a maid, for a married couple. And when they hired me, they suggested that there are other things—as in sexual things—that I might be required to do. Basically, I'm not allowed to leave the house and I have to do whatever this couple tells me to, because it's my job. It's not likely that this fantasy will ever come true, though. I mean, becoming a servant? It's just not a practical career move.



**"IT'S FUN TO DRINK A LITTLE WINE, GET A LITTLE TIPSY, AND THEN TALK FANTASIES. HE COULD SAY 'I'LL TELL YOU MINE IF YOU TELL ME YOURS' TO START A STEAMY CONVERSATION."**

## WARMING UP

**CLAUDINE:** I find myself fantasizing a lot when I'm by myself in bed. I imagine that I'm watching people having sex, doing kinky stuff that you'd see in an erotic video.

**MEGHAN:** Yeah, I definitely fantasize most when I'm alone, like when I...you know. But I've also done it when I'm with a guy. Is that bad?

**PAM:** No way! If I'm about to have sex with a guy and I'm not turned on, I fantasize that I'm being watched by another couple or a small group of people. Sometimes I imagine that I'm on a TV show, giving a lesson on sex, step by step, and there are thousands of people watching us.

**MEGHAN:** Wow. I'm with Claudine: I fantasize that the guy I'm with is about to do really kinky things to me, like pull a rope off the floor and tie me up with it. It would all be his initiative.

**BARBARA:** See, I don't ever fantasize when I'm in bed with my husband. I just try to concentrate on the moment and think of how nice it is to be alone with him.

**JILL:** But what if you don't get turned on? Don't you ever picture other men doing things to you?

**BARBARA:** I tried that once: I closed my eyes and imagined this really hot guy at work, but after like three seconds I felt so guilty that I had to stop and look right into my husband's eyes.

**MEGHAN:** I think it depends on how long you've been with the guy. If it's a new relationship, I get turned on just sitting next to him at the movies; I don't need anything but him in order to get off. But after a year or two, it's harder to get turned on, and you have to fantasize to get into it.

**BARBARA:** That's sort of true. I was dating my husband for four years before we got married, so I know every move he's going to make: three minutes up here, two minutes rubbing this—it would be nice to have a surprise once in a while.

**CLAUDINE:** You should tell him you *want* to try something new. I would rather have a guy involved in a fantasy with me than for me to fantasize about other things on my own.

**PAM:** I agree. If he's open to the idea, you could start with something simple, like pretending you're strangers.

**JILL:** It's funny, isn't it? In real life, women want a loving, committed guy. But when it comes to fantasies, we just want a one-night stand with a handsome stranger.

## ACTING IT OUT

**PAM:** I was in a bar with a guy I was dating, and I got up to go to the bathroom. When I came back, I walked up to him and introduced myself like he was a stranger, and he went along with it. We flirted for a half-hour until I whispered, "Do you want to come home with me?" We kept the charade going the whole way to my apartment, and after we had sex, he took a deep breath and just said, "Wow."

**CLAUDINE:** My boyfriend and I have a whole repertoire, including "Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down" and "Dr. Detention."

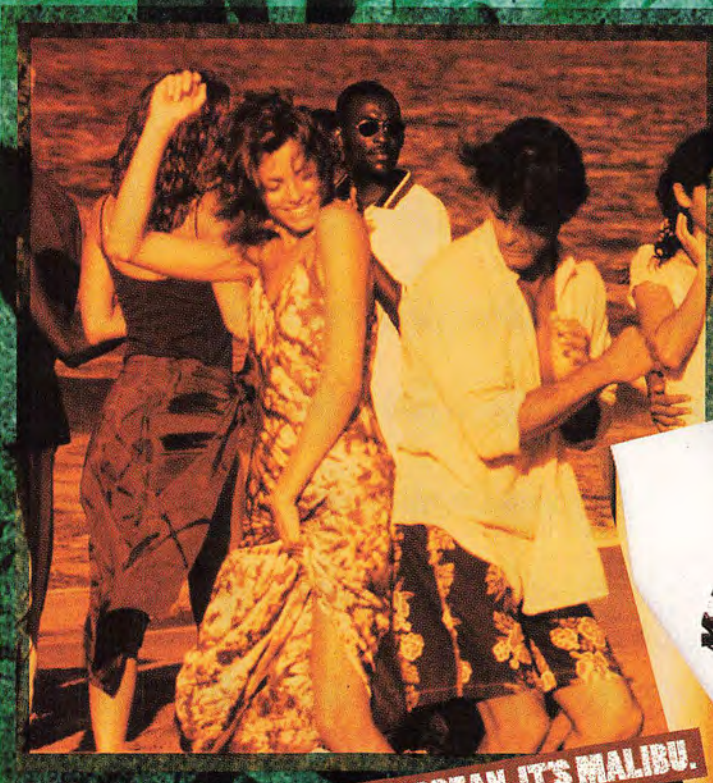
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**MEGHAN:** Are these games I should know about?

**CLAUDINE:** No, no, we just make them up. "Tie Me Up" changes every time we play: He ties both my hands and feet, or I tie one of his hands and one foot—whatever. The other one is a schoolgirl game.

**MEGHAN:** Your idea?

**CLAUDINE:** Well, my boyfriend usually starts this one, because he's Dr. Detention. He'll put on a stern voice and say, "You handed in your homework very late... You've been a bad, bad girl." Then the spanking starts, and it carries on until we have sex. But he usually stops scolding me before we get into it. I mean, I want to have sex, not hear a lecture from my principal.

**BARBARA:** I have to admit, I did play a fantasy game like that once, with a high-school boyfriend whose father was a doctor. We found some rubber gloves in his dad's car, and he asked if I wanted a checkup. Since my hormones were raging at the time, I let him give me a breast exam. I felt so naughty, but the sensation of these mysterious gloved hands rubbing my breasts was amazing. I'd pick up some medical supplies for my husband and me if I knew where to get some!

**MEGHAN:** Just date a med-school student, like I did.

**BARBARA:** Go on!

**MEGHAN:** OK, this was my one long-term boyfriend, and we needed something to spice up our sex. He was coming home with new medical equipment every day and wanted to practice what he was learning. So one day he came home in his scrubs and said, "Can I give you an exam?" He didn't have gloves, like you guys, but he *did* put on the mask and pulled out his stethoscope.

**PAM:** Among other things!

**MEGHAN:** True. He said he'd just learned how to do pelvic exams.

**PAM:** How convenient!

**"HE'LL SAY STUFF LIKE 'WE DON'T USE STETHOSCOPES ANYMORE; WE HAVE MORE MODERN TECHNIQUES.' THEN HE MAKES ME UNDRESS SO HE CAN FULLY 'EXAMINE' ME."**

**MEGHAN:** Well, I can't complain. It got me really turned on, and it led to great sex.

**JILL:** My boyfriend and I play doctor all the time, but we don't have any real equipment. We just use stuff around the house.

**MEGHAN:** Like?

**JILL:** Well, we'll use a pen or spoon instead of a thermometer—whatever's around. He'll act like he's taking some important reading and will say stuff like "We don't use stethoscopes anymore; we have more modern techniques." Then he makes me undress so he can fully "examine" me.

**BARBARA:** How did you keep from cracking up? I couldn't keep a straight face with that guy in high school.

**JILL:** Well, we usually do end up laughing. But at the same time, this "doctor" in between my legs has started doing things that he's not supposed to do—and that's a real turn-on!

**CLAUDINE:** Yeah, the minute his hands are on you, the games are irrelevant and you just fade into it.

### **GIVING HIM WHAT HE WANTS**

**BARBARA:** My husband told me he fantasizes that I'd strip for him. I guess that's every guy's dream.

**PAM:** If it turns into sex, yeah.

**JILL:** I gave my boyfriend a lap dance in a hotel once, but I went the extra mile by having sex with him. He was sitting in this chair with his mouth wide open—he was beside himself.

**BARBARA:** See, I'd feel pretty sexy stripping for my husband, but I'd be afraid that he would get too into the character and that when we had sex, he would be thinking of strippers, not of me, you know? I would really need him to reassure me that he wanted *me*.

**MEGHAN:** No, you're lucky; you're at a point in your relationship where you trust him enough to fulfill his fantasy. I'm single now, and I'm always afraid the guy's gonna ditch me and then tell all his friends about "that peanut-butter incident."

**CLAUDINE:** But doing it and talking about it are two different things. Guys shouldn't be afraid to bring up fantasies—just not on the first date.

**BARBARA:** But my husband doesn't bring up the topic of lap dances!

**CLAUDINE:** Why not? It's fun to drink a little wine, get a little tipsy, and then talk fantasies! He could say, "I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours" to start a steamy conversation.

**PAM:** It's even better if you're dating someone new and he brings up the topic over dinner, when it's unexpected, rather than in bed. This way you don't have to act on anything right away; you just flirt all the way through dessert.

**JILL:** But if guys have violent fantasies, they should be *very* careful about approaching a woman about it. A rough fantasy could really turn a woman off.

**CLAUDINE:** Oh, totally! I dated one guy who told me he was really into S&M, but I wasn't sure if it was just talk. Then one night I was at his place, and he started clanking around for a few minutes in what I call his closet of torture. He came out



with this leather-and-harness contraption that he wanted me to wear, but it didn't come close to fitting me: All my parts were coming out the wrong holes, it was hanging down to my knees, and it was pinching me. We knew right then that we weren't meant to be together. But I'm glad he asked me to try it, because, I mean, we were gonna find out eventually that we weren't into the same things.

**MEGHAN:** One boyfriend I had said he fantasized about having a threesome with me and another girl. I thought that sounded fun, as a fantasy. You know, I'm thinking Pamela Lee or something. But then he said that he had a woman in mind—his best friend's wife! I felt so jealous and hurt that he was fantasizing about people I knew. He even said his best friend was into the idea. That *really* turned me off.

**JILL:** What about the wife?

**MEGHAN:** She actually brought it up at a party, and I felt really uncomfortable. I mean, fantasizing with each other in private is one thing, but arranging it in real life—with another couple—is something else. I felt pressured and didn't go through with it.

**PAM:** I went through with a threesome once.

**BARBARA:** OK, now you're really outta my league!

**PAM:** No, no. It's like the S&M thing: Fantasies like that never turn out like you think they will. My girlfriend and I joked about a threesome with our guy friend all the time. Then one night we got drunk, and my girlfriend and I just started kissing.

She started to have sex with the guy while I started kissing him.

**JILL:** Oh, my God! Please don't ever talk to my boyfriend.

**PAM:** Don't worry...it wasn't as great as I thought it would be. He kept saying, "I can't believe this is happening!" which really spoiled the mood. We just wanted him to sit back and enjoy it.

**MEGHAN:** That's what my last boyfriend did when I fulfilled his fantasy to have sex in the woods. We were at a picnic with a few other couples, and when he went into the woods to go to the bathroom, I followed him. After he relieved himself, I led him to this four-foot rock, and I leaned against it so he could enter me from behind, doggy-style. It was like his dream was coming true, and he didn't say a word until it was over. When we came back, 20 minutes later, everyone knew what we had been doing. You couldn't hide the smiles on our faces.

**CLAUDINE:** All right, now you've got me all wound up. I think I've got to go home and earn myself a little spanking from Dr. Detention! **M**

**"YOU'RE LUCKY YOU TRUST HIM ENOUGH TO FULFILL HIS FANTASY. I'M ALWAYS AFRAID THE GUY'S GONNA DITCH ME, THEN TELL ALL HIS FRIENDS ABOUT 'THE PEANUT BUTTER INCIDENT.'"**



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# SPEED FREAKS

Tired of pushing pencils?  
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all-new, hair-raising pastimes.

By Steven Kotler

**The first time** you flicked on the tube and saw a guy leap out of a plane with a snowboard strapped to his feet, you probably asked yourself how anyone could be so fucking insane...and so cool at the same time. But then came the X-Games and MTV Sports, and before you knew it every guy and his pipsqueak brother were trying crazy shit on hopped-up mountain bikes and describing themselves as "totally extreme dudes." The sad fact is that so-called extreme sports now get so much exposure that each new athletic mutation becomes hopelessly mainstream in about 10 minutes.

So how's an able-bodied sportsman with a death wish supposed to stay on the edge? Innovation, my friend. The following are just-emerging ways to kill yourself that deliver both gut-checking fear and an over-the-top adrenaline rush. Give one a test-drive before the legions of goateed, Mountain Dew-drinking meatheads discover them.

Photographs: biker: Issac Hernandez/Mercury Press; biker: Gary Brettner/Adventure Photo & Film; river-boarding: Carlson River Boards; mountain-boarding: Earth Sports Products, Inc.



## WINTER DOWNHILL MOUNTAIN BIKING

**The concept:** Mountain biking plus downhill skiing

If you can ride mountain bikes at ski areas in the summer, why not in the winter? Come to think of it, why can't you go 80 mph down a double black diamond slope on a bike? Well, if you're not worried about dying or losing your limbs, you can. A few seasons ago, mountain bikers started riding their rigs in the snow, and mountain bike companies, smelling a trend, began thinking about year-round all-terrain bikes. One such company, an outfit named Hanebrink, started to build winter mountain bikes specifically for ski and snowmobile trails. These are stable bikes with 8-inch wide tires. For downhill thrill-seekers, Hanebrink designed

aerodynamic bikes complete with inch-long spikes in the tires for traction at insane speeds. Not surprisingly, it's the high-speed version that's just starting to get noticed on the extreme-sport circuit. There's nothing wrong with high speed, of course, but the pairing of inch-long spikes and 80 mph seems a bit treacherous. "You can't think about the spikes," says a Hanebrink-sponsored rider named "Rat" Sult. "There's so much speed and so much potential for bad injury, you just got to shut it out. This sport is a total no-fear-go-for-it type of rush."

**Contact** Hanebrink at (909) 585-1044.

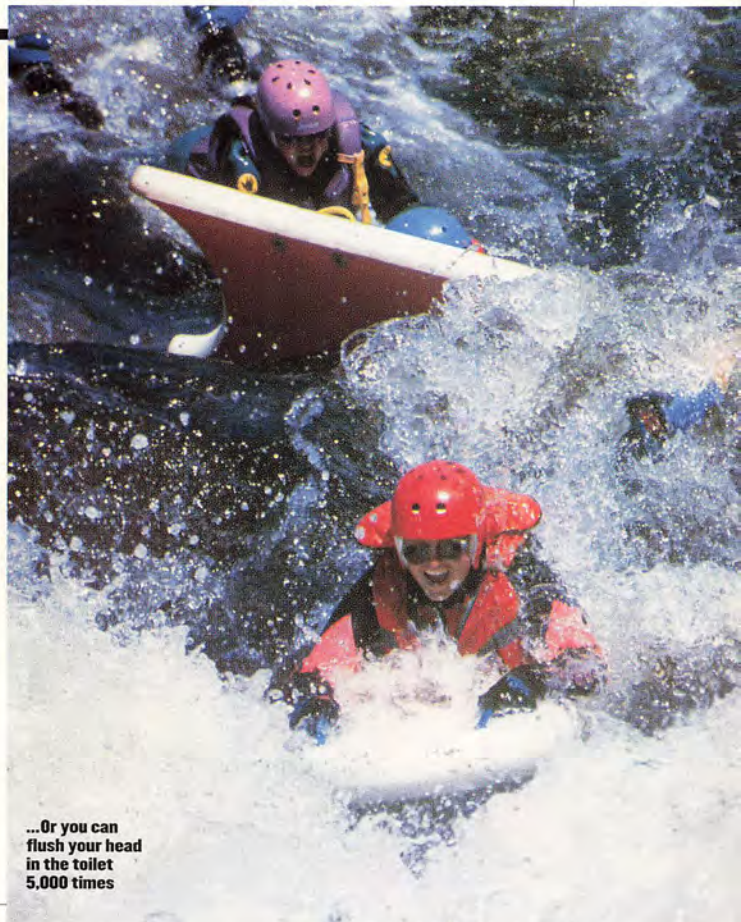


## WHITE WATER RIVER-BOARDING

**The concept:** Kayaking plus boogie-boarding

Most river rafters live in mortal fear of flipping over, but river-boarding starts there and gets worse. Much worse. Imagine barreling down a raging river on a piece of plastic only 4½ feet long, 2 feet wide, and 4 inches thick. The board itself is built to withstand crashing into tree stumps and launching off rocks, but the sport involves so much contact that you have to wear a helmet, knee pads, protective gloves, and a life vest. Basically it's a full-body river experience that turns kayaking deathtraps into amusement park rides. "Boarding got its start in California, as a river-rescue technique, but it was too much fun to only do it once in a while," says Bob Carlson, the only guy in the country who makes the boards. "Riding a river board into a deep, violent hole is like riding a motorcycle on your belly down a giant-mogul field at mach one—only better."

**Contact** Pacific River Supply at (510) 223-3675.



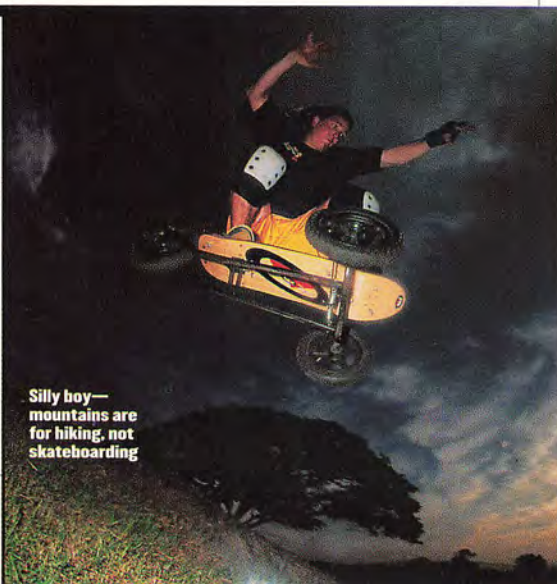
...Or you can flush your head in the toilet 5,000 times

## MOUNTAIN-BOARDING

**The concept:** Snowboarding minus snow

A group of Australian surfers had a simple dream: They wanted nothing more than to be able to ride dirt, grass, and asphalt the way they rode the waves. So the surfers experimented with a bunch of board and wheel designs until they found a combination that worked. They came up with an oversize skateboard encased in a metal frame. The board is about six inches longer than a normal board and sits approximately six inches off the ground atop three knobby all-terrain tires made to bound over almost anything. Today, Santa Cruz, California, and Hawaii have become mountain-boarding hubs. On just about any weekend, you'll find guys happily shredding mountains, with all of the rocks, roots, stumps, and holes. One boarder even made a video to promote the new sport. In one sequence, a guy comes flying down a gnarly, craggy, desertlike slope, swooping and turning and making all those classic snowboarder moves. Eventually he goes ass-over-teakettle and head-bangs a rock the size of a small island. You should see the outtakes.

**Contact** Outback Mountainboards at (888) EAT-DIRT.



Silly boy—mountains are for hiking, not skateboarding





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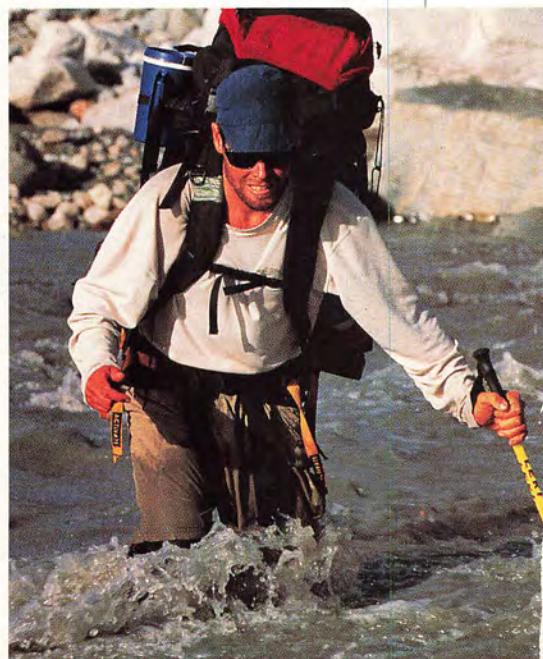
## STRAIGHT-LINING

**The concept:** Backpacking plus going to hell

You've heard of the Eco-Challenge, right? You know, that trendy race in which teams of well-trained, well-equipped, well-funded adventurers hike, swim, climb, and raft their way to the finish line? Chances are you haven't heard of its leaner, meaner predecessor, a sport called straight-lining. Back in the late '60s and early '70s, a couple of guys got bored with the standard up-the-trail-down-the-trail backpacking routine. So they studied topographic maps of messed-up parts of the country, the more messed-up the better. They looked for deep canyons and fast rivers and nasty cliffs. They picked two points on their map and drew a straight line between them. And then they went for it. The object: to connect the dots by traveling the shortest possible distance between them, come hell or high water. Or both. To pull it off, a straight-liner crams his backpack with detailed maps, a compass, food, and as much gear as he can manage comfortably. That means climbing ropes and a harness for scaling cliffs hundreds of feet high, an inflatable raft for forging rivers too cold to swim, headlamps for hiking at night. To up the challenge, he gives himself a time limit—often three or four days—to get from point A to point B. But even the ballsiest straight-liner will tell his friends when he's going and when he'll be back, because when you're in a spot this remote—where even a helicopter can't land—a broken ankle can mean starving to death. So you see, it's just like the Eco-Challenge, but without the television cameras and seasoned medical evac team.

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Gorge-crossing: Tom Bai Photography; ice-boarding: Peter Bogucki; power skiing: Ham Super/Electric Vehicle Systems, Inc.; river-crossing: John Burcham/Adventure Photo & Film





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## ICE-BOARDING

**The concept:** Windsurfing plus speed skating

Picture a windsurfer on a windblown lake. Now freeze the water and put two long, thin, sharp blades on the bottom of the board. Trade his bathing suit for a crash helmet, knee pads, elbow pads, and an ass guard. Now give him the turning ability of a skateboard and the speed of a Porsche in third gear. "This sport is all about velocity," says Jack Bushko, the only guy around who makes these boards. "You can go three to five times as fast as the wind's blowing—it all depends on how big your balls are." The world record is 68 mph; Jack thinks he can push it to 70. Of course, if you fall down on the ice at that speed, it's traction time. Guess we don't need to ask Jack how big *his* are.

**Contact** Island Surf and Sail at (609) 494-5553.

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## POWER SKIING

**The concept:** Waterskiing plus concrete

Remember skitching? Back when you were 12, you'd grab a handful of rear bumper and slide on the balls of your feet across an icy parking lot. The game got upgraded when skateboarding was invented and evolved into a sort of dry-land version of waterskiing, but with higher stakes. Now comes power skiing, the Darwinian descendant of skitching devised by a Californian named Kenny Forrest. The power ski looks like a sleek, souped-up lawn mower. The whole thing's propelled by a hooded, 24-volt battery and has two wheels beneath it and two long handles sticking out of the back. Slap on your Rollerblades or hop on your skateboard and get dragged around the streets. Its top speed is about 18 mph—do you know what it's like to go 18 mph on 'blades?—and this buggy can turn on a dime. "It feels just like skiing," says Forrest, "only now you can do it anywhere or anytime."

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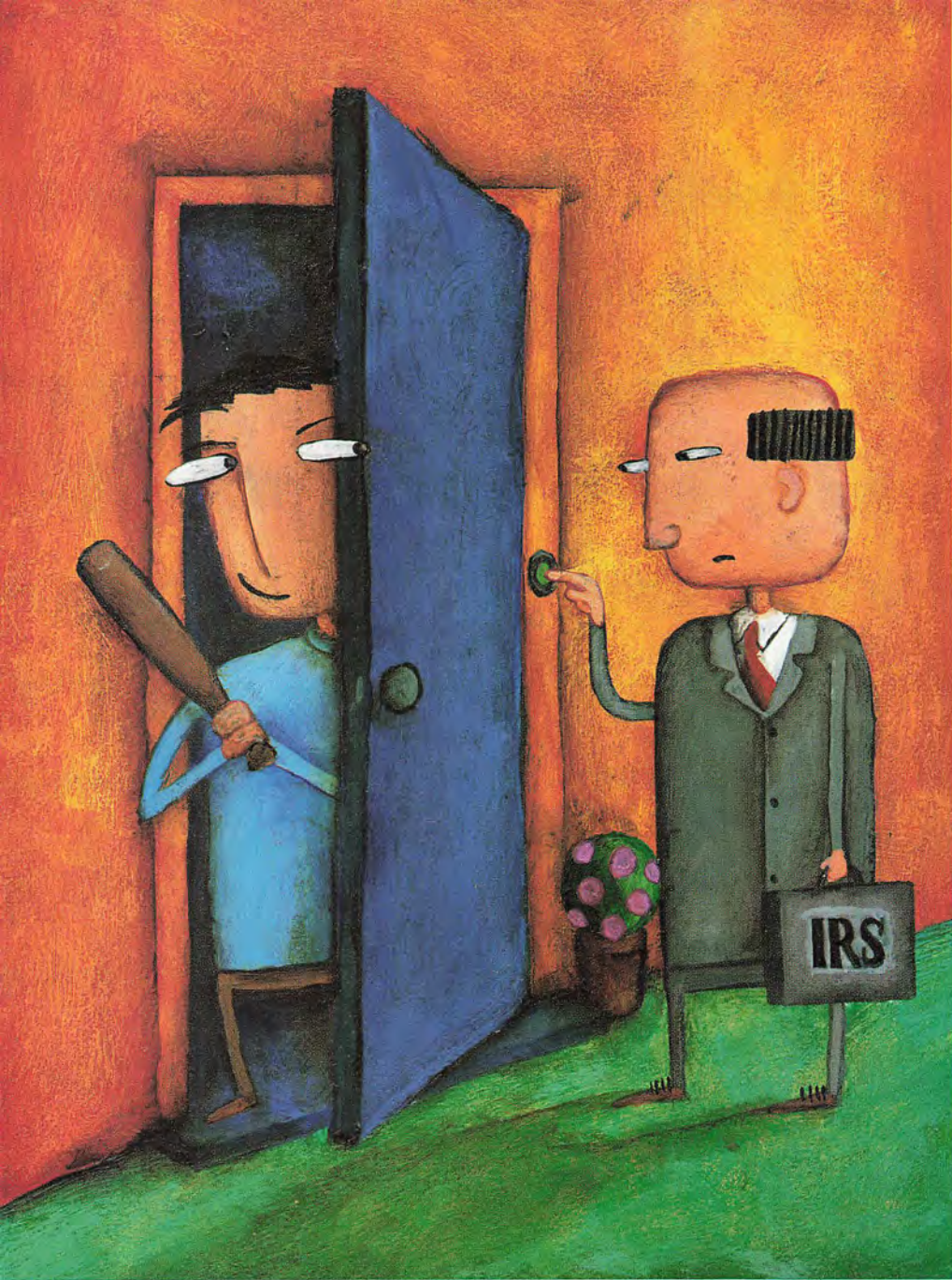
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# BEATING THE TAXMAN

Americans have concocted some ingenious and aggressive strategies for slashing their tax bills. Follow their lead—at your own risk.

By Abby Ellin

**You gotta admire the IRS.** Say what you will, these guys have a serious set of balls. They routinely harass citizens, consistently abuse their power, and sift through famous people's tax returns for sport. And they're back year after year, like a pack of well-scrubbed Jehovah's Witnesses, ringing your doorbell and siphoning your cash.

Well, this year it looks as if the IRS will finally be easing its Vulcan death grip. Last November, faced with allegations of secrecy, vindictiveness, violations of taxpayers' rights, employees working to fill quotas, and general obnoxiousness on the agency's part, the House of Representatives voted 426–4 to overhaul the Internal Revenue Service. One result is that the number of people audited this year is expected to drop by a whopping 28 percent. According to IRS spokeswoman Jodi Patterson, this decreases the average citizen's odds of being audited to a puny 1 in 118. In addition, says Patterson, IRS employees will no longer be graded on revenue collection—which means agents won't have a financial incentive to nail John Q. Public's ass to the wall.

So how do America's solid citizens plan to celebrate the taxman's new attitude? For many, it will be business as usual: File by the 15th and pray for a meager refund. But the morally bereft among us will no doubt take advantage of the situation. And experts agree that one of the most popular strategies for, uh, cutting a few corners will be to utilize Schedule C, the magical tax form that, combined with some minor legwork and a dash of fudgy ethics, lets taxpayers declare their hobbies as unsuccessful businesses and take deduction after deduction.

ize Schedule C, the magical tax form that, combined with some minor legwork and a dash of fudgy ethics, lets taxpayers declare their hobbies as unsuccessful businesses and take deduction after deduction.

## Giving 'em the business

For the ethically bankrupt, Schedule C is a veritable gold mine. It offers a ton of deduction possibilities that businesses—we're talkin' *all* businesses, from General Motors to Big Earl's Towing—regularly take. Obviously, the vast majority of companies that claim these deductions are perfectly within their legal rights. But many an accountant will attest to the fact that when it comes to Schedule C, certain liberties have often been taken.

There are a couple of reasons for that: Although the Big C requires Mr. Taxpayer to start a business, he *doesn't* have to give up his day job to do it. In fact, his business doesn't even have to show a profit



on a regular basis. What's more, he can instantly start deducting any and all related expenses.

Strictly for the purposes of illustrating Schedule C in action, let's take the absolutely, positively fictitious case of Lance, a red-blooded American who loves baseball, eats apple pie, and drives a Ford, but who also believes he's paying more taxes than he should. Lance, it should be noted, is not unwilling to commit criminal tax fraud. So Lance declares himself an independent movie producer and writes off the five films he already sees each month as a business expense. He also writes off his \$50 cable bill—hey, he's gotta see what kinds of movies HBO is buying these days. What about his absurd CD habit? Lance is always thinking about musicians for his soundtracks. He deducts his books (researching screenplay ideas), his dinners (he's sure to discuss business over his veal chops), his trips (how else can he conduct research for his documentary on Jamaican smoking techniques?), and, yes, even his booze (the man's gotta impress starlets, after all). These business expenses come right off the top of Lance's taxable income, effectively reducing his workaday salary and hence his tax bill. One can almost smell a refund in the air.

Why do so many people who fudge on their taxes go the Schedule C route? Because it's easy pickin's. "It's easy to turn a hobby into a legitimate business that entitles you to claim deductions that businesses like IBM can claim," says tax litigation consultant Daniel Pilla, author of *41 Ways to Lick the IRS with a Postage Stamp* and a slew of other IRS-baiting self-help books. "You've just got to declare them and establish a profit motive." A "profit motive" is one of a handful of standards that distinguishes this enterprise from a taxable hobby—another is how much time you sink into the endeavor. Essentially, this means guys like Lance must demonstrate their intention to make money. If they're playing by the IRS' rules, they actually have to be in the business for which they're claiming expenses; cheaters just make a show of it. Pilla has seen guys "run an ad in the local paper, advertise in the yellow pages, buy business cards" in an effort to boost their credibility. He's heard of tax cheats who, if they claim to have taken up glassblowing, "go to an arts fair and set up a booth. They have to show that they're offering their services for the public and not just for their dog." In its benevolence, the IRS gives a business three years to show a profit; if the venture fails, well, bummer. Guess Lance will have to write it off.

### Home is where the deduction is

Of course, the deductions don't have to stop with movies and meals. The truly unscrupulous, those who pretend to be running businesses out of their homes, start writing off a portion of their rent. And

## A POPULAR STRATEGY FOR CUTTING A FEW CORNERS IS TO EXPLOIT THE IRS' LEGENDARY "SCHEDULE C."

their phone bills. And their gas and electric. The only caveat is that they have to designate an area of their residences exclusively for business and conduct most of their work there. Typically, they rearrange the furniture and snap a few photos in case they have to prove it. In years past, running a business out of the home was a red flag, but these days it's widely accepted, say tax experts. "So many people are working at home with fax machines and E-mail that the government now recognizes it," explains New York City accountant Shelly Jacobson, who has filed tens of thousands of returns over the last 14 years.

The deductions really start flying with business- ➤

## TAX CRIMES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Strategies fail. Clues turn up. Dudes get caught. And then the real fun starts.

### CELEBRITY FELON: DARRYL STRAWBERRY

**Crime:** The former Met fielder hauled in more than \$500,000 from signing autographs and making promotional appearances, then scored a big error by forgetting to report any of it.

**Punishment:** Ever the team player, Strawberry offered to rat out some old pals (including Doc Gooden) whom the IRS also suspected of tax

dodges, and pleaded guilty to tax evasion. Darryl was sentenced to six months' home confinement and was ordered to cough up \$350,000 in back taxes and penalties.

### CELEBRITY FELON: WILLIE NELSON

**Crime:** Failed to pay a mere \$16.7 million in back taxes.

**Punishment:** The IRS seized most of Willie's worldly possessions. To help pay off the debt, Nelson sold an album—*Who'll Buy My Memories: The IRS Tapes*—and somehow managed to negotiate his debt down to \$9 million. Willie paid the remainder off by selling the album via an 800 number, with 75 percent of the sales going to debt and 25 percent to lawyers.



### CELEBRITY FELON: CATALINA VASQUEZ VILLALPANDO

**Crime:** Though not a household name, Villalpando was the treasurer of the United States, which made it all the more shocking when she did not report \$167,901 in taxable income for 1989.

**Punishment:** She served four months in prison and lost her job. Her excuse, it's worth noting, was one for the books: "While devoting all my attention and energies to the demands of my public office, I neglected to attend to some personal matters with the care and immediacy they required."



### CELEBRITY FELON: AL CAPONE

**Crime:** Failed to file income-tax returns for 1928 and 1929, and attempted tax

evasion in 1925, 1926, and 1927. **Punishment:** The feds never nailed the cigar-chomping mobster for all that racketeering, bootlegging, and the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, but the IRS sent his ass to the slammer for 11 years. He was set free after serving eight years, and after Prohibition's repeal had killed any hopes of reviving his old business.





related expenses: the maid who cleans the office twice a month (gotta have a spotless desk), the hot new PowerBook (gotta be technologically savvy). Postage stamps, Cross pens, a sofa, a datebook—if a business can't run without 'em, then they're fair game for deductions.

Schedule C also offers deductions for "career enhancement." Basically, any expenses incurred while trying to further a career can be written off. So let's say Lance has planned a surfing trip to southern California. As it happens, his surf spot is not far from Hollywood,

where there are always deals to make. He sets up a general interview with a peon from a production company and deducts the whole trip.

### The paper trail

Like countless other scofflaws, Lance makes his spending and deducting appear legit by using the appropriate documentation. How does he prove that he actually bought the \$82 Johnny Cash boxed set he's writing off? Receipts, naturally. To cover his ass, he saves them and tapes them in a diary-like datebook in which he records all the meetings and dinners he had to attend to advance his career, as well as the names of any business

associates he partied—uh, took a meeting—with. He does this because he knows that if he ever gets audited, this little book will be his shield.

Lance, who is without a shred of moral fiber, has been known to pad his expenses by collecting extra receipts and reporting them as his own business expenses. This illegal—not to mention extremely risky—strategy requires him to scan sidewalks for stray sales slips, ask taxi drivers for spare receipts, steal movie-ticket stubs from friends, and collect other people's restaurant bills.

### Keep a low profile

How far to push the envelope is an ethical and legal judgment call. Even guys like Lance know that the brazen often get burned: Get caught and you could end up in the slammer. As Jacobson puts it, "Avoiding taxes is legal—*evading* taxes is illegal. If you omit or lie about income, or if you don't file at all, that's evading. But if you use the tax laws not to pay taxes, that's avoiding, and that's OK."

However deep in the moral muck you decide to step, it pays to be smart. When explaining all these deductions on your ol' Schedule C, be meticulous, be neat, and, above all else, don't be funny. Clowning can only call attention to your tax return, and when it comes to the IRS, attention is bad.

On a final note, if you do draw the short straw and get audited, for God's sake pay a tax expert to take the heat for you. Trying to handle your own audit is like trying to remove your own spleen... only twice as painful. **M**

## AUDIT-PROOF YOUR RETURN

A deadly IRS-battler for 14 years, veteran tax preparer Shelly Jacobson reveals who gets audited and why.

### How do those IRS bullies decide whom to pick on?

From your return, the IRS calculates a magic number called your discriminant index function, or "dif"; a high dif can spell doom. According to Jacobson, your dif rises and falls depending on how your deductions compare to national averages. (For example, if your fellow countrymen give 3 percent of their income to charity, but you generously donate 4 percent, your dif inches up toward the danger zone.)

### When's the best time to file if I want to boost the odds I'll escape an audit?

According to a former IRS auditor, your best bet is to skip the April rush. Instead, ask for two extensions, and file in October.

The IRS goons select many of their lucky victims by September, so your odds of escaping the scythe will improve.

### True or false: The more moola you make, the more likely it is that the IRS will bust your door down.

This is true. Jacobson says national audit statistics prove that, in general, having a higher gross income means more trouble from the kind folks at the IRS. Sucks to be rich, huh?

### If I prepare my own return, am I begging for an audit?

Not at all. The IRS doesn't care if a three-legged, syphilitic donkey prepares your return. It's the numbers that count. If you do get audited, though, don't hesi-

tate to call in the cavalry. "Auditors are trained to ask questions in a way that makes you incriminate yourself," Jacobson warns. Bottom line: Hire representation.

### Does the IRS care if you round off your estimates of earnings and expenses?

Damn straight it does. IRS types are rather meticulous. "Obviously, if you pay for a college course and it costs \$500, put down \$500," Jacobson says. "But if every number is round, it'll look like you made up figures willy-nilly."

### If my job involves cash income (waiting tables, peddling crack outside grammar schools), do I run a higher risk?

You betcha. "Certain industries, such as the restaurant business,

have been targets for the IRS over the last five years," says Jacobson, who claims the G-men now investigate such businesses to see how much employees are making in tips.

### If I'm audited once, the party's over, right? The IRS will be on my doorstep again and again till death do us part?

Relax. "It's not like there's a shit-list of people who've been audited before that the IRS keeps referring to," Jacobson says. However, it is common for people to get "pulled" two years in a row, usually because they filed the same high-risk return both years (e.g., a Fortune 500 CEO declares \$12,500 in taxable income—twice).



# Prime Time

OUR FEATURE PRESENTATIONS

If E.T. had looked like **Daryl Hannah** (*Blade Runner*), we wouldn't have given him such a hard time. Check out our roundup of alien babes on page 86.

## April Blowout

### This month's lineup

is stuffed to burstin' with lots of good, clean fun. In the following pages:

- Millionaires with 3-inch balls? Baseball's back—check out our **Season Preview**, p. 66
- Find out why *Species*' alluring alien **Natasha Henstridge** can't come in peace, p. 80
- Heed and obey 15 man-hungry extraterrestrial gals in **Lust in Space**, p. 86
- Don't let car mechanics fleece you—how to diagnose that **Noise in the Hood**, p. 92
- Come for the strippers; stay for the parasailing. **The New Bachelor Party**, p. 96

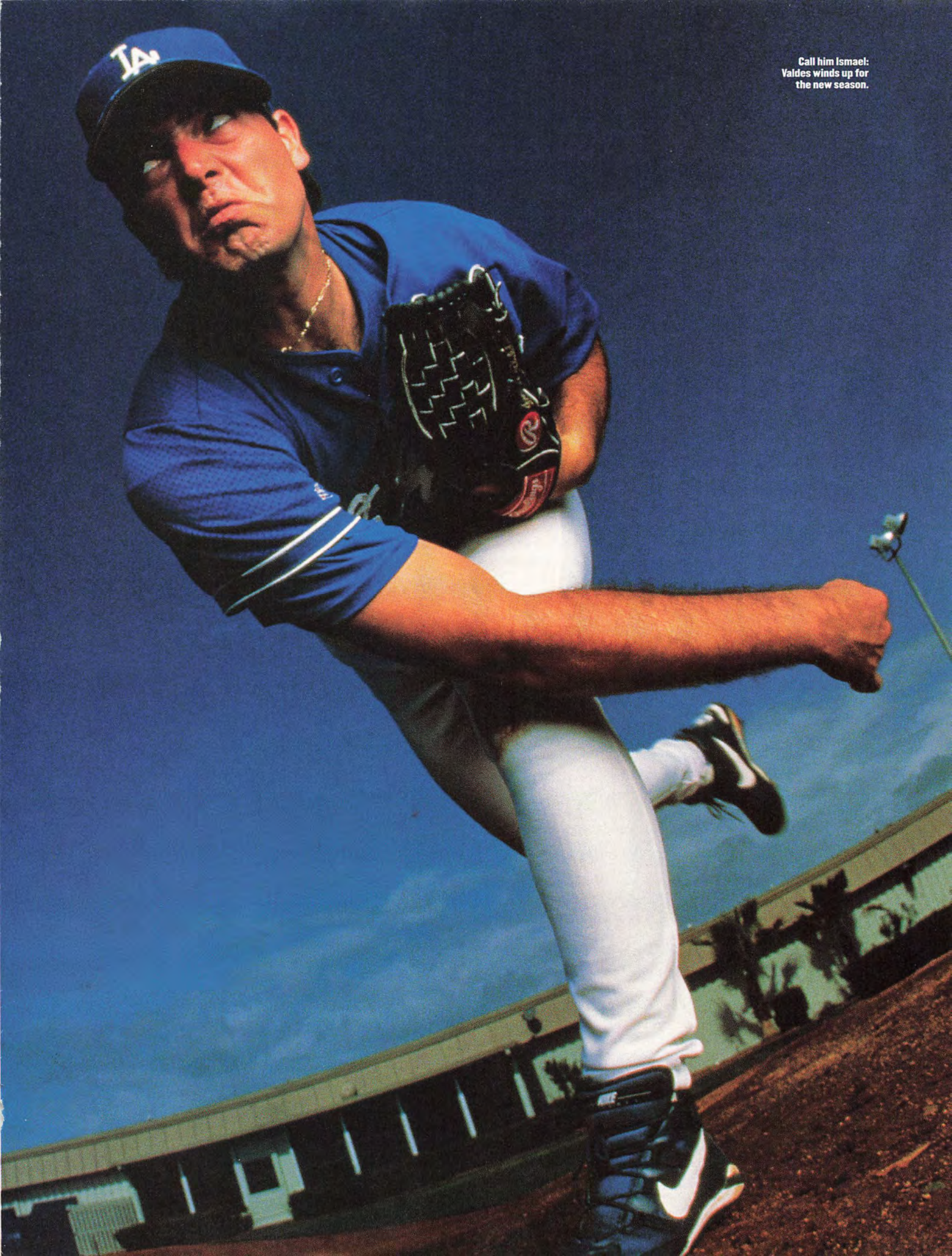


# DIAMOND VISION

**In 1998, we'll see the debut of a team with a god-awful name (hello, Devil Rays), the first .400 hitter in two generations, and players led away in handcuffs. Our guide to the fairest and foulest of the season.**



Call him Ismael:  
Valdes winds up for  
the new season.





Charles Johnson:  
baseball's unbeatable  
backstop



## SETTLE THE SCORE!

Before you get on your high horse, ranting and raving about who the best catcher or closer is, check out our definitive picks—guaranteed to end all barroom arguments. By Mike Hammer

**BEST PICK-OFF MOVE** You're leading off first base one minute, coolly adjusting your cup, and the next you're hauling your pathetic ass to the dugout, bombarded with invective and flying nachos. What the hell happened? You've been picked off by the best in the business, the Yankees' **Andy Pettitte**. Some opponents gripe that his move—which looks remarkably like his regular windup—is illegal and a balk, but the umps disagree: The left-hander led the American League for the second straight year in 1997, with 14 pick-offs. Advice to whiners: Keep your foot on the damn bag.

**BEST GEORGE STEINBRENNER IMITATION** Baltimore Orioles owner **Peter Angelos** locked up this dubious honor last year, and there's a strong chance he'll repeat. Not only did Angelos squeeze out manager Davey Johnson on the same day he won the coveted Manager of the Year award, he also suggested that Cal "They're Making Room on Mount Rushmore" Ripken needs to be more of a team leader. With a track record like that, don't be surprised if Angelos dismantles his solid squad and forces Ripken to sit out a few games.

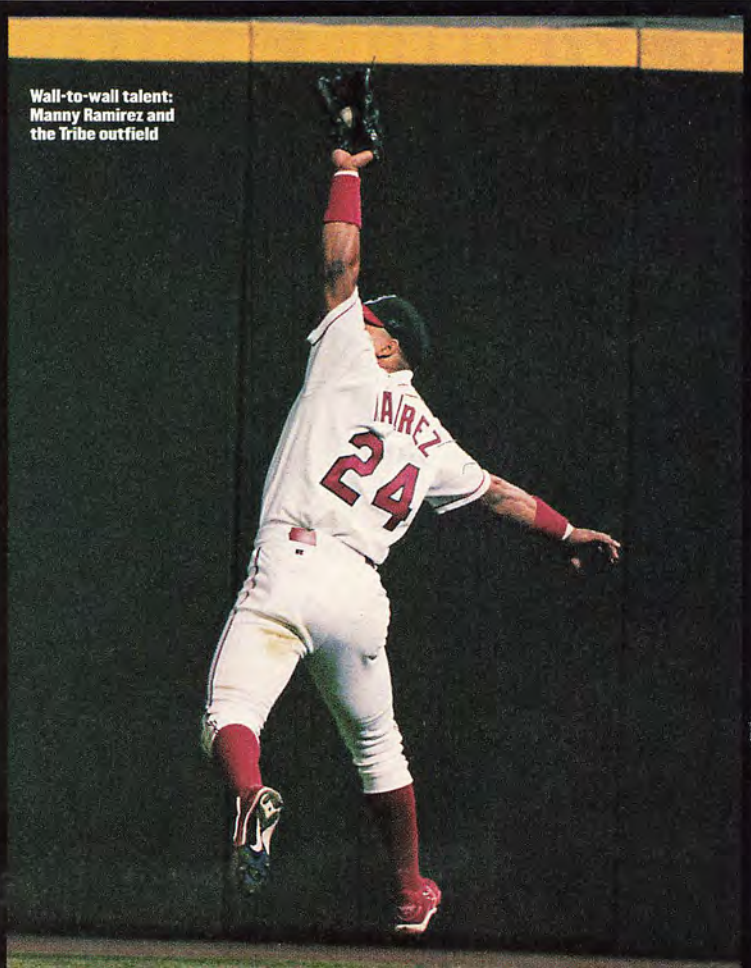
**BEST SCATTER PATTERN** The recently dismantled **Florida Marlins**, hands down. In a selfless act of parity charity, Marlins owner-cum-car-dealer Wayne Huizenga distributed his world champs around the league. Standouts Moises Alou, Devon White, Kevin Brown, Robb Nen, and Jeff Conine (the last "original" Marlin, like that's an honor), were all put on the block and are now playing elsewhere. Yeah, Wayne, money can buy anything...except class.

**BEST CATCHER BEHIND THE PLATE** Defensive catchers of **Charles Johnson's** caliber appear about as often as great Vic "Mel" Tayback movies. (Vic's dead—you do the math.) Anyway, the Marlins' backstop won his third consecutive Gold Glove last season, and—think about this—hasn't made an error in a regular-season game since June 23, 1996. In fact, last year C.J. became the first major-league catcher ever to play an entire season without com-

mitting an error. So far this year, his only error has been staying in Florida.

**BEST CATCHER AT THE PLATE** What's not to like about the Dodgers' **Mike Piazza**? The guy had a stellar season in 1997—hitting .362 with 40 homers and 124 RBIs—and has a well-deserved rep for spraying hits to all fields. If it weren't for an equally phenomenal performance from Colorado's Larry Walker, Piazza would easily have won the National League MVP. Now he's in the last year of a \$15

Wall-to-wall talent:  
Manny Ramirez and  
the Tribe outfield





million contract, so he's got extra incentive to provide fireworks. If 1998 is anything like last year, his next deal will be worth the GNP of Belgium.

**BEST ASIAN IMPORT** No, **Chan Ho Park** is not where Japan's Nippon Ham Fighters play. He's the first—and only—Korean to play in the U.S. major leagues. And last season, Park had himself a solid year as a Dodgers pitcher, winning 14 games with an ERA of 3.38. What's next? Why, cashing in, naturally! The 24-year-old Park made a piddling \$270,000 from the Dodgers but will haul in nearly \$3 million in endorsements back home, where he's a hero. In fact, his biggest deal—\$895,000 to hawk computers—eclipsed Korea's previous record: \$500,000 paid to Meg Ryan to promote a shampoo called Sexy Mild...Hey, what the hell happened to the baseball stuff? Sorry, moving on...

**BEST MANAGER** One of the few guys sticking around the Sunshine State this season is Marlins manager **Jim Leyland**, a sentimental favorite who finally got his World Series ring in 1997. Leyland, who somehow guided three Pittsburgh teams to division titles despite a miserly regime, warmed hearts around the country with his tendency to get weepy when talking about his loyal Marlin charges. This year the stars of his championship team are gone, and Leyland must do what he does best: fight an uphill battle. He won't win it all, but he'll do a lot better than he has any right to. Nobody's better on a shoestring budget.

**BEST PITCHING STAFF OUTSIDE OF ATLANTA** It's not exactly a close second, but the nod goes to the **Los Angeles Dodgers**. L.A.'s rainbow-coalition rotation—Hideo Nomo (Japan), Chan Ho Park (South Korea), Ramon Martinez (Dominican Republic), and Ismael Valdes (Mexico)—may not be the Braves' collection of thoroughbreds, but the quartet won 48 games among them last season and will only improve in '98. If nothing else, it'll give catcher Mike Piazza the chance to yell "Throw strikes, you bonehead!" in four languages.

**BEST ALOMAR** His expectorating brother Roberto garnered all the media attention in 1996, but the best Alomar in baseball last season was Cleveland Indians catcher **Sandy Alomar**, who enjoyed a storybook summer. He won the All-Star game (held at Cleveland's Jacobs Field) with a home run, and later in the season got the game-winning hit that clinched the division. Then he clobbered a season-saving homer in the first round of the playoffs, followed by a game-winning hit in the league championship series. Not only was his timing impeccable, but his numbers were absurdly good: a .324 average, a 30-game hitting streak, and career highs in every offensive category. And unlike Roberto, who underwent postseason shoulder surgery, Sandy begins the '98 season healthy. Once again, look for him to show baby bro how it's done.

**BEST SHOT AT WINNING THE TRIPLE CROWN** He practically did it last season, and there's no reason Colorado's **Larry Walker** couldn't make another solid run at leading the league in homers, RBIs, and batting average this year.

Check out his huge stats from '97: 49 home runs (first in the NL), a .366 average (second), and 130 RBIs (third). Besides heaps of raw talent, he's got a few things in his favor: watered-down expansion-year pitching (can you say "Devil Rays"?), and the homer-happy 5,280 feet of elevation at cozy Coors Field (although Walker had more dingers on the road last season than he had at home). The Padre's Tony Gwynn, a front-runner when it comes to hitting for average, could spoil Walker's chances. And in the American League, anybody who wants to snag the Triple Crown is going to have to tangle with Junior, who's likely to claim at least one of the categories. But overall, Walker's still the best bet.

**BEST OFF-SEASON TRADE** The Yankees dumped dead-weight albatross **Kenny Rogers**, shipping the—let's be

INSTANT EXPERT

# BASEBALL'S TRICKIEST RULES MADE EASY



The long off-season can make you a little hazy when it comes to remembering players' nicknames, their slugging percentages with runners on third, and even (gasp!) the rules themselves. To get you up to speed, here's a quick refresher course.

## THE INFIELD FLY RULE

You're a third baseman saddled with runners on first and second, and you've got fewer than two outs. Next batter pops it up. Easy

out...but if there were no infield fly rule, you could let the ball bounce and then pick it up, tag third, and toss it to second for a freebie double play. To nip that shit in the bud, the infield fly rule declares any infield pop-up in this situation an automatic out—regardless of whether it's caught—and requires that runners hold their positions.

## THE GROUND RULE DOUBLE

Contrary to what you may think, this rule changes according to the ballpark. Before every game, the managers and umpires meet at home plate and review the field's idiosyncrasies. When an in-play ball strikes a declared out-of-play obstacle, bounces over the fence, or rolls under a rain tarp, the batter is awarded a double.

## THE BALK

When a pitcher is standing on the rubber, he's announcing to the batter and the base runners that he's about to pitch. If he changes his mind and wants to attempt a pick-off, he must take a step directly toward the intended base, clearly indicating he's no longer pitching. If he does anything else—moves toward home and throws to first, fakes a throw to first, even simply drops the ball—he's committing a balk. If the balk is called, all runners advance one base.

## RUNNER INTERFERENCE/DEFENSIVE OBSTRUCTION

You see "offensive interference" calls when base runners try to break up double plays. Say you've got a player on first with fewer than two outs. A ground ball's hit to the shortstop, who flips it to the second baseman for the force-out. But the second baseman is upended by the runner and can't make the throw to complete the D.P. If the ump thinks the runner went out of his way to topple the second baseman, he's out, and so is the hitter running to first. On the defensive side, the second baseman can only impede a runner's progress if he's making a play on him or trying to catch the shortstop's throw. It all comes down to the umpire's judgment. But few umps like to make judgment calls, since they result in irate managers and lots of swearing.

Clockwise: Ronald C. Modra/Sports Illustrated; Jon Sobush/MLB; Rick Stewart/Allsport





in center, David Justice in left, and Manny Ramirez in right. All three can catch, throw, and, as a bonus, hit. Lofton, when healthy, is arguably the game's best center fielder; in an injury-plagued '97 season, he hit .333. Justice has attained true stardom in Cleveland—he's got a candy bar named after him—while hitting .329 with 33 homers and 101 RBIs in '97. Ramirez, who hit .328 in '97, has a lifetime average of .320 with the bases loaded. As a group, the three of them hit perilously close to 1.000—an absolutely meaningless statistic, of course, but you get the drift.

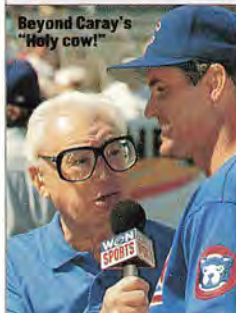
kind and call him "underachieving"—hurler to Oakland, where they had an earthquake during the World Series and are therefore more accustomed to disasters on their diamond. Just how underachieving is he? Rogers had a crappy 5.65 ERA for the Yanks last year, a number even his country-singing namesake could have posted.

**BEST OUTFIELD** Now that Kenny Lofton is returning, the nod goes to the **Cleveland Indians**, who will have Lofton

**BEST CLOSER** Rod Beck has 181 saves in the past five years, better than all but two pitchers (Dennis Eckersley and Randy Myers). The 29-year-old reliever signed with the Cubs in January after a '97 campaign in which he clocked 37 saves in 45 opportunities for the San Francisco Giants. And this year, by the way, he's pissed: Beck "settled" for \$3.5 million in Chicago, a price he felt was well below his market value. He thinks the baseball intelligentsia has sold him short, and this is his year to prove the critics wrong. With several lucrative incentives in his contract, bet on Beck to come through big-time.

INSTANT EXPERT

# SLANG SLINGIN'



To freshen up your living room play-by-play, Michael Kay, who calls games for the Yankees, provides the latest lingo from the major league dugouts:

**What you said last season:** "Boggs knocks a base hit into a gap in the outfield."

**What to say this season:** "Boggs knocks a tweener."

**How to explain it to your girlfriend:**

"See, honey, the guy with the helmet hit it in between the center and right fielder."

**What you said last season:** "Roger Clemens is in the zone with that fastball!"

**What to say this season:** "Sweet Jesus! That Clemens is tossing pills today!"

**How to explain it to your girlfriend:** "The pitcher is throwing the ball so fast that, to the batter, it looks like a little white pill."

**What you said last season:** "That's outta here!"

**What to say this season:** "He's dialing 8!"

**How to explain it to your girlfriend:** "You know when you're spending the night at a hotel and you have to dial 8 for long distance? This is long distance."

**What you said last season:** "Barry Bonds just hit a line-drive single."

**What to say this season:** "Bonds just hit a frozen rope."

**How to explain it to your girlfriend:** "Picture frozen rope. It's long. It's straight. It's hard...Come sit next to me on the couch."

**What you said last season:** "That's a bloop single."

**What to say this season:** "That's a duck fart."

**How to explain it to your girlfriend:** "Um, you know, it's a squeaker, not much power behind it. It stinks. Never mind. But babe, could you bring me a beer?"

**BEST CLUTCH HITTER** One stat says it all: With runners in scoring position, the Yankees' **Paul O'Neill** hit an American League-best .428 last year. A terrific fastball hitter, he's the guy you want at the plate late in the game. Overall, he hit .324 last season with 117 RBIs, both career highs. In the postseason, he got even better, batting .421 with a game-winning grand slam in the Yankees' series against Cleveland. As if that weren't enough, the guy's got a peppery temper, and when he strikes out, you stand a good chance of seeing him destroy some equipment, which is always fun.

**BEST TIME TO HIT THE CONCESSION STAND** Anytime a **Milwaukee Brewers** pitcher picks up a bat. The Brew Crew moves from the American to the National League this season, and that means one thing: A bunch of guys with Little League hitting skills will suddenly be facing Greg Maddux. You haven't seen this kind of mismatch since John-John met the New York bar exam. In interleague play last season, Milwaukee pitchers were a perfect 0 for 18. But surely there's got to be one Brewers pitcher worth watching at the plate, right? Absolutely: reliever Doug Jones, the only one to reach base last year. He drew a walk.

**BEST FRANCHISE PLAYER** Seattle's **Ken Griffey, Jr.**, last year's American League MVP (only the ninth player to win the award unanimously). The guy hit a Ruthian 56 homers last season, led the majors in RBIs (147), and topped the AL in runs (125), total bases (393), and slugging percentage (.646), all while winning his eighth consecutive Gold Glove in center field. The only other guy even worth a nod at this point is Colorado's Larry Walker, on the heels of his miraculous MVP season last year. But for all-around talent, the best in the business wears number 24 in Seattle. Period.

From top: John Blevy/Sports Illustrated; Eric Risberg/AP Photo





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# INSIDE THE PARK

Where to find the best hot dogs, cheapest beer, cutest fans, and more.  
By Mike Casagrande, Brent de Riszner, and Chris Looney

If baseball is our national treasure, then Mike Casagrande, Brent de Riszner, and Chris Looney are hard-core treasure hunters. This trio lived the ultimate fan dream, seeing 28 ball games at 28 stadiums in 28 days. They went from coast to coast, putting more than 18,000 miles on their van/rolling hotel room. Below, their definitive field notes on where to find the best...

## SOUVENIR HOMERS

**Where to go:** Oriole Park at Camden Yards, Baltimore  
Yeah, yeah, statistically speaking, at 3.02 a game, more homers are hit at Coors Field than anywhere else. That said, there's no more satisfying place to catch a dinger than at Camden Yards. Behind right field, they've cleared out a place where you can stand with your mitt and just wait for the balls to drop. We were hanging out there, not really paying attention, and we heard a ball bounce hard behind us. Not 10 feet away, people were scrambling for a ball Brady Anderson had smashed over the fence. It was mayhem. Anything goes. Bring your mitt *and* your shin guards.

## CHEAP SEATS

**Where to go:** Wrigley Field, Chicago  
Only at Wrigley do tickets for the outfield bleachers sell out long before the rest of the seats. That's because it's so much fun to sit way out there with the rest of the Bleacher Bums, where there's more beer and fewer shirts than in any of baseball's other bleachers. Over the years, the Bums have

been conditioned to watch the Cubs lose, and now they have a great time doing it. And the grapefruit-lobbing Cubs pitchers provide the fans plenty of opportunity to throw opponents' home runs back onto the field amid rabid cheering. The day we were there, fans tossed back no fewer than four.

## HOT DOGS

**Where to go:** Dodger Stadium, Los Angeles

These days, concession stands sell everything from sushi to cinnamon rolls. But any self-respecting fan will still opt for the traditional dog, and the



best of them all is Dodger Stadium's Dodger Dog. Too many of the stadiums we toured could only muster shriveled, boiled disasters. But the Dodger Dog is a foot-long grilled masterpiece, bigger than its bun, and worthy of the finest backyard barbecue.

## CHEAP BEER

**Where to go:** Coors Field, Denver

For cheap beer, stumble over to Colorado's Coors Field, where a 16-ounce Coors or Coors Light will set you back \$3.75—21 percent cheaper than the brew served at Yankee Stadium, for instance. (Yeah, it's Coors, but after the first two, who's tasting it anyway?)





## GORGEOUS FANS

**Where to go:** The Metrodome, Minneapolis  
The babe factor in New York and Los Angeles was disturbingly high, but we were very, very pleasantly surprised by the female fans at the Metrodome. That's right—Minnesota. Everywhere we turned, another beautiful blonde invaded our sightline—sitting two rows down, walking up the aisle, working the hot-dog stand. These babes had that farm-girl, no-makeup, looks-stunning-in-just-a-T-shirt-and-jeans way about them. We could barely keep our hot dogs in their buns.

## ENTERTAINING DRUNKS

**Where to go:** Wrigley Field, Chicago  
If anyone disputes the fact that Chicago is a drinking town, bring 'em to Wrigley. We saw beer lines that could have manned a small army. The two lads sitting near us were typical lieutenants: They started fast and kept up a blistering pace throughout the game, stacking each empty cup after they finished with it. By the end of the game, they had a two-foot-high monument to beer.



## POST-GAME PARTYING

**Where to go:** Olympic Stadium, Montreal  
On the last stop of our tour, we caught a game at Candlestick. (Oh, sorry—3Com.) We talked with Giants manager Dusty Baker, and he had just one question for us: "Where did you guys find the best nightlife? It has to be Montreal, right?" Good guess, Dusty. Montreal, we discovered, is a guy's pleasure palace: a combo package of Vegas sleaze and European culture. And the stadium's only a five-minute cab ride from the heart of it all. Three beer houses and two strip clubs later, we couldn't take any more fun—a fact that the Breathalyzer at our last club could attest to.

## NOSTALGIA

**Where to go:** Fenway Park, Boston  
Boston's Fenway Park takes you back to a time when baseball was pure, when domes didn't exist, when players weren't getting arrested for crack. This place makes you feel like a kid again: the sweet smell of summer sausages; the trolleys selling hot roasted peanuts; the Green Monster, which keeps things interesting regardless of the score. We loved this park because from almost any seat in the house you can tell which brand of tobacco a player's chewing. That's real intimacy. That's what a ballpark's all about.

## FANTASY LEAGUE

Think all the action takes place between the chalk lines? Time to start checking out the box seats, fella. So who are all these gorgeous babes? Let's just say they range from attentive fans to players' wives to personal-equipment managers (heh, heh).

**Tawny Kitaen** of Whitesnake video "fame"...is married to Chuck Finley, California Angels pitcher.

Cute, pleasantly plump singer **Mariah Carey**...dates Yankee short-stop Derek Jeter.

**Bobbie Phillips**, actress on canceled show *Murder One*...reportedly "maintains a friendship" with Dodgers catcher Mike Piazza.



Slinky tennis star **Mary Pierce**...dates Roberto Alomar, Baltimore Orioles second baseman.

Old-but-firm actress **Jane Fonda**...is married to Atlanta Braves owner Ted Turner.



Clockwise from top left: Jim Dow (stadium); 3; Eric Charbonneau/Berliner Studio/Outline; Clive Brunskill/Allsport; Lisa Flynn/Still Life Stock; Karen Ollis/Still Life Stock. Next page, from top: John Reid II/MLB; Eric Axene (8)





Dinger zone: McGwire could club 62 homers this year

# PLATE EXPECTATIONS

If you're serious about knowing who's gonna make a little history this season, here are our ironclad predictions. By Matt Toll

## MOST HOME RUNS

**Current Record:** 61 (Roger Maris, Yankees, 1961)

**This Year's Threat:** Mark McGwire, Cardinals

Roger Maris' 61-homer season in 1961 took such a toll on his nerves that, by the end of it, his hair was falling out in big fat clumps. Which bodes well for McGwire—he's already going bald. Destiny? Maybe. But the Guy Who Stole Popeye's Forearms clubbed 58 dingers last year, playing in a career-high 156 games. A couple of other sluggers you may have heard of—Albert Belle and Ken Griffey, Jr.—are contenders, but McGwire's the favorite.

## MOST STOLEN BASES

**Current Record:** 130 (Rickey Henderson, A's, 1982)

**This Year's Threat:** Absolutely none

Ain't gonna happen...not this year, anyway. Sixteen years ago, Henderson destroyed Lou Brock's previous record of 118 stolen bases by stealing 130. By way of comparison, last year's leader, Detroit's Brian Hunter, had 74. If anyone's going to catch Rick the Quick this year, it would be Cleveland's Kenny

Lofton. Benched with a hamstring injury for much of last season, Lofton had only 27 thefts. But in '96, he grabbed 75, his career high. So if he stays healthy and gets really lucky, and lightning strikes a few catchers in mid-pick-off throw, he has a wafer-thin chance of breaking the record.

## MOST STRIKEOUTS IN ONE GAME

**Current Record:** 20 (Roger Clemens, Red Sox, 1986)

**This Year's Threats:** Roger Clemens, Blue Jays; Randy Johnson, Mariners

Clemens, a righty, holds the major league record with 20 Ks in a game (he did it in '86 and '96). Johnson holds the lefty record: On two occasions last year, he struck out 19. They're both active, so the smart money's on them.

## HIGHEST BATTING AVERAGE (MODERN)

**Current Record:** .406 (Ted Williams, Red Sox, 1941)

**This Year's Threat:** Tony Gwynn, Padres

Sure, he's built like a Weeble. Yes, he talks about the mechanics of hitting the way computer geeks talk about ▶

Previous page: Walter Iossa, Jr./Sports Illustrated. This page: Otto Gruebe/Allsport. Next page: Joe Piccolo/MLB (Belle), Jonathan Daniel/Allsport (Sosa)





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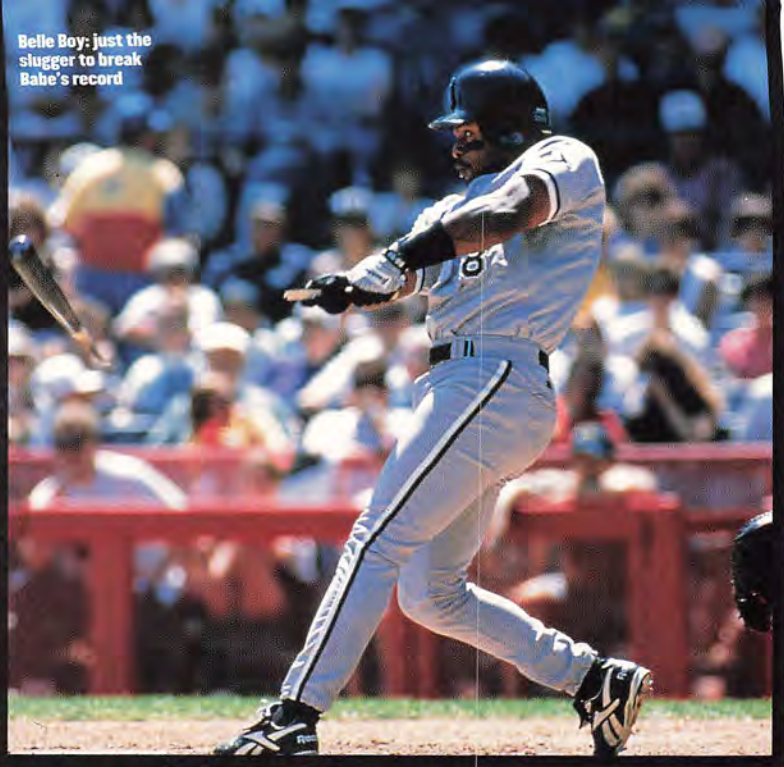
microchips. And it's true, he's 38. But Gwynn is positively the best pure hitter since Williams. Gwynn won his eighth NL batting title last season, hitting .372 in spite of surgery to remove kidney stones. (Repeat: He is old.) And with interleague play in its second season—Gwynn's seen the AL pitchers now—and two expansion teams to pick on, he's a decent bet to pull it off.

## MOST DOUBLES

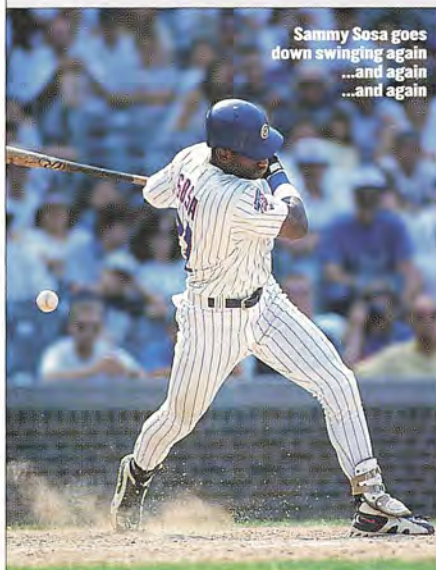
**Current Record:** 67 (Earl Webb, Red Sox, 1931)

**This Year's Threat:** Edgar Martinez, Mariners  
Ever heard of Earl Webb? Didn't think so. In 1931, the Red Sox outfielder set the major-league mark for doubles in a season, with 67. (He was, by the way, accused of gunning for the record by slowing down on the base paths and deliberately turning should-be triples into doubles.) Martinez was on pace to take the record two years ago, until he suffered a rib injury. Now, with Martinez able to concentrate solely on batting—he's a designated hitter—look for the two-time AL batting champ to knock the charlatan from the books.

Belle Boy: just the slugger to break Babe's record



# ...AND BALLPARK PROPHECIES



Sammy Sosa goes down swinging again...and again...and again

## Player Most Likely to Be Charged with a Felony

Tony Phillips, come on down! Last season, as an Angel—love the irony—Phillips was busted buying \$30 worth of rock cocaine. Earlier, playing for the White Sox, he was ejected from a game, changed into street clothes, then climbed into the stands and started a fight with a fan who'd heckled him. Runner-up: perennial candidate Blue Jays slugger (ahem) Jose Canseco, who pleaded no contest to a domestic-violence charge last year. The guy's a restraining order waiting to happen.

## Manager Most Likely to Be Honored

Unless El Niño crumbles Busch Stadium,

Cardinals skipper Tony La Russa will amass enough victories to become one of the 15 winningest managers in history. La Russa, whose 1989 Oakland A's won a World Series championship, starts the season with 1,481 career wins. During this, his 20th season in the dugout, he'll pass Clark Griffith (1,491) and Earl Weaver (1,506) to move into 15th place. When that happens, look for old Earl to sprint out of the stands and kick dirt all over La Russa's shoes.

## Manager Most Likely to Get Canned

Many folks are still wondering how he got the job in the first place—the guy's gotta have naked photos of *somebody*—but the Phillies' Terry Francona won't survive 1998. This year's heinous Phillies squad may manage to win even fewer games than last year's pathetic 68–94 team. Give our regards to Sioux Falls, Terry.

## Pitcher Most Likely to Be Crowned Strikeout King

The honor goes to Boston's Pedro Martinez, who moves over to terrorize the American League this season after winning the Cy Young award in Montreal last year. Martinez is just plain scary: Armed with four legitimate strikeout pitches, he's sure to abuse the hundreds of AL hitters who have never faced him before. Even in snug Fenway Park, unhittable is unhittable.

## Player Most Likely to Win Rookie of the Year

In the American League, keep an eye on Oakland right fielder Ben Grieve, a late-

season call-up last year. In his very first major-league game, Grieve hit three doubles and had five RBIs; he went on to hit .312 through season's end. NL honors will go to Colorado's Todd Helton, a former college quarterback, who has a great natural swing.

## Batter Most Likely to Squash One of the Babe's Records

It'll take a monster season to do it, but Albert Belle could be just that monster. Ruth still holds the major-league record for extra-base hits in a season. In 1921, the Babe had 119—44 doubles, 16 triples, and 59 homers. Belle is one of the few players with the raw power to top him. The pugnacious White Sox slugger had a bad season in '97 ("only" 30 homers, 45 doubles, and one triple) in his first year in the Windy City. But feast on these numbers from '95: 50 homers and 52 doubles. Look for Belle to go nuts this year...in a good way.

## Batter Most Likely to Whiff Up a Storm

The Cubs right fielder, Sammy Sosa, is a free swinger's free swinger who's created more wind than the campfire scene in *Blazing Saddles*. Sosa comes from the same all-or-nothing school of batting that earned Dave Kingman 442 career homers but no invite to Cooperstown. Throughout his career, Sosa has been plagued by injuries, but last season he played in all 162 games. And he struck out 174 times! Now that the Sultan of Swing-Away is warmed up, Sosa could make a run at the major-league record of 189. Give it all ya got, big fella.



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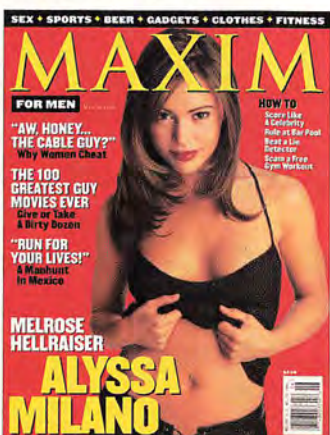
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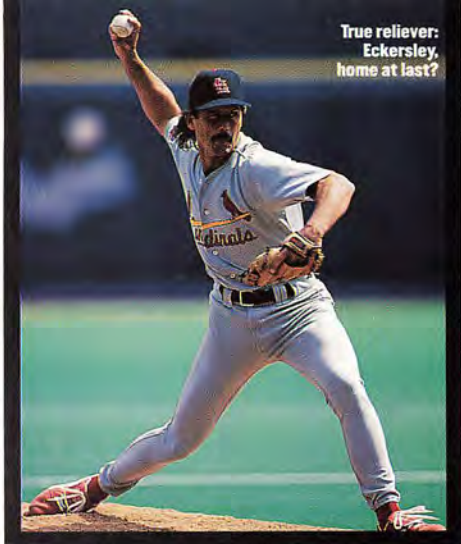
- Natasha Henstridge
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True reliever:  
Eckersley,  
home at last?

# LAST LOOKS

Every year a handful of the great ones retire and clean out their lockers for good. Next stop: Cooperstown. Who's gonna hang 'em up this year? These four old-timers are likely suspects. So this season, take a bus, hitchhike, steal a car if you have to, but see these players one final time before they fade into the record books for good. By Matt Toll

## DENNIS ECKERSLEY

At 43, reliever Dennis Eckersley is returning to the Red Sox, the team for which he won 20 games in 1978. He's No. 2 on the all-time saves list and has snagged Cy Young and MVP trophies over the course of his 22-year career, but here's why you've really gotta love this guy: In his earlier, more confrontational days, Eck would get two strikes on a hitter and then turn to the hapless bum in the on-deck circle and yell, "You're next!" So what if he served up the leg-

endary Kirk "Have the Stretcher Waiting for Me at Home Plate" Gibson homer in the 1988 World Series? Eckersley's a shoo-in Hall-of-Famer who's probably got one good season left in him.

## JOE CARTER

Mitch Williams will tell you everything you need to know about Joe Carter's career highlight, although most of it will come in the form of obscenities. In Game 6 of the 1993 World Series, Carter became only the second man in major-league history to win a Series with a single swing of the bat, tagging Philadelphia's Williams with a ninth-inning homer to claim the championship for the Toronto Blue Jays. Carter's now 38 and has averaged 30

homers and 109 RBIs over his 13 full major-league seasons. He's signed on with the Orioles for one last year. So get yourself to Camden Yards this summer to see this class act—any swing could be his last.

## PAUL MOLITOR

It's easier to get a Colombian to insult the Medellín cartel than it is to find a big-league ballplayer with something bad to say about Molitor. The John-Boy Walton of professional baseball, the 41-year-old Molitor plays like he's 31: He hit .305 last season while swinging in 135 games—so veterans and rookies alike continue to marvel at his skills and resiliency. And his skills are ample: A career .308 hitter, he's in the all-time top 20 in runs scored and at-bats, and this year could move into the top 10 in the hits

category. Molitor returns to the Minnesota Twins for what will be his 21st and, probably, final season before ambling off to a well-deserved retirement.

## RICKEY HENDERSON

The major league's all-time stolen-base champion (1,186), Henderson has said he wants to finish his career in Oakland, where he has played a Billy Martinesque three times. Henderson, who turned 39 last Christmas Day, is clearly on the decline—he hit just .248 and stole 45 bases last season, the latter figure miles away from his major-league record 130 in 1982. But

he's still a lock for Cooperstown. Want some perspective on Henderson's greatness? Hank Aaron's

home run total is 5.7 percent better than Babe Ruth's; Henderson's is more than 30 percent better than No. 2 Lou Brock's. And he's not done yet. He's an insufferable ego-maniac, but he remains a player to watch. Just ask him. **M**



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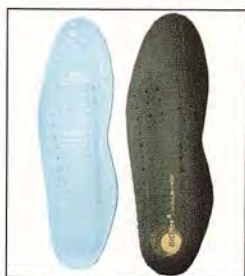
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# SURRENDER, HUMANS!

**Natasha Henstridge,**  
the killer alien from  
*Species*, comes back for  
more mating games in  
this spring's hungrily  
anticipated, cleverly  
titled sequel, *Species II*.  
By Paul Young

---

Photographs by Andrew Eccles  
Styling by Karen Shapiro





**B**efore *Species* became the sleeper sci-fi movie hit of 1995, few Americans had ever heard of Natasha Henstridge. The 20-year-old Canuck model was fresh off the Concorde from Paris with reams of fashion layouts and TV commercials to her credit, but zero feature-film experience. This made director Roger Donaldson's decision to cast her as Sil, the chillingly horny alien on the loose in L.A., a stroke of genius. Sil literally rips guys' hearts out while displaying a charming indifference to clothing, and somehow Henstridge pulled it off without seeming extra-cheesy. Result: \$100 million-plus at the box office and a chance to play a genetically re-engineered version of Sil in *Species II*, coming this spring. But Henstridge isn't waiting around for *Species III*. With a bunch of movies in the can, from romantic comedies (*Dog Park*) to indie dramas (*Belladonna*, *Make a Wish*), she's ready to prove she's more than just a sex-crazed alien. Grudgingly, we're all for it.



**MAXIM:** Damn. You cut your hair off. What happened to it?

**NATASHA HENSTRIDGE:** I did a movie down in Brazil, and they bleached it so many times that it was just fried beyond repair. So I hacked it off.

**M:** Do you realize that you've made men everywhere weep?

**NH:** Well, I've actually had a few guys tell me, "God, I love women with short hair." But you know what? [Unapologetically] I've also realized this is actually more me. It's sassier.

**M:** OK: the *Species* sequel. I'm confused. Didn't they slaughter your character in the first movie?

**NH:** Yeah, but—guess what?—they have this other embryo with the same DNA, which grows into an alien who looks a whole lot like me. But this one's not as crazy. Somehow they put her mating gene to sleep.

**M:** So you mean she doesn't run around screwing guys to death?

**NH:** Not exactly. Some other alien is causing all the problems this time, and the scientists figure that my character can communicate with him somehow. But she *does* go a little crazy.

**M:** In other words, you get naked again?

**NH:** Now, that's why you're going to have to pay the bucks and see for yourself.

**M:** Are you a big sci-fi fan?

**NH:** No! I've never even seen *Star Wars*. But I do like shows like *Strange Universe*, where people come on and get all teary-eyed and tell their stories about being abducted by aliens. That stuff just kills me!

**M:** Who would win in a fight: Sil, your *Species* character, or Ripley [Sigourney Weaver] from *Aliens*?

**NH:** Well, I think I have a couple of inches on her, and height is a big advantage. [Editor's note: Actually, Weaver is an inch taller.] Then again, Sigourney looks like she really works out. She'd probably kick my ass.

**M:** You've got a range of upcoming movies: smaller, indie films; romantic comedies. Are you trying to get away from the action genre?

**NH:** No, I just love comedy. In *Dog Park*, I play Miss Bookworm, the host of a children's TV show who's given up on love because her last boyfriend was such a shit. But then this other guy teaches her to open up to love again.

**M:** If you were a guy—the non-shit kind—who would you be?

**NH:** Tarzan! All that alligator wrestling? Come on!

**M:** Do you watch your own movies?

**NH:** [I'll see them] just once and that's it. I left *Species* in tears. I'd told everybody that I was in this great movie, blah, blah, blah, and then I saw it and freaked! I hated my acting—I just wanted to die!

**M:** Do you ever look at your movies and think, *Oh, man, that scene is only there to show my tits*?

**NH:** Totally! On some movies [e.g., *Maximum Risk*, costarring Jean-Claude Van Damme], I actually had

Hair: John Setaro for Yuki Sharon/Blanca Blythe Beauty; Makeup: Gucci Westman for Visages Style; clothes: cover shot: black dress by D&G Dolce&Gabbana; black button-down shirt: Sportmax; black mohair sweater: Andy Turnbull; Green dress by NH Collection; inside shot lying down: black sequin dress by D&G Dolce&Gabbana; black button-down shirt: Sportmax; black







# **"IN SPECIES II, MY CHARACTER ISN'T QUITE AS SEX-CRAZED. THEY PUT HER MATING GENE TO SLEEP."**

to turn to the director and say flat out, "What are you doing?! At least make it a wide shot or something!" I mean, how cheesy can you get?

**M:** So when it comes to being nude, you definitely have your limits?

**NH:** It depends entirely on how it's done. Modeling in Europe since I was 14 gave me a new perspective about nudity, but Americans are just so unbelievably uptight about their sexuality. If you appear naked, they automatically assume you're "that kind of girl."

**M:** What's the weirdest thing about dating in Los Angeles?

**NH:** When guys tell their publicists to call your publicist and ask you out on a date.

**M:** Famous people? They do that?

**NH:** Oh, yeah. Some publicists are nothing more than pimps!

**M:** Have you ever dreamed about hanging out with another celebrity?

**NH:** A few times, but I can't really remember the dreams.

**M:** Because they were pretty ordinary?

**NH:** If you call mad, crazy, passionate sex ordinary, then yeah, they were pretty ordinary.

**M:** OK. Outside of REM sleep, when was your happiest time?

**NH:** Probably the time I spent in Miami Beach with my best friend about five years ago. We lived like hippies for a couple of months, with nothing more

than our sarongs and our bathing suits. It was totally spontaneous: We camped out on the beach every night, played in the water during the day, went to karaoke bars at night. But you know, it's funny. Everybody wants more and more, but the more they get, the unhappier they are.

**M:** Well, you just got back from a trip to the Bahamas, right? Any good stories?

**NH:** Well, I got humped by a dolphin.

**M:** Excuse me?

**NH:** I'm telling ya, I get the action, don't I?

**M:** How'd it happen?

**NH:** I was doing this dolphin-swim program, where the dolphins push you through the water and kiss you on the cheek. But then this one came up behind me and tried to hump me. I didn't even realize it until I saw all these people on the deck laughing.

**M:** Hope you got it on video...

**NH:** Oh, yeah—Pamela gets Tommy, and I get Flipper.

**M:** At least he has some brains.

**NH:** (laughs) 







## NATASHA AT A GLANCE

**Vital stats:** Born in Newfoundland, Canada. She's 23, 5'10", and of 100% earthling descent: English and German with a touch of Micmac Indian. She's single, divorced from actor Damian Chapa, who's gotta be feeling like a dork right about now.

**Distinguishing marks:** Two tattoos: one, on her upper right butt cheek, of a lion's head wearing a crown; the other, at the base of her spine, of intertwined male and female symbols.

**Her extremely exhausting idea of fun:**

Shopping, scuba diving, horseback riding, and gambling—preferably all in the same day.

**Peskiest rumor:** That she's set to be the next Bond Girl. She's not, and she doesn't give a damn. So shut up or feel her wrath.

**Biggest frustrations with Hollywood:** (1) All these business people—agents, lawyers, etc.—keep telling her what to do, and (2) her leading men are all shorter than she is.

**Going rate:** Two million smackers for 1996's *Maximum Risk*. Her *Species II* salary? No one's talking.

**Favorite *Species* scene:** When the playboy dude tries to French-kiss her, and she drives her gigantic alien tongue through the back of his skull. Don't you hate when that happens?



Natasha Henstridge  
(Species' "Sil")  
makes a few things  
perfectly clear





## EXTRATERRESTRIALS

If Hollywood's to be believed, outer space is swarming with luscious alien babes. By Meakin Armstrong



# LUST IN SPACE!

**THE INSATIABLE INVADER** that Natasha Henstridge portrayed in *Species*—and that she revisits this spring in *Species 2*—is just one in a long line of foxy, hot-to-trot alien gals who want to kill you, breed with you, or both (in either order). Sure, alien chicks can be haughty, pushy, even deadly. But there's something about their single-minded tenaciousness that's just so damned cute. Here's a *Maxim* look at some of our universe's truly celestial bodies.

Body by Jake;  
tongue by  
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### "SIL"

#### **SPECIES (1995)**

**Played by:** Natasha Henstridge

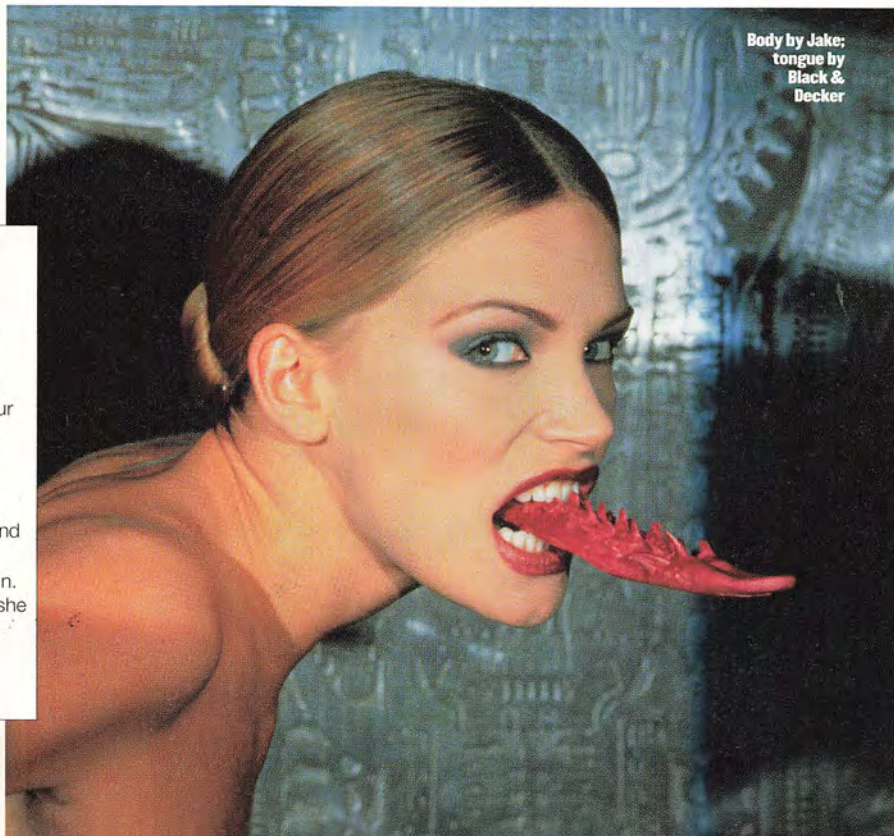
**Home planet:** An unidentified but supposedly friendly orb

**Diabolical plan:** To mate with Earth guys, get preggers, and spread her evil spawn all over our nice green planet

**Advantages:** Perfect body, insatiable sex drive, and zero self-consciousness when it comes to shedding clothing. Can transform herself into a nimble grasshopper woman whose nipples extend into long, lethal tentacles.

**Disadvantages:** Nonlethal nipples are more fun. Plus, if you have any slight genetic weakness, she "rejects" you (i.e., drives her foot-long tongue through the back of your head).

**Typical come-on:** "Do you know where I can find a man?"



Photographs: Andrew Eccles. Styling: Karen Shapiro. Hair: John Setard for Yuki Sharon/Bianca Blythe Beauty. Make-up: Gucci Westman for Visages Style. Clothes: Silver jumpsuit by David Dalrymple for House of Field Roy. Volkman/Outline; background plate design by H.R. Giger; alien illustration: Rian Hughes





**"LIEUTENANT ILIA"  
STAR TREK: THE MOTION  
PICTURE (1979)**

**Played by:** Persis Khambatta

**Home planet:** Delta IV

**Diabolical plan:** To navigate the *Enterprise* and boldly resist all sexual advances

**Advantages:** As a Deltan, she's much more highly developed sexually than earthlings, and quite distracting to look at. (Poor Chekov practically slobbers.)

**Disadvantage:** As a Deltan, she's required to take an oath of celibacy before working in close quarters with "sexually immature" humanoids like you.

**Typical come-on** (to Kirk): "My oath of celibacy is on record, Captain."



**"NYAH"  
DEVIL GIRL FROM MARS (1954)**

**Played by:** Patricia Laffan

**Home planet:** Mars, a major source of '50s paranoia.

**Diabolical plan:** To kidnap strapping Scottish men and get herself knocked up *pronto*

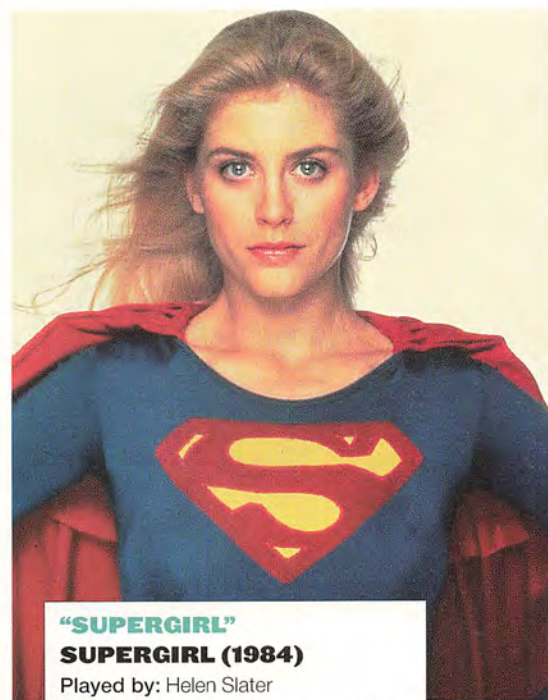
**Advantages:** Has the urge to merge in a big way. Bonus for submissive types: Can trap laddies in a powerful force field, and has a 12-foot-tall hench-robot named Chani to do her dirty work.

**Disadvantages:** Is prone to saying snotty, emasculating stuff like "It amuses me to watch your petty efforts." Should she judge you too old and flabby for breeding, she sics Chani on you.

**Typical come-on:** "I can control power beyond your wildest dreams. Come! Come! And you will see!"



**"MY OATH OF  
CELIBACY IS ON  
RECORD, CAPTAIN."  
LIEUTENANT ILIA**



**"SUPERGIRL"  
SUPERGIRL (1984)**

**Played by:** Helen Slater

**Home planet:** Argo City (a surviving fragment of planet Krypton)

**Diabolical plan:** She seeks the Omega-hedron, a magic paperweight that can... oh, who the fuck cares.

**Advantages:** She's young, blonde, and flighty and can leap tallish buildings in a single, braless bound. Refreshingly, she's not obsessed with breeding, killing all human men, or taking over the earth.

**Disadvantage:** Her X-ray vision makes concealing condoms or other girls' phone numbers in your wallet dicey.

**Typical come-on:** "I am Kara...daughter of Alurea and Zor-el. And I don't scare easily."



### "TALLEAH" QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE (1958)

**Played by:** Zsa Zsa Gabor

**Home planet:** Venus

**Diabolical plan:** To bear hundreds of your kids

**Advantage:** The men of Venus are locked up on some moon or something, so she's hot for your Earth-boy docking maneuvers, even if you're fat or ugly or insult her man-hating gal pals (e.g., "Why don't you girls just knock off the Gestapo stuff and try being a little friendly?").

**Disadvantage:** She comes with major baggage—namely, said gaggle of hostile feminists.

**Typical come-on:** "Vimmen can't be happy vitout men."



### "THE CAT-WOMEN" CAT-WOMEN OF THE MOON (1953)

**Played by:** The self-styled "Hollywood Cover Girls"

**Home planet:** Moon (dark side)

**Diabolical plan:** To escape their dreary underground moon caves and take over the earth.

**Advantage:** Can become invisible (a big plus for when the wife shows up unexpectedly).

**Disadvantage:** In a disturbing departure from the norm, the Cat-Women aren't at all interested in mating with earthlings.

**Typical come-on:** "We have no use for men."



### UNIDENTIFIED MARTIAN GIRL MARS ATTACKS! (1996)

**Played by:** Nobody actress Lisa Marie—not to be confused with rock heiress Lisa Marie Presley, who married probable alien Michael Jackson

**Home planet:** The new, hilarious Mars!

**Diabolical plan:** To destroy all mankind

**Advantages:** Voluptuous body, clear sense of purpose

**Disadvantages:** Voluptuous body turns out to contain a four-foot-tall green man, which can be a bit of a buzz-kill at the payoff end of a date.

**Typical come-on:** None. Her/his body does all the talking.

### "LEELOO" THE FIFTH ELEMENT (1997)

**Played by:** Milla Jovovich

**Home planet:** Here, there, everywhere (she's supposed to be a "fundamental particle," an element like earth, air, fire, and water)

**Diabolical plan:** To find some stupid brick that will save the universe.

**Advantages:** Her perfect, tightly packed DNA makes her ultra-smart. . . yet she doesn't do much gabbing, preferring to spend most of her time dressing and undressing.

**Disadvantages:** The squeaky "sacred language" she speaks makes her sound like a coked-out porpoise. Though first spotted in sexy, revealing "thermal bandages," she mostly dresses like Ziggy Stardust.

**Typical come-on:** "Me fifth element. Supreme being. Me protect you."



Milla Jovovich, a.k.a.  
The Fifth Element:  
"Take me to  
your barber."





**"THE BORG QUEEN"**

**STAR TREK: FIRST CONTACT (1996)**

**Played by:** British TV star Alice Krige

**Home planet:** A nameless Borg cube

**Diabolical plan:** To seduce and torture men before choosing one to share her throne

**Advantage:** Can dramatically separate her head from her body for efficient packing on your interstellar business trips

**Disadvantage:** Is part of a collective consciousness, so all her friends can hear and evaluate your bullshit lines.

**Typical come-on:** "Resistance is futile."



**"CHANI"  
DUNE  
(1984)**

**Played by:** Psycho actress Sean Young

**Home planet:** Dune

**Diabolical plan:** To mate with Kyle MacLachlan, who comes to Dune in search of Spice, a mind-expanding drug that prolongs life.

**Advantage:** Though she's dropped a lot of Spice, she's not in any way, shape, or form a Spice Girl.

**Disadvantage:** Wears an outfit that recycles her sweat so she can—arrgh!—drink it.

**Typical come-on:** "Tell me of your homeland." (Hm. . . must be her delivery.)

Sigourney Weaver as "Ripley": If she's never slept with Spock, how come her suit is vulcanized?



**"ELLEN RIPLEY"  
ALIEN RESURRECTION  
(1997)**

**Played by:** Sigourney Weaver

**Home planet:** 1/2 Earth, 1/2 unknown

**Diabolical plan:** Nonspecific mayhem and violence; you'd be pissed, too, if you'd been cloned into a half-alien mutant mom (with a very bratty child)

**Advantages:** Biceps, buns, and nerves of steel. Rarely flinches, even when stabbing her own hand. Plays a mean game of hoops. Is not afraid to fight in her panties.

**Disadvantage:** Her blood is pure acid—which, unless we're mistaken, is bound to cause major PMS.

**Typical come-on:** (to the Alien): "I've known you so long, I can't remember a time when you weren't in my life." Yawn. . .

**"RESISTANCE IS  
FUTILE."  
THE BORG QUEEN**







## "PRINCESS LEIA"

### STAR WARS TRILOGY (1977-1983)

Played by: Carrie Fisher

**Home planet:** Alderon (until Darth toasts it like a marshmallow)

**Diabolical plan:** To defeat the evil Empire, provoke Harrison Ford with saucy insults, and scour the galaxy to find a better hairstyle

**Advantages:** A royal sense of entitlement and a mean left hook combine to make her a sort of ass-kicking Princess Di.

**Disadvantage:** Often hides her hot body under nunlike robes.

**Typical come-on** (to Han Solo): "Captain, being held by you isn't quite enough to get me excited."

"No need to use the Force, baby. I won't resist."

## "PRIS"

### BLADE RUNNER (1982)

Played by: Daryl Hannah

**Home planet:** Earth (she's a robot "replicant")

**Diabolical plan:** To reprogram her self-destruct mechanism so she can extend her four-year life span.

**Advantages:** She's incredibly limber and can perform endless backflips, like a turbocharged Slinky.

**Disadvantage:** Her legs could pop you like a pizza zit.

**Typical come-on** (to one of her makers): "It must get lonely here."



And The Heavens Brought Forth  
The Wonder Of Woman!



## "QUEEN OF THE MOON DOLLS"

### NUDE ON THE MOON (1962)

Played by: Marietta, '50s nudist-camp-movie star

**Home planet:** Duh...the moon

**Diabolical plan:** None—too stupid to concoct a plan.

**Advantages:** She likes to get naked, do interpretive cha-cha dancing, and squeeze a game or two of topless volleyball into her long and pointless Moon Doll day.

**Disadvantage:** Apparently to combat the moon's weak gravity field, has developed some serious buffalo thighs.

**Typical come-on:** Walking around, silent and topless, while bumbling astronauts gawk at her with binoculars

## "CELESTE MARTIN"

### MY STEPMOTHER IS AN ALIEN (1988)

Played by: Kim Basinger

**Home planet:** Cosign

**Diabolical plan:** To stop Earth scientists from making life hell on her home planet, mostly by distracting them with her otherworldly curves

**Advantages:** She's been designed to be the sexiest, most desirable woman on earth. Plus, entertainingly, the girl can eat cigarette butts like candy.

**Disadvantage:**

In her purse lives an annoying, one-eyed talking snake that's plotting to destroy the world.

**Typical come-on** (responding to a request for another kiss): "Surely. That was very pleasant. But I hope that's not all you want to do."



Close encounters of the Kim Basinger kind



# NOISE IN THE



**Your car makes all sorts of sounds: Some are benign, some mean big trouble. And if you can't tell the difference, it's going to cost you. Here's how to train your ears to decode your car's distress signals. By John Tessitore**

**W**hen you first catch an earful of one of those sick-car sounds—a ping, a squeal, a clunk—you'll probably do one of three things. You'll go into denial ("Maybe it's always done that"), tempt fate ("Ahhh, it'll be OK until I get around to it"), or bargain with God. ("Please, Lord, grant me one more round trip to my girlfriend's in Boston"). Sure, you don't want to risk being one of those broken-down chumps you pass on the road every day, but you don't want to single-handedly put your mechanic's kids through college, either.

Just because you slept through shop class doesn't mean you have to remain at the mercy of the motorheads. Bob Lacivita, ASE/GM master technician and a contributing editor and technical consultant on *The Family Handyman's Simple Car Care & Repair* (Reader's Digest, \$16.95), and John Ervin, team manager and mechanic to three generations of race-car-driving Jarrods (Ned, Dale, and Jason), understand that, like a fat guy's irregular heartbeat, the noises your car makes speak volumes about its ailments. Together, these car docs can help you interpret common car noises, tell you how long before you're roadkill, and estimate how big a hole in your pocket the repairs are going to blow. (See box, left.) At the very least, when you finally do come face to face with a mechanic (which you probably should), you'll be able to speak his language and minimize the fleeing.

Since parts and labor prices vary according to model and year, rough price ranges are indicated as follows:

|                |          |
|----------------|----------|
| \$1-\$100      | \$       |
| \$100-\$500    | \$\$     |
| \$500-\$1,000  | \$\$\$   |
| \$1,000 and up | \$\$\$\$ |

## CAR MAINTENANCE MADE EASY

**With regular care and feeding, your car just might stay healthy for a couple of hundred thousand miles. Just clip this easy-to-follow schedule, tape it to the inside of your glove box, and stick to it. By Marcia Ruff**

### EVERY WEEK

- Check your oil and look at the fluid levels for your coolant, windshield washers, brakes—everything you can find in the engine compartment that has a dipstick or plastic reservoir.
- If any have dropped significantly, check the specs in your owner's manual, get fluid from your auto parts store, and fill 'er up.

### EVERY MONTH

- Check the pressure on all 5 tires (remember your spare). For best results, do this while they're cold (before you've driven 3 miles).
- Look—and feel—for uneven wear patterns on your tires, which can indicate that you have alignment problems.
- When your tires have about 40,000 miles on them, start checking to make sure the tread isn't too skimpy by sticking a penny in them with Lincoln's head pointing in. If you can see the top of his head, your car needs a set of shoes. (Always replace tires in pairs,

front or back, and have them aligned.)

### EVERY SIX MONTHS

- Change your oil. (If you drive in short hops, make that every 3 months or 3,000 miles.)

### EVERY YEAR

- Have your brakes inspected for worn pads and cracked brake lines.
- Check the exhaust system for cracks and rust holes.
- Change your windshield-wiper blades.
- Look at the maintenance schedule in your owner's manual to see when you're due for service. Based on your mileage, estimate when that will be and pencil it in on your calendar.

Get a tune-up every 100,000 miles if your car was built after the mid-'80s, when computers were added that keep it in tune. For older models (mid-'80 and earlier), aim for every 10,000 miles.



### PINGING

**Where:** Under the hood, in the front

**When:** During acceleration

**Likely cause:** Either your engine is out of tune or carbon's built up on your pistons.

**Plan of action:** Burning low-octane gas, you cheap bastard, tends to produce a carbon sediment on your pistons. This then burns on its own and ignites gas before the spark plugs do; the pinging is the double-firing of your pistons. Use high-octane gasoline, which burns cleaner. "I also pour 8 oz. of fuel additive into the tank every three fill-ups, to clean up my engine," says Ervin. If the pinging persists, you need a tune-up.

**Cost:** Minor tune-up (replacement of filters): \$  
Major tune-up (replacement of filters, spark plugs, wires): \$\$



### HUMMING OR WHINING, RISING IN VOLUME

**Where:** Under the hood, in the front of the engine compartment

**When:** As you turn the wheel

**Likely cause:** Low level of power-steering fluid, or a broken power steering pump

**Plan of action:** Driving a modern car without power-steering feels like riding a bike through mud: You'll sense the problem and want to fix it immediately. Check the steering-fluid level. If you're short more than 4 oz., you probably have a leak. Check for a loose clamp or fitting on the power-steering pump. Still losing fluid? "Most of the time it's a power-steering line with a hole in it," says Lacivita. In rare cases, you'll need a replacement pump, or if you've driven without fluid for a long time (ya moron), a new power steering assembly.

**Cost:** Fluid, clamps, hoses: \$  
Pump: \$\$  
Rack and pinion assembly: \$\$



# HOOD

## SQUEALING

**Where:** Under the hood, in the front of the engine

**When:** While starting, while turning the wheel until it won't turn any more, or when the air conditioner is on

**Likely cause:** Loose, worn, or dried-up drive belt(s)

**Plan of action:** Loose or frayed belts are a serious danger and should be replaced immediately. If a belt snaps, your water pump, air conditioner, power steering, or alternator could crash. If your car has a single all-purpose, "serpentine" belt connecting all three components, however, you can be more leisurely about bringing it in. "Serpentine belts very rarely fail," says Lacivita. "They're basically bulletproof." Replace a worn serpentine at your earliest convenience.

**Cost:** \$

## IRREGULAR SNAPPING OR CLICKING, ALONG WITH A ROUGH-RUNNING ENGINE, POOR ACCELERATION, OR LOSS OF POWER

**Where:** Under the hood, at the top of the engine

**When:** On cold or damp days, or after driving for a long time

**Likely cause:** Electrical arcing in or around the distributor cap, spark plugs, or spark-plug cables

**Plan of action:** Act on this right away. In addition to the noises, you could be stalling frequently or bucking, and you're probably burning out ignition components and other parts in the car's electrical system. At the very least, you're spewing lots of dangerous emissions into our dwindling atmosphere. Arcing usually results from sediment buildup on your plugs, bad wiring, or simple wear and tear, and you should replace the whole spark-plug assembly (all the plugs and cables). "Usually, when one wire goes bad," says Lacivita, "everything's about to go bad."

**Cost:** Spark-plug assembly: \$\$



## DEEP, RHYTHMIC THUMPING OR THUDDING

**Where:** Under the hood, low in the engine compartment

**When:** When the car is running

**Likely cause:** Worn main or rod bearings

**Plan of action:** Rod bearings cushion the impact of the pistons on the engine; main bearings cushion that of the crankshaft on the engine block. Bearing trouble is common after 100,000 miles, but if you ignore that thumping, your engine will, in less than 1,000 miles, shake itself apart. You could have your engine reconditioned (all key parts replaced), but this is very expensive. "With that many miles on the car," Ervin says, "I'd head to the salvage yard for a used engine in good condition, which normally costs about a third of the price, though labor will still cost big."

**Cost:** Reconditioned engine: \$\$\$\$  
Junkyard engine: \$\$\$

## SOFT, RHYTHMIC FLUTTERING

**Where:** Low in the engine

**When:** When the engine's cold (and the car's got 20,000+ miles)

**Likely cause:** "Piston Slap"

**Plan of action:** "The pistons are rattling around inside the bores," Lacivita says. "But after the car runs for a while, the piston should heat up and swell to fit the bore, and the rattling should go away—you should probably just live with it." If the fluttering continues, particularly in cars with 50,000+ miles, the engine's probably worn out. You'll overheat frequently, with more problems to come. Have your engine reconditioned, get a salvage-yard engine, or dust off your bicycle.

**Cost:** Reconditioned engine: \$\$\$\$  
Junkyard engine: \$\$\$

What is the sound of one wallet breaking?





# If your brake pedal feels loose, don't even drive your car.

## GENTLE SQUEAKING

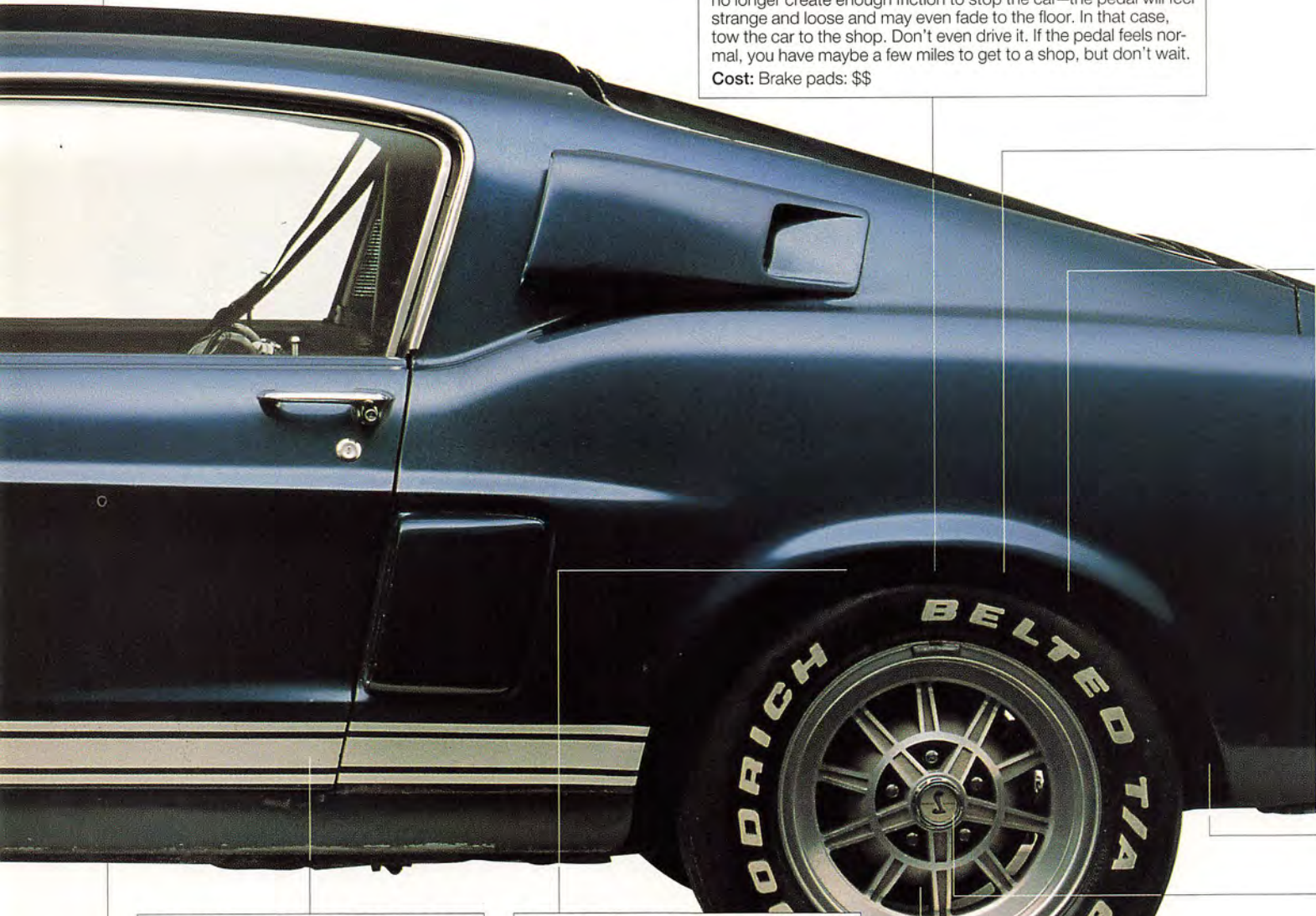
**Where:** The wheels

**When:** During light to medium brake application, or when brakes aren't in use

**Likely cause:** It's normal for disc brakes to squeak when stepped on, but if the noise persists when you're not doing that, or non-disc brakes squeak when stepped on, your pads are shot.

**Plan of action:** Don't take these squeaks lightly: We're talking about brakes here, those things that keep you from flying over cliffs. Brakes rarely fail entirely, though; they just become less effective. If your brakes are really about to fail—if your brake pads no longer create enough friction to stop the car—the pedal will feel strange and loose and may even fade to the floor. In that case, tow the car to the shop. Don't even drive it. If the pedal feels normal, you have maybe a few miles to get to a shop, but don't wait.

**Cost:** Brake pads: \$\$



## PROGRESSIVELY LOUDER SNAPPING OR CLICKING

**Where:** The underbelly of the car

**When:** While turning a front-wheel-drive car

**Likely cause:** A faulty constant-velocity (CV) joint (the component that translates drive-shaft rotation into wheel rotation)

**Plan of action:** CV joints require lots of grease to turn smoothly; if the grease-containing boot springs a leak, the joint will break down and start clicking. At that point, you've got maybe 200 miles. "When it's not lubricated, the joint can lock up or break, and then you're really stuck," warns Ervin. As soon as you hear the clicking, get to a shop to replace the boot. Ignore the noise and you'll soon need a new joint, or even a whole new axle assembly.

**Cost:** Boot and grease: \$\$

CV joint: \$\$

Axle assembly: \$\$ 1/2

## HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAKING

**Where:** The wheels

**When:** Whenever brakes are applied

**Likely cause:** A loose brake pad or "glazed" (over-heated and hardened) pads

**Plan of action:** Like a car with worn or broken brake pads, one with loose or glazed pads will take longer to stop. Before you flatten the neighbor's poodle, take the car in. If your brake pads are loose, you may need a new clip to secure them to the calipers, the mechanisms that squeeze the wheels to a stop. To combat glazing, a mechanic can scuff up the hardened surface with sandpaper, but Lacivita suggests that putting new pads on is safer and more effective in the long run.

**Cost:** Refastening brake pads: \$

Replacing brake pads: \$\$

## RHYTHMIC, METALLIC CLICKING

**Where:** The wheels

**When:** Whenever driving

**Likely cause:** A loose hubcap or hubcap emblem, or worn wheel bearings

**Plan of action:** Tighten the hubcap by removing the wheel cover and wrapping duct tape around the clips that hold the cover on the wheel. Tighten the screws that hold the emblem on the hubcap, then pop the cap back on. If the sounds persist, you may have a wheel-bearing problem; see Low-Pitched Grumbling, at right.



## OCCASIONAL HEAVY GRINDING OR GROANING

**Where:** The wheels

**When:** Whenever brakes are applied

**Likely cause:** An annoying, benign feature of disc brakes with metallic or semi-metallic pads, or an indication that dust is trapped in the brake pads

**Plan of action:** If you have rear drum brakes, mechanics have a spray-on, alcohol-based solvent that will fight the grime. On cars with disc brakes, you can hose them down at home: When the car's been parked for at least half an hour and the brakes are cool, take off your hubcaps and spray the brake and axle components through the tire rims. One caveat: Never use any silicon-based product on your brakes. Friction, you'll remember, is an asset when braking.

**Cost:** Drum-brake cleaning: \$

## CHATTERING

**Where:** The wheels, the steering column, and/or the brake pedal

**When:** Whenever brakes are applied

**Likely cause:** Broken brake pads; or brake rotors that are broken, no longer round, or contaminated with grease or brake fluid

**Plan of action:** Grease contamination is worrisome, because it can be the result of either excess grime forced out of the suspension—an easy fix—or a broken seal in a key, inaccessible part of the suspension. Either way, you'll have to act fast: Grease cuts down on friction, a braking fundamental. Brake-fluid leaks are cut-and-dried: If you find puddles of clear or yellowish fluid on the garage floor near the tires or on the back, inside part of a wheel, you've got a problem requiring immediate repairs (a new wheel cylinder, rebuilt calipers, or even a whole new brake system). If you don't find it, your mechanic will have to look for grease on the brakes. Occasionally brakes will chatter because the rotors—the drums the brake pads rub to stop your car—are warped, which can happen if you're very hard on your brakes and have driven at least 30,000–40,000 miles. The pulsing will make it hard to brake at times, but warped rotors are generally safe to fight through for a few thousand miles.

**Cost:** New grease seal: \$

Cylinders, calipers: \$

New brakes or reworked rotors: \$\$

## SUDDEN CHANGE IN EXHAUST VOLUME OR TONE, FROM A SOFT, MUFFLED HUMMING TO A LOUD ROARING

**Where:** The underbelly of the car

**When:** Anytime the car is running

**Likely cause:** A rusty or detached muffler, or a hole somewhere in an aging exhaust system

**Plan of action:** When the exhaust system breaks down, the interior of your car can fill up with carbon monoxide and other emissions. Dangerous, yes; but your roaring rig will probably force you into Midas. The list of suspects is long: broken gaskets, the exhaust pipe, the catalytic converter, the intermediate pipe, the muffler, the tailpipe. Go down under and take a look, but be warned: In cars with welded systems, which include the catalytic converter, you'll have to replace everything at once.

**Cost:** Most individual exhaust parts: \$

A single-unit welded system including a catalytic converter: \$\$

## CLUNKING, POPPING, AND RATTLING

**Where:** Over the front or back wheels

**When:** In response to road bumps

**Likely cause:** Aging or shifting suspension and steering components, or loose exhaust-system parts

**Plan of action:** If the rattle is tinny, your exhaust system is loose, and you only need to tighten some screws and clamps. (Though the parts can break free from the car, the only real danger is of waking the dead when your muffler falls off at 3 A.M.) Suspension problems produce a more solid, thudding noise. If ignored, they'll seriously diminish the life of your tires and can make steering more difficult—not particularly life-threatening, but a pain in the long run. Run your hand across the tread of one tire, from the outside in. If you feel sharp edges (called feathering) on any of the treads, the car's not riding evenly on the tire surface and you need an alignment. Now run your hand across the tire again. If you feel high and low spots, like gentle slopes, on the tread, your shocks or struts (depending on the make and model of your car) are worn out. Double-check by pushing down on the hood and trunk of your car: If the car bounces 3 times or more, get some help.

**Cost:** Alignments: \$

Shocks (pair): \$

MacPherson struts (pair): \$\$

## LOW-PITCHED GRUMBLING

**Where:** The wheels

**When:** While rolling slowly

**Likely cause:** Old tires can make this sound, but odds are you've got worn wheel bearings, which allow the wheel and tire to turn freely around the spindle.

**Plan of action:** Get to a mechanic immediately. Bearings don't break down often, but they hold the wheels on the suspension, so don't take any chances. "If you don't catch a bearing problem, you're probably going to ruin a wheel spindle, and eventually something really dangerous—like losing control of your car—can happen," says Ervin. Your car's bearings, which are either tapered (more common) or sealed, need replacing.

**Cost:** Tapered bearings: \$  
Sealed bearings: \$\$



## DRIP STRIP

To I.D. a leak, soak some up with a paper towel and match it to a blob below. Then bring the mess to your mechanic.



Coolant



Water



Transmission fluid



Brake fluid



Oil



Differential fluid





# THE NEW





What do you get when you mix good friends, naked lap-dancers, and a 20,000-foot free-fall blowout your father only dreamed about?

By J.D. Heiman

# BACHELOR PARTY



**IT'S THE LAST CHANCE  
A GUY HAS TO TRY  
SOMETHING HIS MUCH  
SMARTER WIFE WOULD  
NEVER LET HIM DO.**



**T**HE “NEW” BACHELOR PARTY? The first question that comes to mind is: “What was wrong with the old one?” On the surface, the answer would seem to be: “Very little.” As far as any groom-to-be is concerned, suds, buds, naked women, 50 yards of garden hose, and some chicken wire make for memories that secretly warm the soul in later years, when aluminum siding, screaming offspring, and a sharp-tongued spouse have shriveled one’s manhood like ice water.

Just kidding. Marriage is a wonderful thing. Children are wonderful things. Hell, good aluminum siding is nothing to sneer at. But before welcoming that future of well-behaved matrimonial bliss, one must wave bye-bye to the past, to the period of time a man walks the earth as a free agent. And the proper moment for that fond farewell is, of course, the bachelor party: the one night in which every wonderful, wild, and wicked facet of single life is brought up for review and overindulged in—just one more time.

And right here is where the traditional bachelor party comes up short: One night simply isn’t enough.

Do the math. In between the time he leaves home for college and the time he quits the upholstered pigsty he called his “pad” to get hitched, the average guy gets in about 10 years of pure unadulterated freedom. The average bachelor party, on the other hand, lasts about 10 hours. You get exactly 60



minutes of fun for each year of your single life. Not much of a retirement package, is it?

The concept of the “new” bachelor party was finally born when some sorry altar-bound bucko ran these numbers and, in a display of true male ingenuity, said, “Hey, what a rip! Bachelor parties should be longer!” And history was made.

“We started out by hitting a couple of standard bars, just to get into the spirit of things,” fondly recalls Matt, 27, of his own recent bachelor party. “Then we spent the rest of the night at this unbelievable strip joint.” But somewhere around 3 A.M., the point at which a traditional bachelor party would have ended in a flurry of arguments as to who had the honor of letting the groom-to-be puke in his car on the way home, Matt and his posse all headed over to a friend’s nearby apartment and crashed for the night. “The next day we drove upstate and went on a four-day white-water rafting trip.”

Matt’s festivities are typical of the new approach to the good ol’ stag party. Whether it’s a night at a strip joint and another three days deer hunting, or an evening of wet T-shirt judging and a two-day hike, a lot of guys are opting for extended bachelor parties that do not automatically translate into extended bacchanals. Why the move away from sheer, ▷





The hotel was fancier than the boys expected.



Face it, when a guy gets married, his world switches from essentially all-male to essentially coed faster than a Southern military school. Recognizing this, the new bachelor party forgoes the traditional hooter hunt in favor of letting guys hang out with other guys, doing loads of real guy stuff: ice climbing, skin diving, Stinger missile firing, shower abstaining, whatever. Male bonding, if you will, but minus the wooded-glade, pounding-drums-and-crying-about-fathers-who-didn't-have-time-to-play-wiffle-ball stuff that, disgustingly enough, passes for camaraderie in this oh-so-sensitive era. No, we're talking about the kind of male bonding that occurs when two dogfaces share a cigarette on the beach at Normandy after killing a metric shitload of Nazis.

Of course, none of the above means that nekkid women are in any danger of bachelor-party

uncut debauchery? Well, for one thing, there's less need these days to sow every last wild oat the week before the wedding. "Our fathers had less exposure to sex by the time they got married than we do, so bachelor parties were kind of a last shot at a fling," muses Bill, a California accountant who recently attended two bachelor parties: one white-water kayaking, the other camping in the High Sierra. Today, by contrast, we often rack up a fair amount of prenuptial sexual experience (unless we're losers).

But the big thing that matrimony still cuts into is time you'll be able to spend with your pals. In fact, you might say that after the *I dos* come the *I can't's*. "Sorry, Bob, I'd love to do a weekend Super Bowl trip, but I can't." It's not that your wife-to-be is genetically bound to turn into a horrible ogre with Popeye forearms who never lets you leave the house. But no matter how cool she is, she's going to take a mighty dim view of your ridin' shotgun with the boys three nights a week like you used to.

So the bachelor party has morphed into an excellent way to spend the sort of extended time with the guys that's about to become a thing of your past. "After marriage, there are just far fewer opportunities to go off on vacation with your buddies," says Steve, a 30-year-old investment banker who headed to New Orleans with some fraternity brothers to bid farewell to single life. "If you manage to get a week off, chances are you're going to want to spend it with your spouse."

extinction. "My bachelor party was split," recalls Dan, a television producer, getting all misty-eyed. "In the mornings we played paintball in the country, which was a blast—running around shooting each other with guns. Then at night we went to Atlantic City for...the more traditional portion."

Ogling women is a time-honored demonstration that the groom isn't under the nicely manicured thumb of his betrothed. It's sort of the most efficient way of saying to the world, "Nobody's going to tell a mature, successful man such as myself that I can't drool like a nursing infant over an abundant set of ta-tas whenever I want to." So there.

As more and more men opt for the "new" bachelor party, it's becoming apparent that a mixture of one part tail to three parts trail is the perfect way to celebrate what's truly been important in a guy's life. After all, unless you're Dick Morris, you'll find that your pre-wedding years had vastly less to do with toe-sucking hookers and stripping nuns than with hanging out and talking about stupid stuff with the buds. It's only fitting that the bachelor party should focus more on what will really be missed most.

And besides, it's a goddamned blast. Let's face it: If it weren't for the bachelor parties, we'd never let any of our friends get married in the first place. So turn the page for *Maxim's* who-needs-a-travel-agent selection of organized last hurrahs guaranteed to make you one happy, bruised, and battered puppy. If they don't kill you.



# BIG COUNTRY BACHELOR BASHES



## CANOEING/KAYAKING

What could be better than you, a few friends, a few cases, and an endless stretch of virgin river to navigate? Stick to the trips suggested below, and you can avoid pesky banjo duels and local boys who say things like "You sure do have a purty mouth."

■ If salt water is your thing, **Outer Edge Expeditions** offers eight-day sea-kayaking trips off the northern end of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The sheltered water is as smooth as glass in parts, and there's a good chance you'll sight a few surfacing killer whales. Call (800) 322-5235.

■ Care for a bit of white water to break up that endless paddling? Wisconsin's Flambeau River provides just the right level of challenge, with trips that last anywhere from half a day up to five days. Call **Flambeau Sports** in Lugenerville at (715) 339-2012.

## DOGSLEDDING

Man's best friend becomes man's best transportation option in these pristine environments that have yet to experience the blessing of reliable, graffiti-clad transit systems. Some suggestions for dog-day afternoons:

■ To really do sledding right, you've got to do it in the land that still has more doghouses than garages per capita. Head up to Gates of the Arctic National Park in northern Alaska for six- and eight-day mushing trips through the cardiac-arrestingly beautiful forests and mountain passes of Brooks Range. Call **American Wilderness Experience** at (800) 444-0099.

■ While driving a team of huskies through deep snow can be loads of fun by itself, there are plenty of additional options to be had at the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of Northern Minnesota. There's ice fishing, wolf tracking, snowshoeing, and skiing, plus you get to camp out in the freezing cold. Trips run seven days, but shorter jaunts can be arranged. Call **Nomads Adventure** at (616) 426-8214.

Congratulations! Now that you've promised to spend every Sunday of your married life painting an endless picket fence, your fiancée has caved in and agreed to a bachelor party. You've got two days to a week to spend with the boys on an unfettered, testosterone-drenched bachelor-party adventure. Uhhhh—now what? Glad you asked.

## HIKING/TREKKING

After covering 10 or 15 miles of rough trail on foot, even baked beans taste mighty good. Plus they provide excellent, full-sensory after-dinner entertainment when the magic of a full moon in the mountains wears thin. A few ways to enjoy the simple pleasures of putting one foot in front of the other:

■ Do you like hiking but hate the back-breaking weight of a big pack? **English Mountain Llama Treks** will give you your very own "South American camel" to carry your gear through the Pisgah National Forest of North Carolina on a one-, two-, or three-day trip. A great way to enjoy the Smoky Mountains without spending your honeymoon in traction. Call (423) 623-5274.

■ If the Smokies aren't high enough and you've got a deep-rooted hatred of llamas, try a 7- or 12-day trip among the 10,000-foot peaks of Alaska's Kananaskis country, using a goat—the llama's tastier cousin—as your beast of burden. Call **Outer Edge Expeditions** at (800) 322-5235.

## WHITE-WATER RAFTING

A solid beer buzz. A raging river. A "boat" that's really a glorified rubber bubble that may well weigh less than your boots. And somewhere ahead of you—maybe just around that next bend?—a churning waterfall, just itching to dash you to pieces. A few hauntingly beautiful places where you can poke death in the eye:

■ Georgia's Chattooga isn't the biggest or baddest river in the country, but it broke Burt Reynolds's leg in *Deliverance*. If that's not enough, it's also a National Wild and Scenic River surrounded by wilderness, making for incredible camping at the end of a hard day's rafting. Call **Nantahala Outdoor Center** at (800) 232-7238.

■ For many people, rafting is a waste of time unless it's on the ultimate river, the one that carved the Grand Canyon: the mighty Colorado. **The Grand Canyon Expeditions Company** takes rafters through all 277 miles of the Colorado's canyon, so you won't miss a thing. Call (800) 544-2691.

## CATTLE DRIVING

There's a time in every man's life when he's just got to throw on a big hat and some pointy boots, hum that Rawhide song, and kick a cow pie into the big sky. Later, you and your buds can amaze wedding guests with the

size of your saddle sores.

■ **The Small Cattle Company** in Idaho Falls, Idaho, lets you spend five days in the saddle, herding cattle along the slopes of the Continental Divide under the tutelage of rodeo great Butch Small. Call (208) 374-5555.

■ **The High Island Ranch and Cattle Company** in Wyoming gives you the opportunity to ride around a Texas-size 45,000-acre ranch, rounding up strays and branding. Call (307) 867-2374.

## ROCK CLIMBING

If God had meant mountains to be easy, he would have built them with escalators, rest stops, and convenience stores at the top. The following trips definitely get you to the peak in sweaty but satisfying fashion:

■ **The Joshua Tree Rock Climbing School** in California offers weekend and four-day clinics in one of the best climbing areas in the Southwest. Call (800) 890-4745.

■ Head to the High Peaks region of New York's Adirondacks for a two-day winter mountaineering or ice-climbing trip, complete with camping in the snow. Call **Approach Adventure Travel** at (888) APPROACH.

## SHARK DIVING

Find out just how tough you and your friends are by daring to swim face to face with nature's biggest bully in an environment where it has the distinct home-field advantage. It's perfectly safe (but you'll probably be glad your swim trunks were already wet).

■ **San Diego Shark Diving** offers a four-day tour off San Clemente Island, California, diving with blue sharks, makos, swell sharks, and horn sharks. You'll even spend some relaxing moments diving through kelp forests populated by sea lions. Call (888) SD-SHARK.

■ **Neal Watson Undersea Adventures** of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, gives divers the chance to feed sharks with their bare hands. (Stop snickering—you know damn well what we mean.) Conveniently located near the Fort Lauderdale Memorial Hospital. Call (954) 462-3400.

## SKYDIVING

What could be more natural than you and your friends jumping out of a perfectly good airplane at 20,000 feet with a tangle of silk and string strapped to your backs? If the words Don't jump! have no effect on you whatsoever, call:

■ **Carolina Sky Sports** in Louisville, North Carolina (919) 496-2224

■ **Mile Hi Skydiving Center** in Longmont, Colorado (303) 702-9911

## COMBO PACKAGES

Why limit your death-defying to only one activity? It's your bachelor party—you'll never do this again, even if you survive both this weekend and the wedding itself. Some multi-tasking solutions:

■ Stay at the **Bear Basin Ranch** in Colorado for six days of rock climbing, horseback riding, mountain biking, white-water rafting, and pain-medication taking. Call (719) 783-2519.

■ At the **Presidio Adventure Racing Academy**, you and your pals form a team and kayak, climb, hike, and bike your way through a race in Golden Gate National Recreation Area, San Francisco. Call (415) 661-4445.

## NON-LIFE-THREATENING OPTIONS

If putting on a pair of shades is about as outdoorsy as you like to get, tell the Sierra Club crowd to take a hike and phone up one of the numbers below for a really good time.

■ Where else can you hop in a scaled-down drag racer and go from zero to 70 in three seconds? With 12 acres of racing tracks, a virtual-reality arcade, mini golf, and a restaurant and bar, **Malibu Speed Zone** in Atlanta should keep you busy for a while. Call (770) 514-8081 (also available in Dallas and L.A.)

■ **Roadtrips' Multi-City Sports Tours** offers you the opportunity to follow your favorite baseball or hockey team on the road. Trips can last a weekend, a week, or even more (say, if the wedding should be called off because of unforgivable bachelor-party shenanigans). Call (204) 947-5690. ☐





**YOU CAN GET A LAP  
DANCE ANYTIME.  
WHEN ARE YOU GOING  
TO SEE THIS?**





# JEAN THERAPY

**Had a crappy day at work? Girlfriend left you? To hell with country music: Slap on some jeans and flip-flops, go wash your car, and you'll feel better in no time.**

**Photographs by Michael Myers  
Styling by Karen Shapiro**

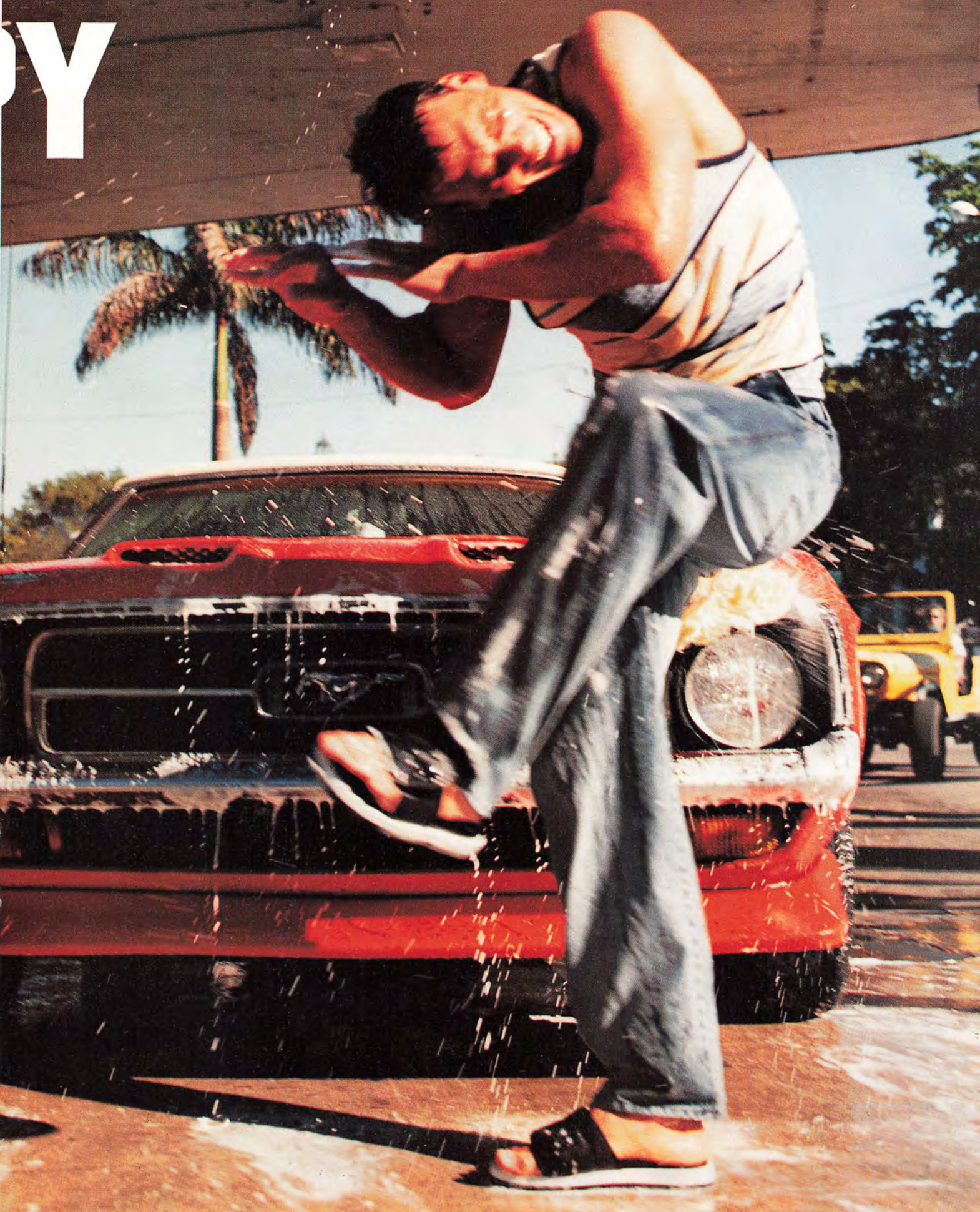
**Stare down the competition** in classic '50s jeans from Stüssy, \$68, the beloved brand of skateboarders and would-be rap artists. Cotton polo shirt by C.P. Company, \$135; wind-resistant nylon jacket by Nike, \$70; ventilated flip-flops by Sensi, \$26



**Fend off sneak attacks** in these roomy, already-broken-in cargo jeans by A/X Armani Exchange, \$78 (military side pockets hold water pistols, water bombs, mice, etc.). Striped tank by Guess?, \$24; velcro flip-flops by cK Calvin Klein, \$90. On her: Tank dress by 26 Sugar; sneakers by Tommy Hilfiger



BY

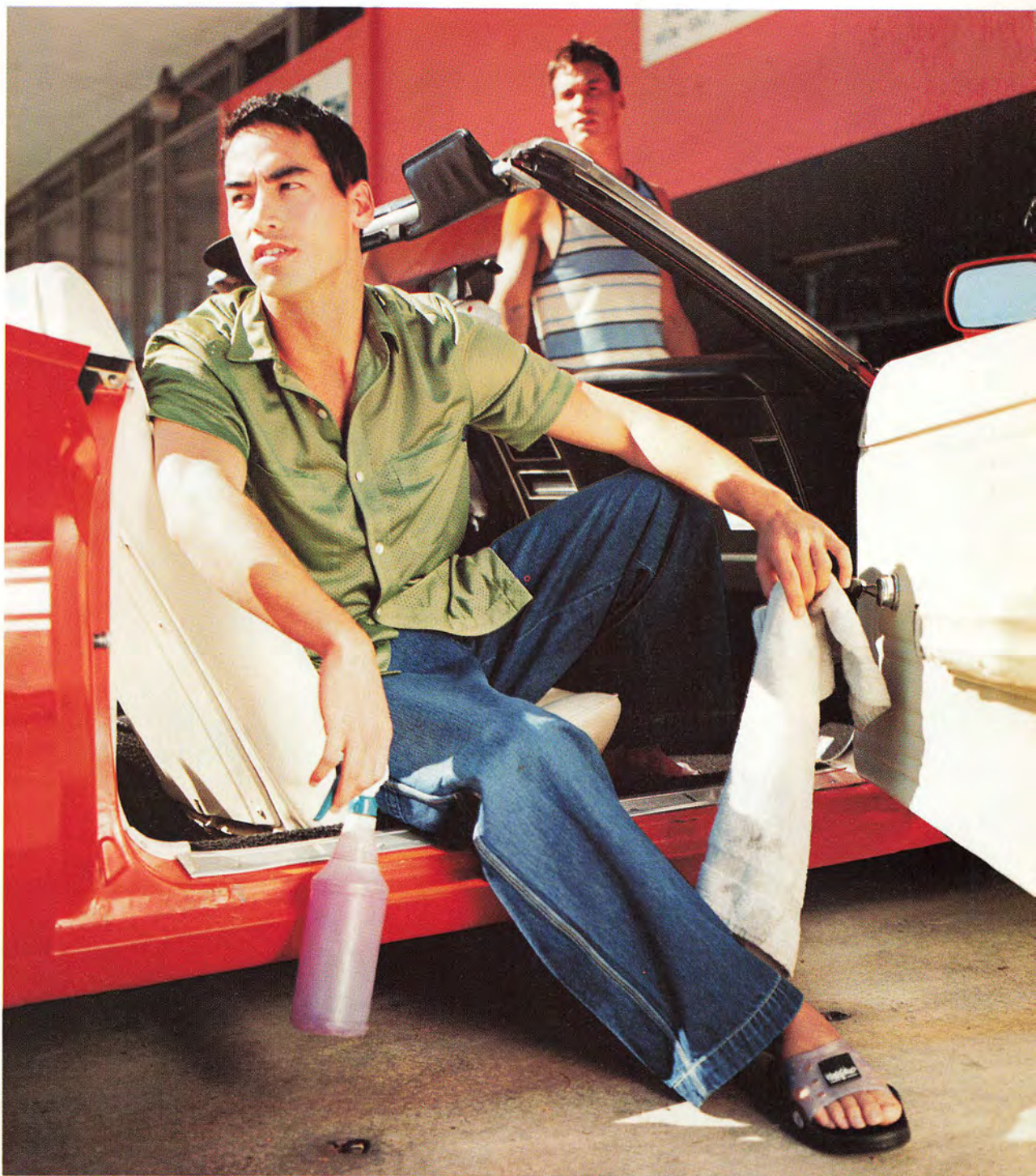






Jesus  
is  
Lor





**Practice your aim** on your truck—it's almost as tough as these retro carpenter jeans by Old Navy, \$30, with a dubious yet cool loop to hang your hammer on (we carry ours everywhere). T-shirt by French Connection, \$38. Guy on truck wears T-shirt by cK Calvin Klein, \$22, and Levi's 501 shrink-to-fit jeans, \$38.

**When the girl in the Miata** pulls up, your passion for cleaning windows suddenly dies. And for the moment, you're *really* glad you changed out of your Krusty the Clown T-shirt. Wide-leg carpenter jeans by JNCO, \$50; mesh shirt by Guess?, \$52; transparent flip-flops by Mossimo Sole, \$28









**Haul more ammunition** than Stallone on vacation in 'Nam in these relentless, basic 5-pocket jeans by Tommy Jeans, \$49.50. Tattoo-friendly tank by Guess?, \$24.



Once restricted to brawling soccer players, drip-dry plastic flip-flops (also known as slides) are also perfect for competitive car washing and, judging from their growing popularity, every single other occasion except Congress's opening session and funerals. Freedom slides by Tommy Hilfiger, \$30.



## CLOTHES

**The downside of jeans:** If she soaks you, they're incredibly uncomfortable. The upside: They're removable! Jeans (drying on hood, to the right of the triumphant denim-clad woman) by Tommy Hilfiger, \$55. On her: Bra top by Sisley for Benetton; stretch jeans by Todd Oldham Jeans



**Polish up** your look-good-without-looking-like-you-tried routine: Instead of wearing a T-shirt with jeans, throw on a crisp cotton shirt (Level 7, \$56) and prewashed denim Rustler jeans by Wrangler, \$25. On her: Tank by Industria; jeans by Levi's 501

Styled by Karen Shapiro; Hair and Makeup: Christiana Reyna for Peggy Bremner Agency; cars: Florida Film Cars; location: Leo's Touch Car Wash







**If you're going** to spend 40 bucks on a T-shirt, why not get one with a tastefully executed sexual innuendo? "Shag" T-shirt by French Connection, \$38. (For detailed info on shagging, rent *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*.)



**Finished?** Take her out on the town (oh, yeah...*her* too). Nightclub-worthy white jeans by Guess?, \$48; shirt by Reactor +, \$57; windbreaker by DKNY, \$84; flip-flops by Nike, \$30. On her: Top by cK Calvin Klein; skirt by DKNY



A full-page photograph of a woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a red and white dress, sitting on the back of a light-colored car. She is looking off to the side. In the background, a man in a blue shirt is partially visible, and a car is parked in the distance. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

**Look out**—here comes a trend. For more advanced style-guys only: Super-roomy jeans (right) paired with a kinda clingy viscose shirt. Wide-leg “engineer” jeans with white stitching by Bongo, \$54; polo by cK Calvin Klein, \$72. On her: Dress by 26 Sugar.



# THE BELT WAYS

Unless you're Batman, you can't handle every situation with your old standby belt. Our guide makes strapping up a cinch.

## 1 Suit Belts

A suit belt should be 1½" or narrower—if you have to force it through the pants loops like a woman giving birth, it's too wide. Choose a low-key, compact buckle that doesn't yell, "Hey, look at me, not the dude in the suit!" And never wear suspenders *and* a belt. Below (from left): A shining example by D&G Dolce & Gabbana, \$55; a classic crocodile belt by Brooks Brothers, \$45; a model from BOSS Hugo Boss, \$90, with a unique yet suitably simple buckle



## 2 Jeans Belts

Jeans can take a tougher belt: 1½" or wider, it should fill out your 501s' longer loops (without straining them). Stick to rougher textures; with most jeans, ultra-shiny belts look as shitty as a swan in mud. Buckles can get brawnier, but unless you're headlining at the Opry, never wear one bigger than your fist. Above (from left): Tarnished buckle belt by DIESEL, \$49; woven version by Levi's SilverTab jeans, \$27; your basic two-pronged Jim Morrison model by Gap, \$38



### 3 Double-Duty Belts

Good news for guys who hate shopping more than eating lead: This third type of belt—between 1 and 1½" wide—works with both jeans and dress pants. As you can see, the buckle is neither flimsy nor hefty and not a whole lot wider than the belt. Look for a smooth finish (not too glossy or it won't mesh with denim). Below (from left): Belt with matte buckle by Banana Republic, \$30; a subtly shiny model with X stitching by Kenneth Cole, \$45; belt with "plaque" closure by DIESEL, \$49.



## GETTING WAISTED

How the wrong belt can mess up your dress pants—or wimpify a pair of jeans

### 1 The Suit Belt



#### Bingo!

The suit belt in its natural habitat, filling (without straining) the pants loops. This 1" belt by DKNY, \$65, has a leather-covered flip buckle—a tailored look that really clinches this well-cut deal.



#### Bad!

The same belt is too narrow—and too posh—for jeans. It's swimming in the big ole loops, and all that nifty sleekness makes it look like a bony supermodel stranded in the OK Corral.

### 2 The Jeans Belt



#### Bingo!

This 1½" belt by Levi's Jeans, \$25, feels right at home here, filling the loops with some air to spare. Its tree-bark texture and gold saddle-bag studs have enough guts to do denim justice.



#### Bad!

If you can't see how much this combo sucks, buddy, we can't help you. The heavy belt overpowering the trousers' fine wool weave; this poor guy looks like he's wearing a seat belt to work.

### 3 The Double-Duty Belt



#### Bingo!

A belt that goes both ways, this 1¼" number by Coach, \$45, is narrow enough for most dress pants, with a sleek "plaque" buckle that will impress the boss (if he ever breaks eye contact).



#### Bingo!

The same belt, with jeans, is a crossover success. Like an undercover cop, it's smart enough to handle a high-level meeting and tough enough to blend in with the boys down at the garage.





# WORKOUT

Your gym may be a babe Mecca, but it's also a hair-flattening, skin-drying, fungus-infested petri dish.

Here's how to pack a kit that will keep you styling.  
By Amy Spencer



Don't head to the Ritz till you spritz your pitz.

# WASH-UP

## 1. STOP THE SWEAT

If you have a problem with sweating before you even hit the gym (and not because you've found a better aerobic activity in the bedroom), try this: Apply your antiperspirant before you go to bed at night. Allan S. Wirtzer, a California dermatologist, says this gives the astringent more time to work on the sweat glands. If you do apply it just before your workout, don't worry that you're undermining your body's cooling system—you're not. The apocrine glands in your underarms and groin are different from the eccrine glands in your face and body, which are responsible for regulating your temperature during exercise. Try Right Guard's Anti-Perspirant & Deodorant Sport Gel, a "clear" winner (\$2.59 at drugstores).

## 2. KILL THE ODOR

If your problem is with underarm odor, use a soap or an antiperspirant with triclosan, which fights bacteria. Alan Menter, Chief of Dermatology at

Baylor Medical Center in Dallas, explains that "sweat itself is odorless; but once bacteria breaks down the sweat on the skin, you end up with an aroma" (i.e., that stench your girlfriend keeps referring to). Try Speed Stick's Ultimate Anti-Perspirant/Deodorant (\$1.89 at drugstores).

## 3. KEEP YOUR FACE CLEAR

So you clean your face faithfully after every workout, yet you still break out (as in "Body by Jake, Face by Pizza Hut"). Well, you know how the local pool makes you rinse off before you dive in, so your grime won't ooze into the water? Gyms should have the same policy, but not for their own good—for yours. Pam Glenn, head esthetician at the Equinox Urban Spa in Manhattan, says, "If you haven't washed your hair before your workout, perspiration will mix with the gel or mousse in your hair as it runs down your face, leading to rashes or breakouts." Sure, it's a pain in the ass, but if you're prone to breakouts, your

Photographs by Robert Glasgow





Soap-shampoo combos for one-stop mopping

Musk-have colognes

other option is wearing a dorky headband like John Travolta did in *Perfect*. Yeah, we thought that might change your mind.

#### 4. AVOID BODY PIMPLES

If those red, inflamed bumps on your upper back seem to be multiplying these days, maybe you can thank your shirt. (You know, the sweaty one you walked around in while scoping out the aerobics class on the way into the locker room.) Menter explains that sweat is brimming with bacteria, and letting it dry on your skin "can plug up the hair follicles on your back, shoulders, or chest, leading to folliculitis." Turns out what a lot of men think is acne may not be. Here's how to tell the difference: Folliculitis "pimples" are found in hairier areas like your thighs; they don't have firm bases beneath the skin, like acne; and they don't respond to acne medications. If you think you've got it, consult a dermatologist about an antibiotic treatment. And from now on, check out those classes on the way out of the locker room.

#### 5. STAMP OUT ATHLETE'S FOOT

You wear sweat-absorbing socks, you wash—even powder—your feet; but you still end up with athlete's foot. Wirtzer warns that the athlete's-foot fungus runs in families, so find out if it's in your genes, making you more susceptible. Either way, because the fungus loves wet, warm areas (i.e. the gym shower), don't walk around without slipping into some slides, like this pair from Nike (\$20). "Just do whatever you can to minimize your exposure," Wirtzer says. One thing that won't work: using an antibacterial lotion on your feet. "An antibacterial lotion won't work on a fungus, and it won't work on a virus," he notes.

#### 6. REDUCE DRY, ITCHY SKIN

Does your skin feel like sandpaper, even though you shower in the morning and after your workout? That just may be the problem: Showering more than once a day takes its toll on your skin and hair. Wirtzer says that water—even without soap—is drying. "When we wash, the upper layers of skin absorb water; when that water evapo-

rates, it causes damage to that upper layer." Twice a day? Twice the damage. If you can't cut down, at least skip the drying deodorant cleansers in the gym dispensers; bring your own milder soaps and shampoos with moisturizers and conditioners. Then shower with warm water; hot water further raises the temperature of your skin and may also cause itching.

#### 7. BEAT GYM-BAG BULK

Who wants to lug jugs and bottles back and forth to the gym? Avoid bulking up your gym bag by using combination body-and-hair cleansers like Claiborne Sport Hair & Body Cleanser (\$17) and Aussie all over hair + body shampoo (\$3).

#### 8. COOL DOWN

Tired of stepping out of the shower only to start sweating again? Try this: After you've sudsed up and rinsed off, crank the knob to cold for as long as you can stand it. Menter says that "this works to speed up the cooling-down process. Otherwise, if you're still hot when you step back into the hot gym environment, you'll start to sweat again." Another idea: Crunch Care's Bi-Polar Gel with peppermint, aloe, and menthol (\$10, at Crunch fitness gyms or via [www.crunchfitness.com](http://www.crunchfitness.com)). "Menthol is great after a workout: It evaporates faster than water, to give your skin that cool feeling."

#### 9. MOISTEN UP

When you step out of the shower, slap on some moisturizer while your skin is still damp. "Think of your skin as a sponge," says

Wirtzer. "If you wet a sponge and leave it to dry, it hardens up. But placing that sponge in a plastic bag keeps it from drying out. Do the same for your skin." Now, don't go climbing into a leaf bag; just seal the water in with a fragrance-free moisturizing lotion. Try these: Lab Series for Men Instant Moisture Complex for your face (\$18.50 for a 1.7-oz. bottle; call 212-572-3700 for the closest Aramis counter) and Cetaphil moisturizing cream for your body (\$5.15 for a 3-oz. tube, at drugstores).

#### 10. ...AND COME OUT SMELLING LIKE A ROSE

Enhance your natural, workout-induced musk by treating yourself to a spritz of one of the cool new sports scents on the market, like Hilfiger Athletics (\$45 for 3.4 oz.; 212-572-4025) or Extreme Polo Sport (\$48 for 3.4 oz.) **M**

Make the moist of your skin.





# Sniper



**IF YOU'VE GOT THE DOUGH, SPEND IT**

## **LOADER**

The "loader" stores the paintballs while you stalk your prey; this one holds 200. It also comes with a motorized agitator that reduces the likelihood of a jam, a common problem with paintball guns that, tragically, leads to hundreds of thousands of senseless kills each year.

## **TRIGGER**

Many a paintball gun requires a sniper to cock between shots, but with this model, the autococking feature does the work for you. Here's what that means in the heat of combat: The best manual cocker can get off about three paintballs per second; using the autococker, you'll fire eight a second. Now, *that's* cocking.

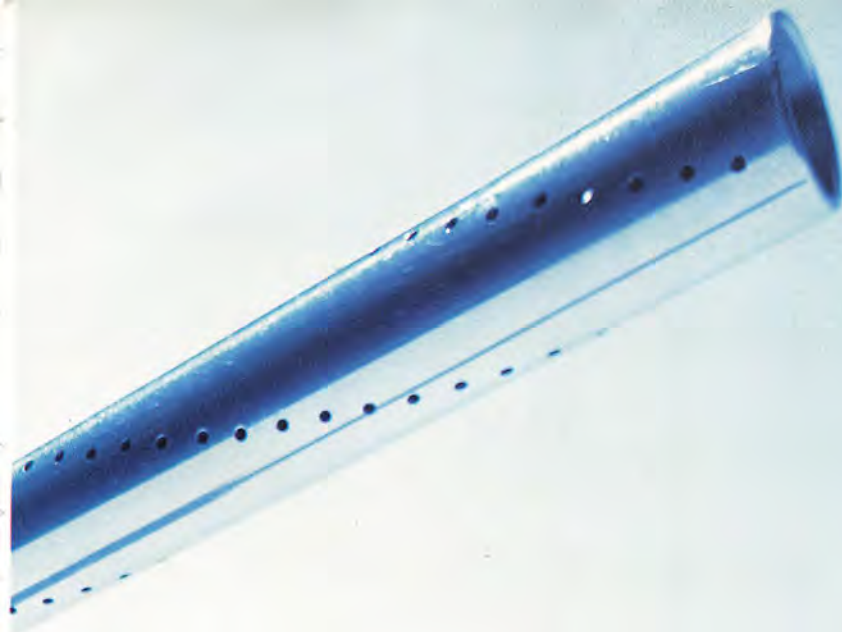
## **BARREL**

This gun is built for precision. Its longer-than-average 14-inch barrel helps pinpoint long-distance volleys. Inside, its polished surface eliminates most of the disruptive friction between the ball and the barrel. Just how accurate is this puppy? Ninety-four percent of its shots nailed a 22" x 22" target from 125 yards.

## **CO<sub>2</sub> TANK**

In ancient times, you had to build up air pressure to power your next paintball. That meant pumping the gun. No more. These days the force comes from a tank of liquid carbon dioxide that's converted into pressurized gas. The tank serves another purpose as well: It helps steady the gun, which keeps your second shot on target and out of the dirt.





**It may look like hot, screaming death, but all this gun shoots is paintballs.**

# BANG! BANG! YOU'RE RED!

## THE PRICE TAG

What will it cost you to carry the biggest, baddest weapon on the block? You'd better sit down for this: Not a penny less than \$800. But the Bob Long Signature Series Autococker is no toy. And look on the bright side: With this kind of accuracy, speed, and firepower, you'll never have to worry about washing paint stains from your clothes—leave that to your pathetic victims. (Available at select paintball specialty shops, including Splatter Zone Paintball, 201-963-5500)



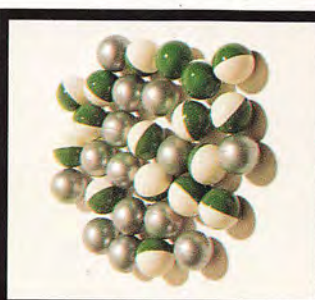
## THE MASK (\$25)

Your most important piece of equipment: Get hit in the eye with a paintball, and it'll be the last thing you ever see. End of story.



## THE PACK (\$9)

Run out of paintballs and you've bought the farm; in a furious game, your loader will be empty in 15 minutes. Thank God for this pack, which holds four canisters filled with 200 balls each.



## THE BALLS (\$10 for 200)

Your bread and butter. Whatever color you pick, orange or green or silver, it had better be the same as your teammates'. That way, if you take a hit, you'll know if it was a bogey or friendly fire.

**THERE'S SOMETHING WONDERFULLY** exhilarating about hunting down your best friend and shooting him in the back with a large-caliber rifle.

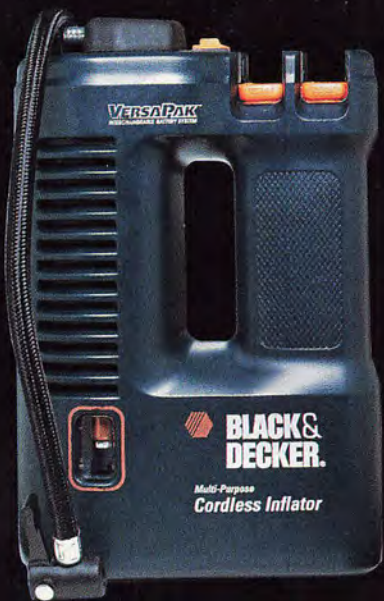
Think about it: This is the guy who took the last beer from the fridge the other night, and now you've got the bastard in your cross hairs. You check your footing on the tree branch and brace yourself against the trunk. There he is, in the tall grass, looking the other way—the fuckin' wimp. You gauge his distance, feel the play in the trigger, and let rip a barrage of tiny paintballs. Two seconds later, you watch as your buddy's back explodes in bright blue. Sucker never even saw it coming.

It's not hard to fathom the allure of paintball, a sport that combines the finer elements of war, tag, and Jackson Pollock. Even so, the scope of the phenomenon is astounding: There are more than 550 commercial paintball fields in the country, and that doesn't count all the forests that double as battlegrounds. According to the National Professional Paintball League, more than a million combatants—everyone from frat boys celebrating initiations to ex-Navy SEALs trying to keep their skills sharp—shot the shit out of each other in 1997.

Of course, behind every serious paintballer is a serious gun. Old-schoolers still fire away at the enemy with paintball pistols. But paintballing's new breed is more likely to arm itself with the kind of badass firepower found in superweapons like this brand-new Bob Long Signature Series Autococker.

One look tells you that this is a force to be reckoned with. We're talkin' about a handcrafted, fully automatic fighting machine made from stainless steel and airplane-grade aluminum that fires paintballs at a speed of 300 feet per second. Paintball-gun proprietors, like Juan Garcia, who owns Splatter Zone Paintball in Jersey City, New Jersey, are drooling over the Signature Series. Garcia, who's been paintballin' for 10 years, puts it simply: "It's the best overall gun on the market. It's the most accurate gun I've ever used."





### ◁ PUMP UP THE JAM (\$70)

If God had meant for us to inflate things ourselves, He would have given us lungs the size of Hefty trash bags. Finally, Black & Decker trumps evolution with the Cordless Inflator. It's so small you can throw it in your gym bag, and with its VersaPak rechargeable battery system, you can use it anywhere. Powerful enough to inflate a flat tire, but safe enough to hook up to your favorite inflatable girlfriend. (Available at department stores)

### ▽ STEALTH TIMER (\$29)

Sitting on your desk, the Timespan Clock looks about as likely to tell you the time as a box of hammers. But set the lever in motion, and like magic, the correct time floats in midair, thanks to a series of tiny lights and the wonders of strobing. So cool you'll have to kick rubberneckers out of your office. (D-Mail, 800-686-1722)



### ▽ PLAY IT AGAIN AND AGAIN CAM (\$1,099)

Nothing's worse than being in the middle of a historic lovemaking session with your best babe when suddenly...the video camera runs out of juice. That won't happen with the Sony TRV85. Its quick-charging battery pack lasts an amazing 12 hours. Sony also packed in low-light capabilities that allow you to record in a room as dark as a coal mine, and a wireless transmitter that beams the video directly to your TV for playback. Guess what Pamela Lee's getting for Christmas? (Available at electronics stores)

Playthings so cool you can almost hear your Visa screaming, "Use me! Use me!"

# TOY CHEST







## ◁ "LOOK, MA—NO WHEELS!" (\$419)

It's a hovercraft. No, it's a lawn mower. Wait! It's both. The development boys over at Husqvarna have taken a quantum leap in the hotly contested gardening race with the new HVT1500. This wish-list item floats effortlessly on an adjustable cushion of air, guaranteeing a cut so even it'll put murderous thoughts into the minds of your overly competitive neighbors. And you'll never even break a sweat. (Husqvarna, 800-487-5962)

## ▽ SMOKE ON THE WATER (\$149)

What's a fishing trip without a stogie the size of Montana to work in between bites? The Road Warrior 2000 will make sure up to 18 cigars accompany you unscathed. Foam padding prevents bouncing, the air- and watertight case keeps out the elements, and a humidification system ensures that the bullet-headed little fellas won't get parched. If the folks on the *Titanic* had had one of these, we'd be smoking their Cubans today. (Burning Solutions, 888-786-4443)



## ▷ TICKING CONTROL (\$279)

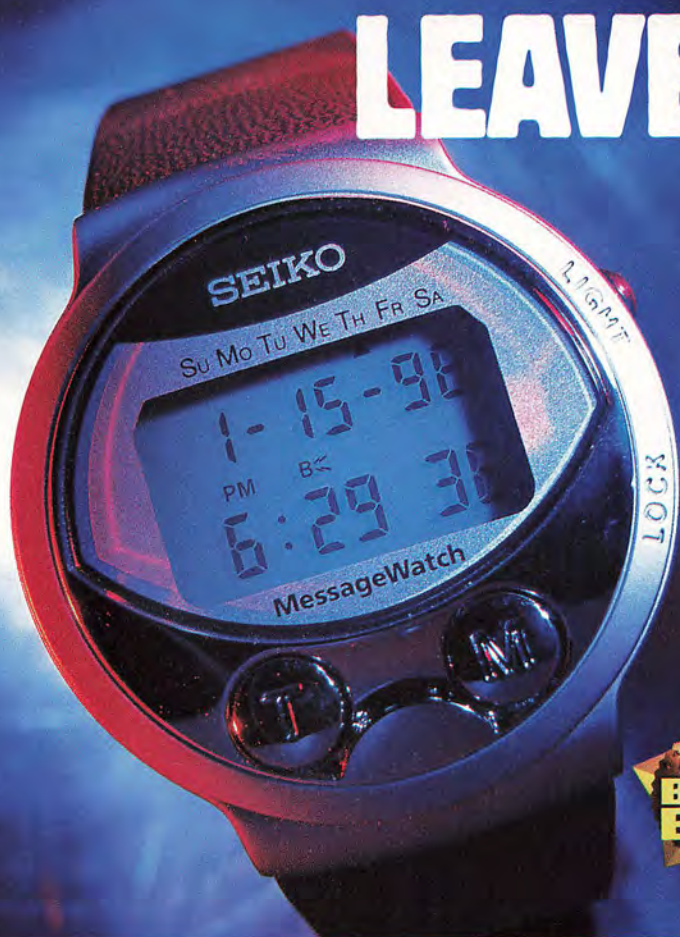
Time is meaningless unless you also know the temperature, the barometric pressure, the altitude, and which direction you're facing. That's why Casio developed the Pathfinder PRT40K. With all this information at your fingertips, prepare to be amazed at how annoying you become...and how quickly people stop asking you what time it is. (Casio, 800-962-2746)





# LEAVE

# IT TO BEEPER



**Miss a phone call and what happens? Your girlfriend dumps you; you lose the million-dollar stock tip; your patient croaks. To keep such bad luck at bay, call on the best of the new beepers. By Alison Michaels**

## Seiko MessageWatch

(\$169; 800-724-3585) ★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** What more could you ask for in a pager? It's built into a wristwatch, so you don't look like a drug dealer (or, worse, a doctor); it receives numeric messages; it notifies you when you get E-mail. Hell, it even receives Dow Jones financial reports, sports stats, and weather reports. If only it turned into a pizza at 3 A.M...

**Geek Chic Factor:** If James Bond used a pager, he'd turn to the MessageWatch. Not only does it have a ton of features, but the watch updates itself 36 times a day according to its atomic clock. Only one downside to all this: You now have absolutely no excuse for being late.

**Learning Curve:** Figure 10 minutes to set the watch, and 45 to dope out the buttons.



## Motorola Jazz

(\$149; 800-548-9954) ★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** It's tiny—the size of a car-alarm remote—but this pager delivers the goods: You get alphanumeric messages, a function that identifies up to 10 regular callers, a choice of eight sounds for the alert, and an LCD display. What's more, time-pressed friends can choose from a selection of canned missives, including the often-used "I'm running late" and "Pick me up."

**Geek Chic Factor:** When it comes to technology, smaller is better. And this is the smallest pager in the U.S., bar none.

**Learning Curve:** Good news: It will only take you about a minute per button to become a Jazz aficionado. Better news: There are only three buttons.



## NEC MessageMaker II

(\$149; 800-421-2141) ★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** Although this is a numeric pager (it receives phone numbers only), a selection of icons allows callers to sneak in a few slightly more complicated messages. (A heart, for instance, could mean that Boom-boom Betsy is calling...or that your transplant is ready.) It lets you choose from several melodic alerts, most of which are annoying (it also, thank God, vibrates), and comes in stylin' colors, most of which have dorky names like Cool Mist and Real Teal.

**Geek Chic Factor:** Good looks and plenty of personality, but if it starts playing "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" in a crowded movie theater, you may get your ass kicked.

**Learning Curve:** You'll be up and beeping in 20 minutes.

Photographs by Michael Mazzeo





## Inter@ctive Pager

(\$550; 519-888-7465)

★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** More like a digital personal assistant than a pager. For one thing, it weighs in at eight ounces, as opposed to the usual one. For another, look at the price! But here, you get what you pay for: This puppy stores your personal contacts and schedule, sends E-mail, and faxes. Its clamshell design opens to reveal a four-line LCD display as well as a super-small keyboard for replying to messages on the spot. It's lightning-fast, too: Messages, E-mail, and faxes are transmitted via a radio network in seconds, versus the standard two minutes.

**Geek Chic Factor:** This is the future, baby.

**Learning Curve:** Its made-for-munchkins keyboard takes getting used to. Allow two hours.



## Socket PageCard

(\$249; 800-483-5838)

★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** The PageCard is a perfectly solid stand-alone alphanumeric pager, but it also serves as a wireless communication tool for your computer. An attached PC card slips into a slot on most notebook computers so you can view and respond to pages, E-mail, and faxes on a larger scale. What's more, it lets you know when you have voice mail. The only problem with the PageCard? Its awkward size: At five inches long, it's too bulky for a belt or pocket.

**Geek Chic Factor:** Because the beeper uses a wireless paging network, you won't need to connect to a phone line to send faxes or E-mail—which makes it ideal for guys on the go.

**Learning Curve:** About an hour.



## Philips Boss

(\$50; available only at retail stores) ★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** This is as basic and bare-bones as beepers get. It receives phone numbers only and alerts via vibration or various beeps and melodies. No frills, no fancy features to learn, no 30-page manual you need Cliffs Notes to understand.

**Geek Chic Factor:** Absolutely, positively zero. But the money you save can be put toward a cool laptop.

**Learning Curve:** The easiest of the bunch: two seconds and you're in business.

## BEEPER BASICS

### SHOULD I BUY OR RENT?

In the short run, renting will definitely save you money, particularly if you're a techno-nut who loves to test-drive the latest gadgets. Sign a one-year rental agreement and you can get a top pager for as little as \$15 a month. And most contracts let you trade up when new devices come out. Eventually, though, your rental fees will surpass the full price of a pager, so if you plan on paging for the long haul, buy.

### HOW DO I CHOOSE A SERVICE PROVIDER?

It ain't easy. There are nationwide and regional paging companies—PageNet, Skytel, and MobileComm, to name a few—that always seem to have better-than-ever promotions. Skim the Yellow Pages or surf the Net to see which providers offer the services you want. One factor, obviously, is cost: Fees range from as low as six dollars a month for local, numeric messaging to \$40 for nationwide, two-way, alphanumeric paging that also delivers E-mail and the like. Also, some services make your callers punch in their own phone numbers for return calls, while others let your callers leave a voice-mail message. Still others employ operators who take messages, then send them to you via network computer.

### HOW SECURE ARE MY MESSAGES?

Not very. If you're selling secrets to the Iraqis or buying kilos from the Colombians, keep in mind that every message passes through a service provider. The provider may use operators who are nosy, or an Internet connection that is hackable. So if privacy is paramount, take a lesson from the crack dealers who popularized pagers in the first place and create your own code in which numbers stand for words, amounts, or locations.



## PageNet VoiceNow

(Call for price; 888-642-3669)

★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** Think of this as portable voice mail. The pager beeps or vibrates, like a basic model, but when you retrieve your message, you actually hear the caller's voice. A digital chip in the pager stores up to three minutes of messages, and PageNet (the service provider) banks the rest for easy retrieval.

**Geek Chic Factor:** Extremely efficient. No need to wonder who's calling or how urgent the message is. With this pager, the voice says it all. This beeper is so cutting-edge that it's not yet available everywhere. But rest assured it will be.

**Learning Curve:** Piece o' cake. It takes a few seconds—and no manual!—to receive and listen.



## Protecto Pager

(\$10; 800-926-6366) ★★★★★

**Tech Specs:** It looks and feels like the real deal, but this faux pager actually hides a stash of condoms. (Three are included with your purchase.) With this device, you've got all the angles covered. Say you finally pick up that cute bartender: Keep the Protecto on your belt and a toothbrush in your pocket and you've got everything you need for a sleep-over party. Say that cute bartender mentions her infectious scabies: You pull the old "Damn, my pager's vibrating. Gotta make a call." At which point you promptly bail.

**Geek Chic Factor:** Not terribly stylish, but better than having a rubber fall out of your wallet while you're reaching for your Gold Card.

**Learning Curve:** Buddy, if you can't figure this one out...



# BRAN LOYALTY



**All these years, you've been faithful to your breakfast cereal—even when the manufacturer stopped giving out prizes. Come on, pal: It's time to sow a few wild oats. Or krispies, or puffs, or chex... Mark Wilkson taste-tests some of our favorites.**

**Super bowl:  
Just add milk.**

| TASTE                 | It's utterly impossible to taste either apples or cinnamon in this cereal. That said, the lip-smacking combo provides far more flavor than the sum of its parts, and as a bonus, it turns your milk a vibrant pink. | A mixed bag. Skip the Cap'n's bland yellow squares and head for the peanut-butter rabbit turds offered in his Peanut Butter Crunch. (As for Crunch Berries, what are the green ones supposed to be? Juniper?) | Of the many Cheerios flavors—Frosted Cheerios, Team Cheerios, Multi-Grain Plus Cheerios, among others—the only one worth munching is the simple, sweet Honey Nut. Note: Multi-Grain Plus tastes like hardening plaster.                  | Corn is a sweet grain, as bourbon drinkers will attest, which explains why this old standby is surprisingly tasty.                                                                                                                                         | Good God!! These things are like Lucky Charms plus insulin. Eating Count Chocula is like munching on cold, crunchy cocoa. As for Franken Berry, the Count's cousin, let's just say it's a flavor not found in nature. |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| NUTRITION PER SERVING | Who could complain? 180 calories, no fat, 1.5 grams of fiber, and 38% RDA (recommended daily allowance) of 9 essential vitamins and minerals (hereafter known as EVM).                                              | The Cap'n's three entries all boast the same 0% RDA of vitamins A and C, 50% of 7 other EVM, and 2 grams of fiber. The original Cap'n Crunch contains 200 calories and 3 grams of fat.                        | The steroidal Multi-Grain Plus boasts a full 150% of 11 EVM and 4.5 grams of fiber. The rest of the lineup is more modest: Honey Nut Cheerios, for instance, has 180 calories, 2.3 grams of fat, 3 grams of fiber, and 38% RDA of 8 EVM. | The box boasts: "You could eat this entire box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and still not get as much fat as in a plain donut." (Why not just say "fat free" and leave it at that?) 150 calories, 1.5 grams of fiber, 68% RDA of iron, and 38% of 7 other EVM. | A proud testament to the wonders of modern vitamin supplementation: 180 calories, 1.5 grams of fat, no fiber, but 38% RDA of 9 EVM.                                                                                   |
| CEREAL                |                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                  |
| BACK-OF-THE-BOX READ  | Too high-tech for breakfast, referring you to <a href="http://www.applejacks.com">www.applejacks.com</a> for an interactive Team Adventure                                                                          | High on the classic kid stuff, including the chock-full-o'-yuks "You and the Cap'n Make It Happen" game.                                                                                                      | Mostly self-congratulatory twaddle that can't compete with the comics.                                                                                                                                                                   | Slight. Has recipes for muffins that look so disgusting it'll put you off your feed.                                                                                                                                                                       | Busyness for sugar-jonesing hyperactives. To wit: "Hey Kids, Have an adult help you out with this Franken Berry Mask!"                                                                                                |
| SERVING SUGGESTION    | Listen carefully as you eat: AJ crackles in milk, like pop rocks in Mikey's stomach.                                                                                                                                | Let the PB Crunch get a little mushy. It will stick nicely in your molars, reminding you of breakfast all day.                                                                                                | Don't encourage this supermarket-shelf-monopolization scheme: Stick with Honey Nut.                                                                                                                                                      | Add lots of sugar and turn it into Kellogg's Frosted Flakes!                                                                                                                                                                                               | Eat something else immediately afterward or risk being felled by the chemistry-set aftertaste.                                                                                                                        |





|                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Oat bran—the whole point is that it's good for you, right? But to get folks to choke it down, they've loaded this cereal with nefarious oils that coat your arteries with tons of fat. Tastes incredible, though. | Overwhelmingly perky in an airy, insubstantial way. Froot Loops is basically Apple Jacks in psychedelic drag, but its flavor doesn't stand up nearly as well.                                                                | Considerably less like gravel than you'd think. That said, your teeth will get a workout from these tiny rocks.                                                                                                                 | Basically, Wheaties studded with chewy raisins. Make that <i>mushy</i> Wheaties: These bran flakes decompose almost immediately in milk.                         | There's not much you can say about puffed rice. This is a cereal that reaches out, grabs your shirt, and demands to be sweetened with piles of sugar. | Honey Frosted Wheaties kicks Tony the Tiger's ass, with both the flakes and their sugar crust packing a more substantial flavor than Frosted Flakes. The old-fashioned Wheaties flakes are, well, <i>hearty</i> .               |
| Fat, fat, fat. But also fiber, fiber, fiber: 12 grams of each in every serving. Otherwise, you're getting a whopping 380 calories and 50% RDA of 7 EVM.                                                           | One of the few sugared cereals we found that bears the American Heart Association seal of approval, but nothing really separates it from the pack: 180 calories, 1.5 grams of fat, 1.5 grams of fiber, and 38% RDA of 9 EVM. | Off the charts in sodium, at 1,050 milligrams, and in calories, at 600. Three grams of fat and 75% RDA of 6 EVM. (These numbers may be artificially high; few men can chomp a full cup and a half of colon-blowing Grape-Nuts.) | Along with the eponymous bran comes a generous helping of fiber: 12 grams. Otherwise, you're spooning down 300 calories, 2.3 grams of fat, and 38% RDA of 8 EVM. | A smidge light, weighing in with 144 calories, no fat, no fiber, and 30% RDA of 7 EVM. It's rice and air. Whaddaya expect?                            | Honey Frosted has 220 calories, no fat, no fiber, and 50% of 8 EVM. Traditional Wheaties delivers big on iron (68% RDA), fiber, and vitamins A and C. The rest is standard: 165 calories, 1.5 grams of fat, 38% of 5 other EVA. |
| <b>CRACKLIN' OAT BRAN</b>                                                                                                                                                                                         | <b>FROOT LOOPS</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                           | <b>GRAPE-NUTS</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                               | <b>RAISIN BRAN</b>                                                                                                                                               | <b>RICE KRISPIES</b>                                                                                                                                  | <b>WHEATIES</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Recipe for Raisin Spice Cookies. 'Nuff said.                                                                                                                                                                      | A snore. Typical is an ad for four (mostly educational) Microsoft CD-ROMs, yours for five bucks and three box tops per.                                                                                                      | Rather dry, full of uninspired serving suggestions, including "Grape-Nuts Hot!" and "Grape-Nuts Yogurt Parfait."                                                                                                                | Depressing reminders of unpleasantities such as "the report that needed to be on the boss's desk—yesterday."                                                     | Spokesdwarfs Snap, Crackle, and Pop frolic on large spoons, munch on Krispies Treats, and listen to the cereal.                                       | Honey Frosted provides spunk ("Baseball cards! Clip and save!"). Wheaties offers blather about a healthy diet.                                                                                                                  |
| With an angioplasty balloon.                                                                                                                                                                                      | Suck on them one by one to extract the most flavor.                                                                                                                                                                          | Not to be eaten with a hangover (the crunch will kill you).                                                                                                                                                                     | Got milk? Good. Keep it. With Raisin Bran, you won't be needing it—add about a third less milk than you're accustomed to.                                        | Have your girlfriend bake a tray of Krispies Treats. Spark up a J, then eat.                                                                          | Wheaties is not an eat-from-the-box cereal—it's just a vehicle for milk. So add lots of it. As for HFW, these boys always stand tall.                                                                                           |

Photographs by Jeffrey Krein



No more canned  
sodium bombs:  
This is the real deal.





# SOUP'S ON!

On a dreary rainy day, nothing beats a bowl of hot soup. It tastes great, it's good for you, and, best of all, you only have one pot to clean. To help you soup up your kitchen, here are three simple, tasty numbers you can whip up anytime.

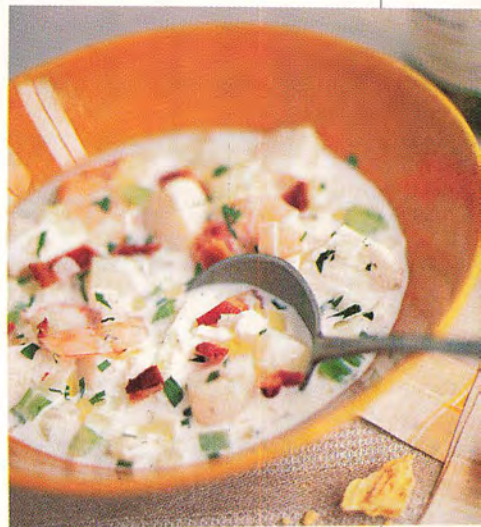
By Leslie Blanchard

Photography by  
Maura McEvoy

## SEAFOOD CHOWDER

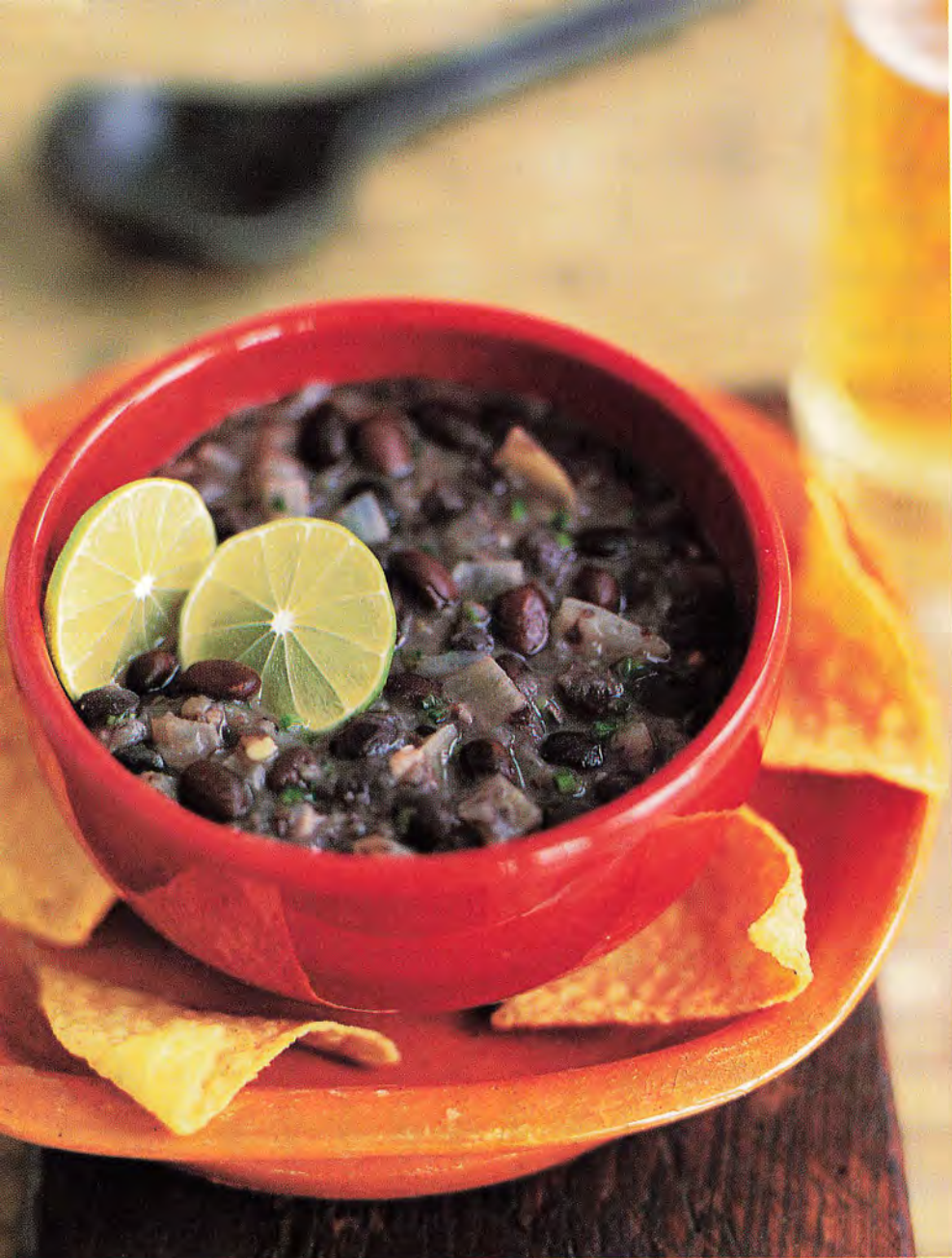
A Fine Kettle of Fish  
**Ingredients**

5 slices bacon  
3 medium onions, chopped  
3 celery ribs, chopped  
2 large potatoes, diced into  $\frac{1}{2}$ " cubes  
2  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups dry white wine  
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste  
Pinch of dried marjoram  
1 lb. haddock, cut into 2" chunks  
4 cups water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. shrimp, peeled, deveined, and sliced in half  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. bay scallops  
1 pint heavy cream  
1 cup milk  
2 Tbsp butter  
Chopped fresh parsley for garnish



In a large saucepan, fry the bacon until it's golden brown and crisp. Remove from pan with slotted spoon and chop (the bacon, not the pan) coarsely. Set aside. In the bacon fat, sauté the onions until golden. Add the celery, potatoes, chopped bacon, wine, salt, pepper, and marjoram and cook until all vegetables are tender (5 to 10 minutes). Add the haddock and water and bring to a boil. Lower the heat and simmer gently until the fish is cooked (around 8 minutes). Add the shrimp, scallops, cream, milk, and butter and heat gently until piping hot (around 5 minutes). Garnish individual bowls with chopped parsley.





## BLACK BEAN SOUP

**They're Good for Your Heart...**

### Ingredients

2 cups dried black beans  
Water (for soaking beans)  
2 cups chopped onions  
3 cloves garlic, chopped  
2 Tbsp canola oil  
7 cups water  
1 Tbsp salt  
1 cup fresh cilantro (leaves and stems), chopped  
2 jalapeños, seeded and chopped  
Juice from one lime  
Thin lime slices and chopped cilantro for garnish

Soak the beans in water overnight, then drain and rinse. In a large saucepan, sauté the onions and garlic in the oil over medium heat until soft (around 5 minutes). Add the beans, 7 cups water, and salt and bring to a boil. Lower heat and boil gently until beans are tender (around 1 to 1½ hours; might want to bring the TV in for this one). Add the cilantro, jalapeños, and lime juice, then boil an additional 10 minutes. In a blender or food processor, purée half the soup; add this back to the saucepan and stir. Garnish with lime slices and chopped cilantro.

## THREE-ONION SOUP

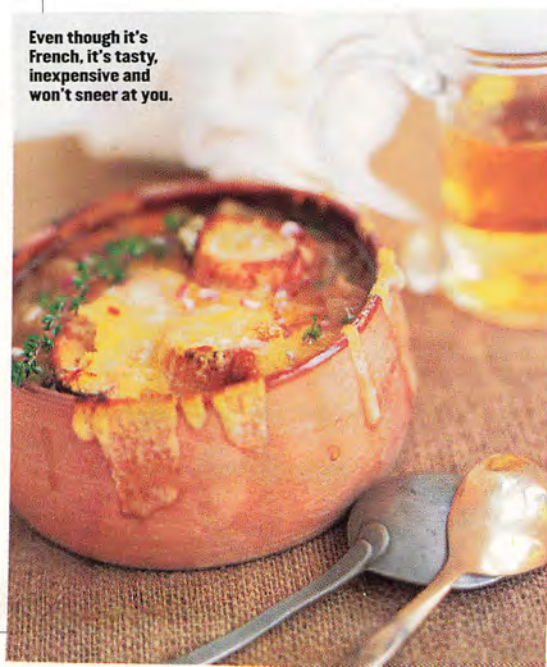
**Nothin' to Cry About**

### Ingredients

6 Tbsp butter  
2 lbs. (about 4 large) Spanish onions  
½ cup chopped scallions  
Freshly ground pepper  
3 cloves garlic, crushed  
2 Tbsp flour  
7 cups canned beef broth  
3 sprigs fresh thyme (leaves only), chopped  
1½ cup dry white wine  
A few 1"-thick slices of day-old French bread  
1 cup shredded Swiss cheese  
Finely chopped red onion and fresh thyme for garnish

In a large saucepan, melt the butter over medium heat. Add the onions, scallions, and pepper and sauté until onions are golden brown (around 20 minutes), stirring occasionally. Add the garlic and sauté an additional 3 minutes. Stir in the flour and sauté 2 minutes more. Pour in the broth, chopped thyme, and wine and bring to a boil. Lower heat and simmer uncovered for 20 minutes. Ladle into individual crocks or ovenproof bowls. Float a slice of bread in each bowl and top with the cheese. Bake in 350°F oven for 15 minutes or until surface of cheese looks like photo sent back by Mars Rover. Garnish with red onion and thyme.

Even though it's French, it's tasty, inexpensive and won't sneer at you.



Food stylist: Brett Kurweil; Prop Stylist: Caroline Colston; glass mugs: courtesy of Simon Pearce



Fine herbs: the green, green grass of homecooking



## HERBAL REMEDIES

When it comes to fine-tuning your creations, the classic male spicing strategy—to open jars of dried green flakes at random, sniff the contents, and add whatever smells vaguely like what you're making—is haphazard at best. To help you flavor wisely, here's a sprinkling of sage advice.



### Basil

**Tastes:** Sweet and clovelike, with a mild, minty aftertaste.

**Use:** To sweeten tomatoes and pasta (it's the most prominent herb in Italian cooking), pestos and salads, eggs, chicken, fish, and shellfish.

**Fun fact:** This "king of herbs" was supposedly found growing wild around Christ's tomb after the Resurrection.



### Oregano

**Tastes:** Pungent and smoky-grassy, with inescapable connotations of pizza.

**Use:** To intensify virtually all Mediterranean recipes—not to mention fish, meat, poultry, beans, eggs, cheese, and all kinds of vegetables.

**Fun fact:** Aristotle claimed that tortoises ate oregano after swallowing snakes, as an antidote to poison.



### Parsley

**Tastes:** Fresh and mildly peppery...a bit like celery.

**Use:** To freshen soups, cream and tomato sauces, salad dressings, and as a universal garnish (it blends well with everything).

**Fun fact:** The Romans made parsley garlands for banquet guests to counteract intoxication, wherever the hell you'd want to do that.



### Rosemary

**Tastes:** Strong and piny, with a lemony scent and flavor.

**Use:** To add gusto to game, poultry, roasted potatoes, stuffing, and other strong-flavored fare. Make sure to chop it fine—the needles

can be brittle and tough.

**Fun fact:** Elizabethan couples wore or carried rosemary sprigs as a sign of fidelity.



### Sage

**Tastes:** Musky, bitter, and slightly like menthol.

**Use:** To add texture to poultry stuffing, pork, sausage, cheese, eggplant, beans, soups, chicken, duck, and goose.

**Fun fact:** Sage was so named because it was once believed to be good for the brain, the senses, memory, and, um...something else.



### Thyme

**Tastes:** Woody and tea-like; the French won't cook without it.

**Use:** To add zest to mild foods like fish, shellfish, poultry, tomatoes, beans, eggplant, mushrooms, potatoes, and summer squash.

**Fun fact:** In the Middle Ages, drinking thyme (infused in a tea) was part of a ritual to enable one to see fairies. Insert your own joke here.

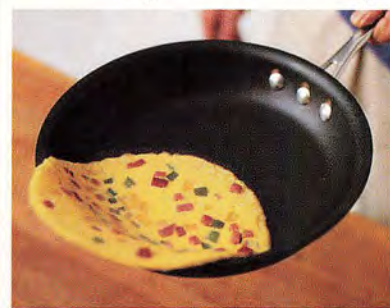
## Wine & Dine

## THE PRO FLIP

Don't fold your omelet, like the sissy French: Flip it like a man.



**1** Use a small nonstick pan with sloping sides. When omelet starts to solidify, break it loose with a spatula until it slides freely.



**2** The flip: Dig sharply down and away with the pan; as the omelet slides off the far edge, scoop it up and back toward you.



**3** The catch: As the omelet curls up toward you, pull the pan back and repeat the "dig," catching the omelet's leading edge. Ta-dah!

Flipping omelets takes no skillet all.





# BOURBON STREET

**Bourbon is sweeter than a Georgia peach, smoother than a fast-talkin' city-boy lawyer, and more American than tax evasion. By Mark North**

**Bourbon drinkers** are a patriotic lot. America's only native spirit can only be made in the U.S. of A., thanks to an act of Congress, and its proud legions of flag-waving devotees swear the drink's raw boldness gives a man the strength to stand up for what he believes. After all, the first time federal troops were called upon to uphold the law in this country was during the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794, when Pennsylvania's distillers nabbed a bunch of would-be tax collectors and tarred and feathered them. What could be more patriotic than that?

After the rebellion was quashed, the distillers packed up their stills, their tar buckets, and their denuded chickens and moved to Kentucky, whose fertile valleys offered prime growing conditions for corn, the main ingredient in the sour mash from which bourbon whiskey is distilled. By 1811 there were 2,000 distilleries in Kentucky, and with new trade routes on the Mississippi River and Erie Canal already pouring the Southern flavor across new palates, bourbon soon proved its worth as a profitable, savory commodity.

Even Prohibition's 13 years of dry-mouthed exile (1920–1933) couldn't make people forget bourbon. Just two years after the repeal of Prohibition, Kentucky distillers were accounting for more than a third of their state's total tax revenue. Bourbon was here to stay, and in 1964, as a matter of national pride, Congress declared it "America's Native Spirit."

Those with a taste for bourbon find themselves in heady company. Mark Twain was known to smuggle bottles across international borders, and General Ulysses S. Grant used to double his pleasure by dip-

ping his Havana cigars in Kentucky bourbon. Gonzo writer Hunter S. Thompson consumed 20 double Wild Turkeys in four hours during his initial meeting with New York book editors. Even honest Abe Lincoln has a connection: His dad sold the family farm in 1816 for \$20 and 400 gallons of bourbon.

Named for Bourbon County, Kentucky, bourbon must by law be made from a mash containing at least 51 percent corn (the rest is rye, barley, and/or wheat). Federal law also stipulates that the finished product cannot exceed 160 proof (80 percent alcohol) and must be aged for at least two years in new white-oak barrels charred on the inside. No coloring may be added—it's the charred wood that lends bourbon its characteristic caramel hue.

Other sour-mash whiskeys are slowly "leached" through a vat of sugar-maple charcoal, a process that makes them even sweeter. But bourbon goes straight into the barrel to age, resulting in a liquor with muscle and character: hot, lush, and sweetly spiced, with a proud amber complexion and a definite purpose.

Bourbon's sweet sour-mash and vanilla (from the wooden barrels) flavors may be joined, depending on the label you choose, by caramel, nutmeg, honey, apricot, orange, cinnamon, apple, and other natural flavors. Wise chefs rely on its full-bodied, caramelized taste to sweeten and compound flavors in recipes such as roasted Maine lobster with bourbon and brown butter, killer bourbon rib sauce, and a bevy of desserts like flambéed bananas and plum bread pudding.

But even drunk at room temperature from a plastic flask while waiting in line for Blues Traveler tickets, the bourbon experience is pleasant: a hot, smoky gulp of Kentucky, U.S.A. The swish through your mouth is soothing and warm, and the swallow is musky and tough. On the rocks, bourbon is smoother and milder, spreading heat from the roof of the mouth down the throat to the chest and stomach. With just enough Coke, it becomes sublime, sweet bliss.

It may even earn you some respect. When you order a Beam and Coke, the bartender will instinctively reach for a pint glass, cocking an eyebrow to verify "Tall?" Why the confidence? Because ordering bourbon sends out a clear message that you're a solid guy who takes his drinking seriously. "Bourbon drinkers always know their labels, more than any other drinkers," declares bartender Tom Brown of the Butcher Shop steakhouse in Steamboat, Colorado. "Rarely do they ask for just a bourbon—it's 'Gimme a George Dickel on the rocks.' With bourbon drinkers, I know I'm dealing with an experienced imbibler." **M**



## SOUTHERN CLASSICS

**Bourbon goes well with Coke, ginger ale, and just about anything else, so don't be shy about mixing it up in classics like these:**

### ► THE OLD-FASHIONED

The toughest sweet drink ever to impair your motor skills.

**To make it:** Put one spoonful of sugar in a glass, splash with bitters, add ice and a twist of lemon, and fill the rest of the glass with you-know-what.

### ► THE MINT JULEP

A drink only a Southerner can make properly. Find one you trust.

**To make it:** Blend crushed ice, 1 tsp. powdered sugar, 2 tsp. water, fresh spearmint leaves, and 2½ oz. bourbon. Find a horse race on ESPN2.

### ► THE MANHATTAN

This drink was created by an unknown bartender at a party hosted by Lady Churchill, Winston's ma.

**To make it:** Mix 1½ oz. bourbon, ¾ oz. each dry and sweet vermouth, and a dash of bitters. Do not garnish with a Big Apple.

### ► THE SOUL-KISS COCKTAIL

Definitely the best way to end a cocktail session with a date.

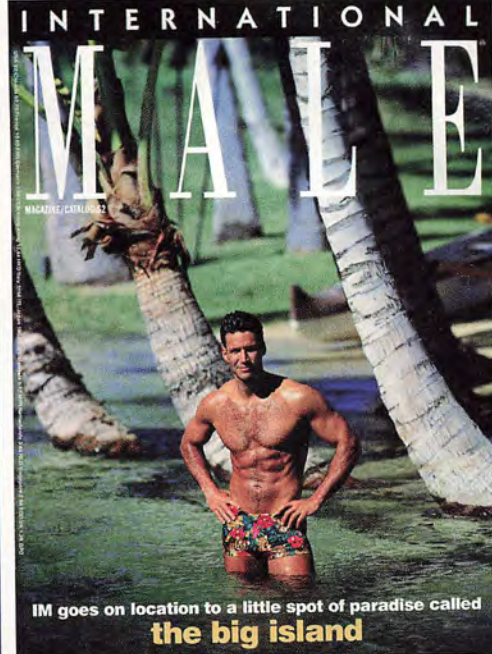
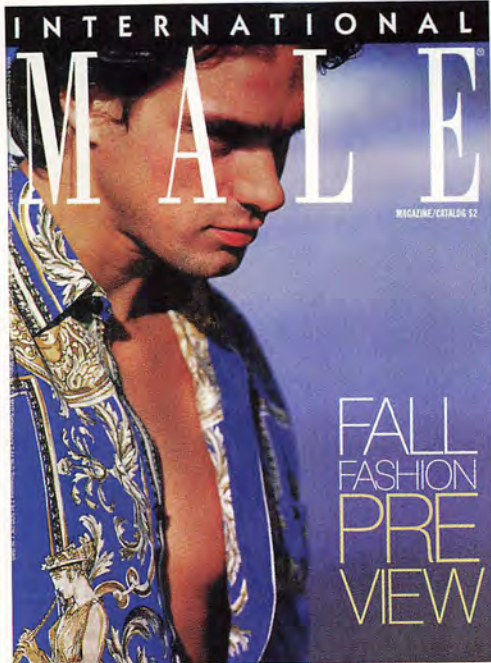
**To make it:** Mix ¾ oz. bourbon, ¾ oz. vermouth, and 1½ tsp each Dubonnet and O.J.



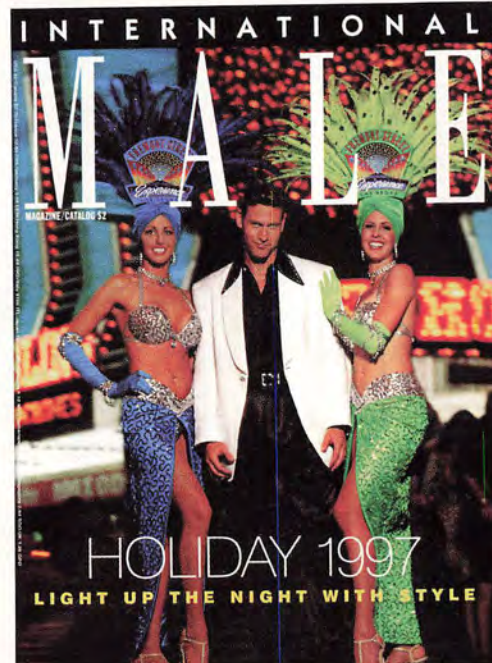
**Ulysses S. Grant  
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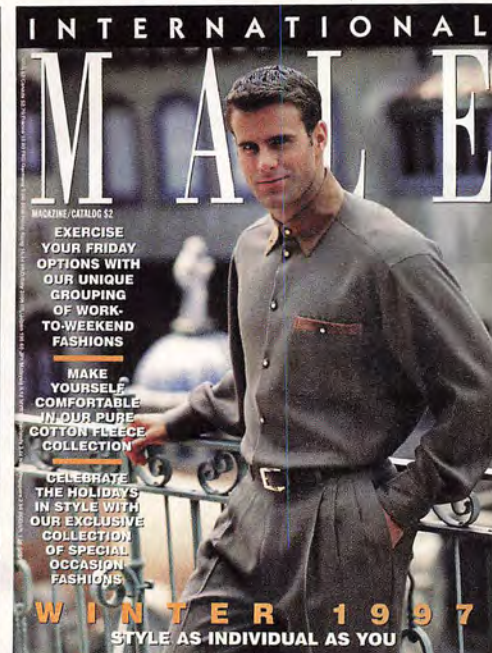


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# Hang Time

ENTERTAINMENT MADE EASY

## Ooh-La-Lela!

Lela Rochon, shown here testing the tensile strength of a spaghetti strap, shines in this month's *The Big Hit*. Preview, p 132.

Photograph by Rande St Nicholas/Outline



### Movies

Our one-stop shopping shortcut guide to the latest Hollywood releases.



### Music

What's good, bad, and ugly in the world of music.  
**Plus:** The big Kiss-off.



### Television

Tips to help you get the most out of the box this season.  
**Plus:** Gifford's new gig.



### Video

Current releases for those rare sexless nights at home—be they ever so humbling.



### Books

On the road with NASCAR; in the ring with Muhammad Ali.  
**Plus:** Coupland's trippy new novel.





# Movies

**PREVIEWS, REVIEWS, AND NEW VIEWS OF THE CINEMA'S BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST, AND BALLSIEST COMING ATTRACTIONS**

| PREVIEWS                                                                            | FILM                                                                             | STARS                                                                                               | STORY                                                                                                                                                                                                        | BUZZ                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|    | <b>MERCURY RISING</b><br>(Universal)<br>Release Date: April 3                    | Bruce Willis,<br>Alec Baldwin,<br>Kim Dickens                                                       | When a little autistic genius accidentally cracks a military code, the feds want him dead. Willis, playing a disillusioned law-enforcement officer ( <i>again?</i> ), steps in to protect the brat.          | <b>Iffy.</b> Bruce usually generates box-office heat waves, but preview audiences say an implausible plot makes this movie's prospects chilly.                                                                   |
|    | <b>LOST IN SPACE</b><br>(New Line)<br>Release Date: April 3                      | Gary Oldman,<br>William Hurt,<br>Matt LeBlanc,<br>Mimi Rogers,<br>Heather Graham                    | "Danger, Will Robinson!" In this big-screen version of the goofball '60s TV show, the first family in space bands together after nerdy Dr. Zachary Smith (Oldman) sends their ship spiraling out of control. | <b>Astronomical.</b> Despite reports that it's surprisingly <i>serious</i> , this movie is stuffed with computer-generated effects—twice as many as <i>Jurassic Park</i> , they say.                             |
|    | <b>THE BIG HIT</b><br>(TriStar)<br>Release Date: April 24                        | Mark Wahlberg,<br>Lou Diamond Phillips, Christina Applegate,<br>Antonio Sabato, Jr.,<br>Lela Rochon | A nice-guy hit man (Wahlberg) falls in love with his kidnapping victim—a beautiful teen Japanese heiress. Too bad she's got mob ties. And the mob, as we know, ain't all that sentimental.                   | <b>Not big enough.</b> The title practically dares critics to savage the movie, but with a real-deal cast, it's gotta get a little attention. Think <i>Melrose</i> with real acting.                             |
|   | <b>HOPE FLOATS</b><br>(20th Century Fox)<br>Release Date: April 24               | Sandra Bullock,<br>Harry Connick, Jr.,<br>Gena Rowlands                                             | Single mom—and former beauty queen—Bullock returns to her Texas hometown and gets all soppy over Connick, Jr. ( <i>Independence Day</i> ).                                                                   |  <b>Chick film.</b> But Bullock has the nice-girl-next-door role nailed, and Harry is less annoying than most leading dudes. |
|  | <b>EATERS OF THE DEAD</b><br>(Touchstone)<br>Release Date: March 27              | Antonio Banderas,<br>Omar Sharif,<br>a bunch of<br>Scandinavian<br>thespians                        | In 922 A.D., an Arab (Banderas) heads for the barbaric North to beat up monsters that are killing Vikings and eating their flesh. Based on yet another bestseller by Michael Crichton.                       | <b>Alive and kicking.</b> If you like the swords-and-slaughter thing, this is a fine Viking <i>grabbfilm</i> (roughly translated as "guy movie").                                                                |
|  | <b>THE SPANISH PRISONER</b><br>(Sony Pictures Classics)<br>Release Date: April 3 | Campbell Scott,<br>Steve Martin,<br>Rebecca Pidgeon                                                 | No one knows whom to trust in this thriller about an inventor (Scott), a mysterious businessman (Martin), and a secretary who knows too much.                                                                | <b>Captivating.</b> While it won't be the next <i>Glengarry Glen Ross</i> —writer-director David Mamet's finest hour—it's being called the next <i>Usual Suspects</i> .                                          |
|  | <b>CITY OF ANGELS</b><br>(Warner Bros.)<br>Release Date: April 10                | Meg Ryan,<br>Nicolas Cage                                                                           | A loose American remake of arty classic <i>Wings of Desire</i> : An angel in L.A. (Cage) has to decide whether to trade in his halo to get it on with a sexy surgeon (Ryan). Not a tough call, buddy.        | <b>Fine, for an angel movie.</b> But don't even dream of escaping. Your girlfriend won't hesitate to put a gun in your mouth if you try to weasel out of this one.                                               |
|  | <b>THE BUTCHER BOY</b><br>(Warner Bros.)<br>Release Date: April 10               | <i>The Crying Game</i> 's Stephen Rea,<br>Eamonn Owens,<br>ex-baldie Sinéad O'Connor                | The Boy, has a drunk for a dad, a loon for a mum, and—no shocker here—retreats into a comic-book fantasy world. He eventually wigs out, taking murderous revenge on this stupid old world.                   | <b>A prime cut.</b> Everything's likely to come up shamrocks for Academy Award-winning Irish director Neil Jordan ( <i>The Crying Game</i> , <i>Interview With the Vampire</i> ).                                |
|  | <b>THE LAST DAYS OF DISCO</b><br>(Castle Rock)<br>Release Date: May 1            | Chloe Sevigny,<br>Brit babe Kate Beckinsale,<br>Mackenzie Astin,<br>Jennifer Beals                  | Recent college grads escape their cramped Manhattan pad to disco the night away during that eerie, druggy period when the sexy '70s metamorphosed into the Flock-of-Seagulls-y '80s.                         | <b>Loud and gyrating.</b> Writer/director Whit Stillman created twenty-something flicks like <i>Barcelona</i> —and is ripe for a mainstream breakthrough.                                                        |

This page: *Mercury Rising*: Peter Sorel/SMPSP; *Lost in Space*: Jack English/New Line Cinema (2); *Big Hit*: Bruce Macaulay/Columbia/TriStar; *Hope Floats*: Christine Loss/20th Century Fox (2); *Eaters of the Dead*: Rob McEwary/Touchstone Pictures; *Spanish Prisoner*: James Bridges/Sony Pictures Classics (2); *City of Angels*: Murray Close/Regency Ent.; *The Butcher Boy*: Pat Redmond/Warner Bros.; Last Days of Disco: David Lee/Castle Rock Ent. (2); Next page: *Players Club*: D. Weekes (2); Shooting Fish: Fox Searchlight



# MAXIM RECOMMENDS

## LAWN DOGS

(Toledo Pictures)

ONE OF THE BEST BUDDY movies since *48 Hours*, *Lawn Dogs* has an unlikely team: a guy and a little girl with zip in common except the fact that they're both oddball outcasts in a snobby, gated Kentucky suburb. Trent (Sam Rockwell) is a 21-year-old who mows its lawns for a living, and Devon (Mischa Barton) is a 10-year-old rich kid. Together they ditch her dimwit parents to steal chickens and go off-roading. But when the neighbors jump to the pervy conclusion that the two are up to something nasty, the movie takes a darker turn. Director John Duigan (*Sirens*) creates refreshingly anti-Hollywood heroes with scars that go deeper than your standard *Lethal Weapon* wounds. And once you realize that someone in this flick's gotta die, it fast-forwards to an unexpected—and coolly disturbing—climax.

—Leslie Yazel



Barton and Rockwell, Doggy stylin'



So poor they had to share one wig

## SHOOTING FISH

(Fox Searchlight)

SET IN LONDON, WHERE THE PHRASE "SHOOTING FISH" means ripping someone off big-time, this quirky flick features a couple of best-bud con artists. Orphans since birth, Jez (Stuart Townsend), a socially inept British techno-genius, and Dan Futterman, a fast-talking Yank, have a plan: Steal two million pounds to buy the mansion they never had. Everything goes along swindlingly until gorgeous Georgie (Kate Beckinsale), a med student with her own money problems, enters the picture. When both guys fall for her, she turns out—damn!—to be honest. With topnotch performances by newcomer Townsend, Futterman (last seen holding his own in *Bird Cage*), and the breathtaking Beckinsale (*Cold Comfort Farm*), plus more scams than you can shake a three-dollar bill at, *Shooting Fish* is definitely a movie worth catching this month. Get our grift?—

Claire Connors

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# Music

**THIS MONTH'S MUSICAL QUESTIONS: 1) ARE THE GUITAR GODS CRAZY? 2) ARE BRIT BANDS NUTS? AND 3) IS KISS...NOT ALL THERE?**



"My guitar's bigger than Joe Satriani's!"

## ERIC CLAPTON PILGRIM

(Reprise)

The good news: Phil Collins doesn't make a single cameo on *Pilgrim*. The strange news: After regaining his guitar-god cred with 1994's *From the Cradle*, Eric Clapton has set his Stratocaster aside again, to explore the darker side of slick, contemporary R&B. Clapton was inching in this direction last year, with the hit single "Change the World," a collaboration with Kenny "Babyface" Edmonds. Though Babyface performs on just one of the new tunes (the Dylan-penned "Born in Time"), his influence looms over *Pilgrim* as Robert Johnson loomed over Clapton's early, bluesier albums. The result—with its silky drumbeats and female backup vocalists—may unnerve long-time E.C. fans. (Even the album's sole barnburner, a vicious gonna-shoot-my-woman-with-a-shotgun track called "Sick & Tired," comes with orchestral backing.) But here's the relieving news: Clapton pulls off his latest self-reinvention with all of his signature cool. You heard it here first: Eric Clapton does Luther Vandross almost better than Luther himself. —John Tessitore



## JOE SATRIANI CRYSTAL PLANET

(Epic)

One thing's for sure—you're not going to find many women at a Joe Satriani show. There's something about a guy flailing at his guitar for hours on end that most chicks just don't get (I guess people call the style masturbatory for a reason). That's OK, because there are thousands of guys out there—air guitars at the ready, heads preparing to

bang—just waiting for the next Satriani disc to hit the stores. Revered as an instrumental-guitar god since 1986's *Not of This Earth*, Satriani has somehow managed to raise the bar with each subsequent release, and his latest, *Crystal Planet*, certainly doesn't disappoint. From the how'd-he-do-that? harmonic pyrotechnics of "Up in the Sky" to the soaring, finger-tapping epic "Raspberry Jam Delta-V," this is a rock-guitar lover's wet dream.

—Dan Catalano



## SCOTT WEILAND 12 BAR BLUES

(Atlantic)

Who would have guessed that Scott Weiland, after several years at the head of the faux-grunge Stone Temple Pilots, would reemerge in 1998 as a David Bowie impersonator? But that's exactly what you get on *12 Bar Blues*, Weiland's first solo album. Though stylistically diverse (veering from the slight piano jazz of "Divider" to the early-'80s synth-therama of "Jimmy Was a Stimulator"), the whole thing seems designed to invoke the glam-era spirit of the original rock chameleon. The problem: Weiland's thin, reedy voice isn't up to the task. Though it's a much needed step away from STP, face it—he needs to find a personality to call his own. —Todd Bridges

Luciano Viti/Reina; Eric Axene; Ken Schlies; Eli Hershko/Reina; Michael Montfort/Shooting Star; F. Scott Schafer





## SEMISONIC FEELING STRANGELY FINE

(MCA)  
Although Semisonic's 1996 debut album, *Great Divide*, made many critics' top-10 lists, the sound—pop-perfect melodies and bright guitars—was just too happy for the grumpy post-grunge times. In 1998, with pop music on the rebound, Semisonic's follow-up album should find the audience it deserves. This time out, lead singer-guitarist Dan Wilson (still sporting the best pair of sideburns since Martin Van Buren) and his cronies delve even further into their Lennon-McCartney songbooks, pulling out all sorts of lush orchestration and chiming guitar chords. Luckily, unlike the stuff from those Beatles wannabes Oasis, Semisonic's songs come on all winks and smiles, a collection of hook-laden melodies that is more than strangely fine. —David Glitzer



## VAN HALEN VAN HALEN III

(Warner Bros.)  
The much anticipated third act of Eddie Van's hard-rockin' soap opera asks the question "Can Eddie find heavy-metal happiness with yet another new lead singer?" In public, he certainly seems gaga over his new frontman, Gary Cherone. Unfortunately,

gaga doesn't guarantee a great album, and *VH III* definitely falls short. To recap: After briefly considering a reunion with original lead screecher David Lee Roth in 1996 (a teasing mind-fuck for hardcore fans) and spurning Roth's replacement, Sammy Hagar, Eddie decided to go a "different" route with Cherone, ex-crooner for the mush-metal band Extreme. The only problem: Cherone sounds exactly like Sammy Hagar! The second the man howls his way into "Without You," it's painfully obvious that Eddie is clinging to the sound of Van Halen's most profitable (but creatively vacant) era. Though the band's playing still dazzles—especially on the searing "Ballot or the Bullet"—*Van Halen III* comes off as a disappointing throwback to the not-so-glorious past. —D.C.

## SPACEHOG THE CHINESE ALBUM

(Sire)

First things first: There's nothing even vaguely Chinese about this album from the crazed Brits-by-way-of-New-York known as Spacehog. It's simply a solid extension of their heavy-rocking 1995 debut. It mixes massive boogie-woogie riffs that would do Mott the Hoople proud ("Mungo City") with finely crafted operatic ballads ("Beautiful Girl"). Overlook the brief electronic experiments: Spacehog's real talents lie in the kick-out-the-jams drive of "Captain Freemans" and sheer acoustic beauty of "Almond Kisses" (featuring a



subdued Michael Stipe on covocal). There's nothing here quite as sing-along-catchy as last album's "In the Meantime," but *The Chinese Album* is still that rare musical treat: a joyfully overblown rock album that leaves you hungry for more. —D.C.



## KISS: THE LOST MEMBERS

As the reunited Kiss prepare to release their first studio album in decades and continue their lucrative nostalgia tour, we decided to look back at some ancient Kisstory. Sure, the original members (Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley, Ace Frehley, and Peter Criss) are now rolling in dough—but what about the replacement players, the forgotten guys (like poor Vinnie Vincent, left) who kept Kiss alive during the lean years? Here's a quick update.

|                                              | Claim to Fame                                                                                                                                                                         | Proof of Suffering                                                                                                                                                                                   | Kiss of Fate                                                                                                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Eric Carr (drummer, 1980–1991)</b>        | Was the first new Kiss member, replacing Peter Criss (who penned the group's biggest hit, 1976's "Beth"). Fans instantly despised him.                                                | Was vetted for "criminal records, drug problems and emotional stability." His first attempt to create a persona—a hawk costume that resembled Big Bird on steroids—was ridiculed. Ended up as a fox. | Developed heart cancer in 1991 and died soon after, ending his obscure and thankless Kiss career.                                              |
| <b>Vinnie Vincent (guitarist, 1983–1984)</b> | Was rescued from a job on <i>Happy Days</i> (he wrote all the songs Joanie and Chachi sang) to "temporarily" replace Ace Frehley, who'd been injured in a car accident.               | Played on the <i>Creatures of the Night</i> album, but wasn't even pictured on the cover. Was forced to wear Egyptian-inspired makeup; became known, unpleasantly, as The Ankh.                      | Suddenly got grumpy in 1997 and filed suit against the band in California district court, charging fraud, defamation, and breach of contract.  |
| <b>Mark St. John (guitarist, 1984)</b>       | Was kind of a nobody, actually. Didn't even get to dress up as a demon or mammal (the band had dropped the makeup shtick by this point).                                              | After just one album ( <i>Animalize</i> ), was diagnosed with a severe form of arthritis; it caused his hands to swell up like oven mitts (not a happening look for a rocker).                       | Ended up doing endorsements for a crappy brand of amplifier, presumably with his monster paws tucked behind his back.                          |
| <b>Bruce Kulick (guitarist, 1984–1996)</b>   | Began his career in a band called Blackjack (with a pre-hair-gel, pre-sucky Michael Bolton). Somehow, Kulick managed to hold on to his position longer than any other Kiss guitarist. | Was allegedly nicknamed Spruce because his stage presence was so wooden. Was forced to take a paid vacation when the original guys hooked up again for the reunion tour.                             | Resigned in 1996, when it became obvious that the reunited members were going to squeeze him out of the cash-cow Kiss nostalgia craze forever. |





# Television

**IT'S DOCU-DRAMA-RAMA: SPACE-PROGRAM BLASTOFFS, BUMPED-OFF PRESIDENTS, BLOWN-UP FEDERAL BUILDINGS. OH, AND ANOTHER POTTY-MOUTHED CARTOON**



## FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON (HBO)

HBO has a rocket in its pocket with this one, teaming up with executive producer Tom Hanks, who charted the title's course as astronaut Jim Lovell in 1995's *Apollo 13*. Well, Major Tom managed to get HBO to put up astronomical numbers to produce this 12-part dramatic series, which tracks the Apollo space program from the tragic *Apollo 1* fire in 1967 that consumed the three-man crew to the last footsteps left on the moon by the astronauts of *Apollo 17* in 1972. The star-studded cast includes Tim Daly, Sally Field, Elizabeth Perkins, and Chris Isaak. Liftoff is 2000 hours EST (a.k.a. 8:00 P.M.) on Sunday, April 5, with two hour-long dramas airing on six successive Sundays through May 10.



Lincoln needed Booth like a hole in the head

### THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT

(April 12, 8 P.M., TNT)

Or, *Other Than That, Mrs. Lincoln, How Did You Like the Play?* A docu-dramatic account of the events during the final hours of the tallest president America's ever had. *Millennium*'s Lance Henriksen dons the big hat and opera cape to play Abraham Lincoln the day John Wilkes Booth aired out his cranium at Ford's Theater in 1865. As for Booth, Rob Morrow (*Northern Exposure*) takes a shot at playing the Yankee-hating Southerner, one of the most notorious assassins ever. The film shows the murder from both sides of the gun, focusing on the distinct and powerful personalities of two men who changed forever the direction of American history.

### OKLAHOMA CITY: A SURVIVOR'S STORY

(April 6, 9 P.M., Lifetime)

This film puts you in the frightening confines of the Murrah Federal Building on the day a terrorist bomb ripped it apart, taking hundreds of lives with it. Kathy Baker (*Picket Fences*) stars as Priscilla Salyers, the U.S. customs employee who was trapped beneath tons of shattered concrete for four hours after witnessing Timothy McVeigh in the building, seconds before the bombing. Salyers emerged with broken ribs, a punctured lung, and countless emotional scars but

Photographs: clockwise from far left: HBO; Andrew Eccles/TNT; Oliver Upton/NBC; Comedy Central; Ed Bailey/AP Photo; Mark Lennihan/AP Photo



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with her courage intact. Ultimately, it was her testimony that helped convict the cowardly little dipshit for mass murder and bring peace of mind (or some semblance of it) to a shattered nation.



Fear my ears

## MERLIN

(April 26 and 27, 9 P.M., NBC)

Producer Robert Halmi, Sr., the wizard who brought *The Odyssey* and *Gulliver's Travels* to the small screen, conjures up yet

another epic with this new miniseries. This time it's the Camelot saga, as seen through the magical eyes of the king of the sorcerers, the man in the big pointy hat: Merlin, played spellbindingly by *Jurassic Park's* Sam Neill. The always bewitching Isabella Rossellini and Helena Bonham Carter play, respectively, Merlin's lady love Nimue

and the medieval man's Madonna, Morgan Le Fey. Shot in the countryside of Scotland and Wales, *Merlin* promises to reconstruct the city of Camelot, save dozens of damsels in distress, and explain Stonehenge better than the guys from *Spinal Tap* did. Also stars James Earl Jones, Miranda Richardson, and Sir John Gielgud.

## THE LAST DON II

(April 26 and 28, 9 P.M., CBS)

Or, *We Wouldn't Have Named the First One 'The Last Don' If We'd Known What Kind of Ratings We Were Gonna Get*. Kirstie Alley, Danny Aiello, and Jason Gedrick reprise their roles as members of the murderous mafia family the Clericuzios, whom American audiences embraced as if they were dead Kennedys. Joe Mantegna, blown away in the original, plays a sort of Ghost of Hit Men Past, appearing in his son's (Gedrick's) dreams to guide him on his bloody mission to take over the family business. A two-part, four-hour miniseries.



## SOUTH PARK EASTER SPECIAL

(April 1, 10 P.M., Comedy Central)

After pitting Jesus against Santa in a death match to decide the true meaning of Christmas, those crazy, *Comedy Central* round-headed cutout kids have seized on another pious occasion to blaspheme hilariously. In this season finale Stan, Kyle, Kenny, and Cartman, those cute little eight-year-olds whose language would shock a longshoreman, will get the answer to the question on foul-mouthed lips from coast to coast: "Who the \*\$%# is Cartman's father?"

Reviews by Mike Hammer

# THE GIFF'S NEXT GIG?

When Frank Gifford was cut from *Monday Night Football's* varsity team after 27 seasons to make room for the new big-man-on-campus, Boomer Esiason (Frank's been reduced to co-hosting a 15-minute pregame show with fellow has-been Brent Musburger), his TV prospects looked grim. But *Maxim* has some ideas that could put the Gaffer on the comeback trail by playing to his strengths. Watch for:

**Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous.** Frank takes over this offensively elitist series—providing welcome relief from years of Robin Leach's fine whining—and puts his own stamp on it. In the new version, the big guy tours four-star hotels from Monaco to Montauk, seducing, then being framed by, high society dames from a rich diversity of cultures. It's all captured by security cameras.

**LIVE! With Regis and Kathie Lee.** Kathie



"Me, too," says Marv

Lee demands that Frank take over producing duties from Gelman, her previous on-stage whipping boy. This way, her wandering hubby will remain in her cross hairs on a round-the-clock basis, so she can keep him away from loose women for at least



one hour a day (and prove to a national TV audience how goddamned happy they are).

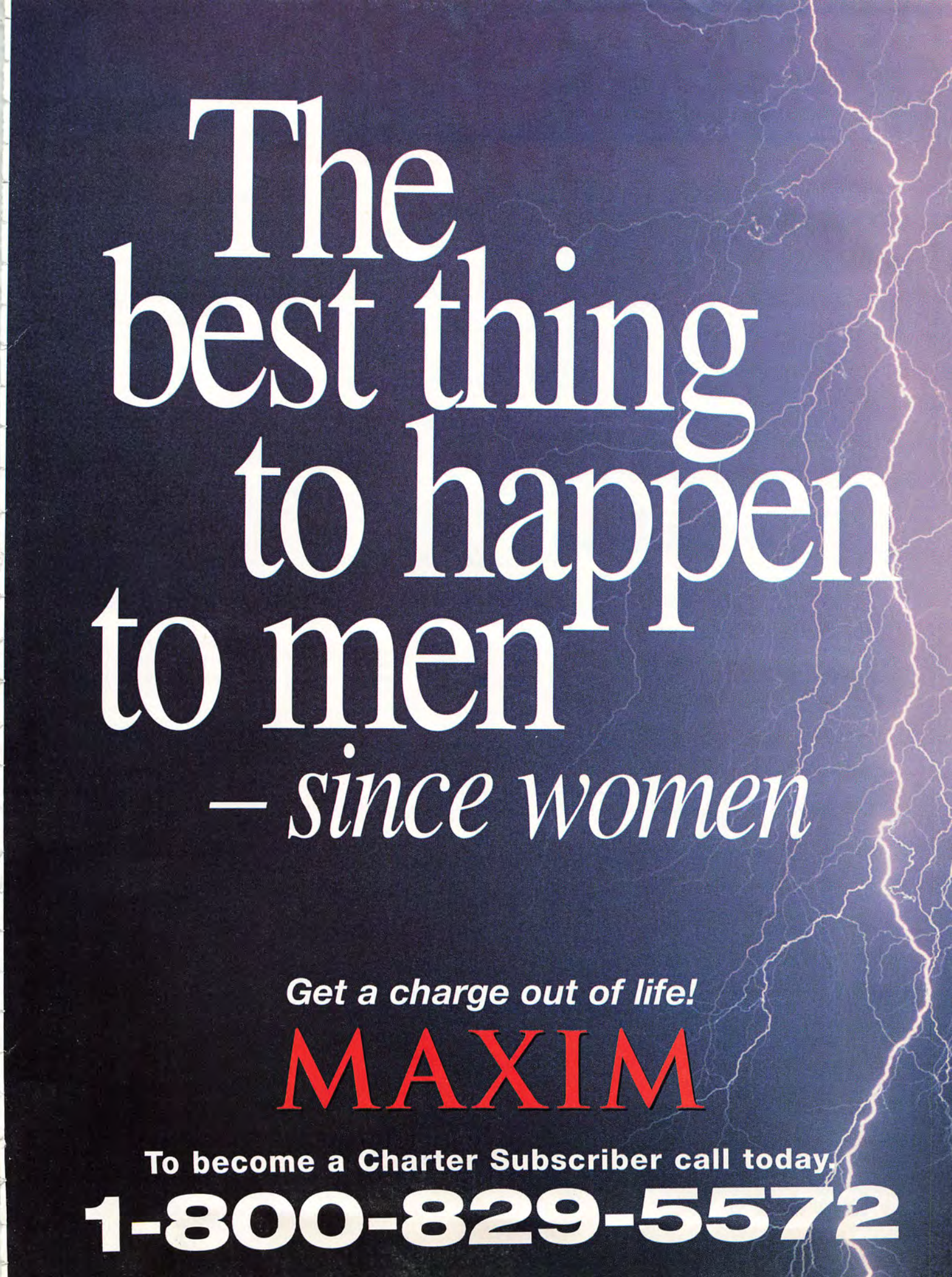
**Men Behaving Badly.** Reviving a recently canceled NBC series, Frank teams up with Marv Albert, another disgraced broadcaster with his own special brand of dirty laundry. On the show, "Frank" (Gifford) is a dimwitted dog with a Clintonesque knack for getting caught turning new tricks, and "Marv" (Albert) is his back-biting buddy who's always having the rug pulled out from on top of him.

**Spin City.** The Gaffer stars as the beleaguered public-relations-expert husband of a nationally adored talk-show host whose clothing line is

manufactured by underage, underpaid, third-world illegal immigrants in dank, dismal sweatshops. Zany high jinks ensue as Frank tries to maintain "Lathie Kee's" public image—and fend off the lust-crazed garment workers who just won't leave him alone.

**Veronica's Closet.** The big guy joins Kirstie Alley's hit series about a mail-order lingerie company. He's her randy former flame whose faltering broadcasting career has forced him to begin modeling support hose in late-night infomercials. In a very special "Albert" episode, Marv turns up as a fashion buyer with an uncanny eye for foundation garments. *M.H.*





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Judd (left): Wanna spar, killer?

## KISS THE GIRLS

(PARAMOUNT, APRIL 14)

**The Story:** Ashley Judd, who escapes the underground lair of a serial killer named Casanova, teams up with forensic psychologist Morgan Freeman to fathom the recesses of the criminal mind and track down the psycho after he kidnaps Freeman's niece.

**The Scoop:** Judd is very tough (not to mention sweaty and buff) as an M.D. whose recreational kickboxing comes in handy—well, footy, anyway—when she takes on Casanova. And Freeman is strong as a grizzled expert hunting a world-class killer. Of course, he's had practice, considering he played the same role in *Seven*, a much better movie. (Kevin Spacey was miles creepier than this Casanova dude, *Seven*'s sleuthing was more gripping, and Gwyneth Paltrow's head doesn't show up in a box anywhere in this entire movie.) Grade: B-



## ALIEN RESURRECTION

(FOX, APRIL 28)

**The Story:** Ellen Ripley is back, cloned 200 years after her *Alien 3* suicide. (Guess now that we can clone, Hollywood can kill off an entire cast and still dredge up sequels.)

**The Scoop:** Sigourney Weaver, looking more cut than you've ever seen her, does battle with that freaky alien again. You know what to expect: hallways dripping with monster-mucus; blood everywhere; death around every corner; Ripley

fighting the alien in her underwear. Although Winona Ryder is completely unconvincing as Ripley's been-around-the-galaxy sidekick—she should have been fed to the monster during the opening credits—the normally taciturn Ripley delivers some kickers, and *Resurrection* comes up with some decent surprises. Grade: A

## SEX, DRUGS, AND DEMOCRACY

(RED HAT, AVAILABLE NOW)

**The Story:** A very un-PBS documentary about the anything-goes Netherlands

**The Scoop:** We see suburban housewives working in brothels. We visit "coffee shops" where you can legally buy and smoke dope. We drop in on the Banana Bar, where customers eat bananas out of women's

naughty places. Yes, the movie's wild, but it's a bit one-sided: The women are happy, the customers are satisfied, and even the authorities seem content. Is everybody really OK with living next door to such high-octane decadence? To rent, dial up [www.anarchytv.com/sdd](http://www.anarchytv.com/sdd).

Grade: A-



## COP LAND

(MIRAMAX, APRIL 21)

**The Story:** Sylvester Stallone, an overweight, nearly deaf sheriff in a tiny town outside New York City, discovers a cover-up that leads from his small-town buddies straight to the NYPD.

**The Scoop:** Too many subplots and hugely wasted talent. Robert De Niro acts like he's reading off cue cards; Ray Liotta barks out pointless dialogue; and Harvey Keitel never quite fits in. Stallone, however, gives a convincing (the extra 40 pounds didn't hurt) performance, his best since *Rocky*. Grade: B-



## IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

(COLUMBIA TRISTAR, AVAILABLE NOW)

**The Story:** Two mid-level execs who just got dumped by their girlfriends come up with a plan: They'll seduce the nicest, gentlest, most fragile woman they can find, then destroy her by ditching her.

**The Scoop:** You'll need a strong stomach as you watch the beautiful Christine, a temp at

the office who's self-conscious, shy, and deaf, for Chrissakes! fall into their trap like a fly who's about to have her wings pulled off. Still, the movie's well-written and strangely spell-binding. Grade: A+

## THE ICE STORM

(FOX, APRIL 14)

**The Story:** Two dysfunctional Connecticut families melt down as the Me Decade gets into full swing and the sexual revolution comes to '70s suburbia.

**The Scoop:** You'll probably relate to the teenage kids, who are busy getting into drugs, tunes, and one another's pants. And you'll wonder if *your* father (here, Kevin Kline) was shuffling *your* neighbor's wife (Sigourney Weaver). And could your parents possibly have participated in "key parties," gimmicky wife-swapping in which women picked car keys out of a bowl and went home with the drivers? Go ahead, ask 'em. Grade: A-



Posey: twisted sister

## HOUSE OF YES

(MIRAMAX, APRIL 14)

**The Story:** Over Thanksgiving turkey with her future in-laws, a wholesome Tori Spelling discovers that her fiancé is having an affair with his own twin sister.

**The Scoop:** If you like your comedy twisted, rent it. Twincestuous sister Parker Posey is also hilariously obsessed with Jackie Kennedy, pillbox hat and all. When her brother/lover brings Spelling home, Posey goes even further off the deep end, pummeling her with ruthless motormouth assaults. This one could have been called *Welcome to the Nuthouse*. Grade: B-

*Reviews by Meakin Armstrong*

Kiss the Girls: Kimberly Wright; Cop Land and House of Yes: Buena Vista Pictures; In the Company of Men: Eric Avener; Alien Resurrection: Everett



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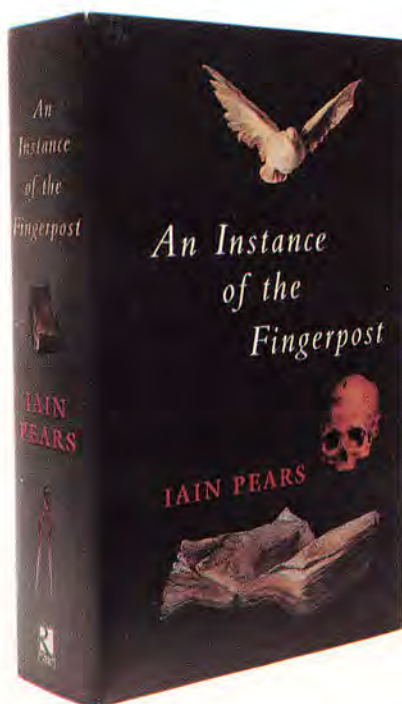
**THIS MONTH'S BEST READS: HIGH DRAMA ON THE HIGH SEAS, GRUESOME MEDICINE OF THE 17TH CENTURY, AND A MOMENT IN THE RING WITH MUHAMMAD ALI.**

## AN INSTANCE OF THE FINGERPOST

**BY IAIN PEARS**

A PROMINENT PROFESSOR in 1663 Oxford is poisoned, and the ensuing investigation devolves into a labyrinth of intrigue. It's a literary mystery, sure, but it's also a gory period medical thriller: We're front row at a 17th-century "Behold, the brain-pan!" autopsy; and later we witness the first attempt at a blood transfusion. (That would be a goose quill shoved in a vein, with a tube leading to a bedside bucket: no anesthesia, no sterilization.) Besides vividly depicting life in the time of leeches, Pears weaves a mystery with four separate narrative threads: the points of view of a madman, a historian, a spy, and a Venetian doctor. All are suspects, and all have compelling, though very different, versions of the truth. Reading *Fingerpost* is like serving 17th-century jury duty on a fascinating case. On the docket: murder one.

(Riverhead, \$27.00)—Aaron Roston



## GIRL IN LANDSCAPE

**BY JONATHAN LETHEM**

THIS MAY BE A SCI-FI WESTERN, but *Girl in Landscape* isn't fit to lick the dusty boot of *Blade Runner*, or even *Westworld*. A teenage girl sees her mother die, then flees postapocalyptic Earth with her dad and brother. They journey to a planet sparsely inhabited by a peaceful race called the Archbuilders (think American Indians, circa 1600), who are being edged out by earthlings...like the amoral, power-hungry Efram, who kills Archbuilders indiscriminately and has his evil eye on our nubile protagonist. It's a cheesy coming-of-age story with a dash of lame sci-fi (a peck of indigenous critters that look like mouse-size giraffes), tired western devices (the story climaxes in a classic showdown between Efram and a human protecting the girl's virtue), and solemnity that weighs down the plot like a cannonball in a newspaper boat. (Doubleday, \$22.95)—Caryn Stabinsky



## MORE THAN A CHAMPION: THE STYLE OF MUHAMMAD ALI

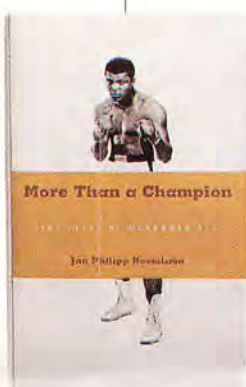
**BY JAN PHILIPP REEMTSMA**

ONCE UPON A TIME, boxers didn't need Don King to make it big. Muhammad Ali, the legendary Louisville Lip ("Moore in four!"), conscientious objector, and superstar ("I am the Greatest!"), KO'd the sporting world with his charisma like nobody before or since. But Reemtsma's fine study of Ali and the sweet science asks a very tough question: Are Ali's scrambled brains the result of his being so caught up in his own hype

that he continued boxing way after he should have thrown in the towel? Fortunately, there's lighter pop history here, too. For example, we learn that the first *Rocky* film was based upon an actual event: When a serious contender dropped out at the last minute before a title fight, Ali decided to give a palooka from Jersey, Chuck Wepner, a shot.

Wepner's face looked like chopped meat by the end of the fight (he was forever after known as "The Bleeder"), but he did go the distance; Sly Stallone wrote a script, and the *Rocky* franchise was born. *More than a Champion* is less than a *Rocky*, perhaps, but it's a well-conceived, well-researched effort.

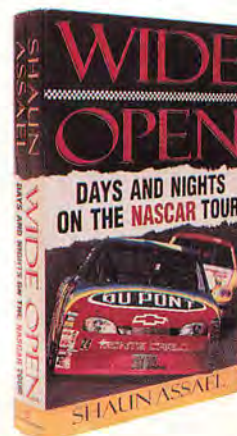
(Knopf, \$21.00)—A.R.



## WIDE OPEN: DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE NASCAR TOUR

**BY SHAUN ASSAEL**

STOCK CAR RACING, which started as an informal *Dukes of Hazzard*-style contest between moonshiners and the law, begat NASCAR. Now NASCAR is busy evolving from white-trash weekend-warrior culture to a megasport involving megadollars. Journalist Assael follows



Photographs by Eric Axene



three racing crews around for an entire Winston Cup season, covering the racing year's high-lights and bringing the circuit's heroes to life. But he also wheels you into the pits to meet the scrappy little guys who are the backbone of NASCAR: struggling drivers who see racing cars as their ticket out of the rural South, as well as superskilled grease monkeys who choose the addictive thrill of the track over the bigger bucks they could be making as their small towns' best mechanics. And he makes you wonder how the hell anybody even finishes a race, what with all the blocking and positioning and passing within inches of one another at the brain-splattering speed of 170 miles an hour. NASCAR is like speed chess for adrenaline junkies, and Assael puts you in the driver's seat.

(Ballantine, \$25.00)—A.R.

## FIRE AND ICE

BY PAUL GARRISON

DOCTORS MICHAEL AND SARAH Stone are sailing



their yacht around the Pacific with their daughter Ronnie, treating islanders and sailors for whatever ails them. But in the tradition of any tale o'

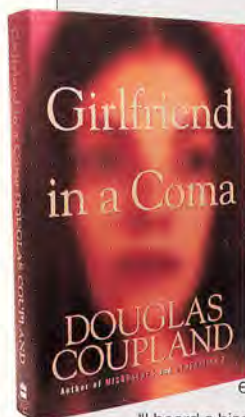
the sea, Paul Garrison's ocean is a harsh and unforgiving place, and before long, modern-day pirates (beepers, no peg legs) have kidnapped Michael's wife and daughter. To rescue them, our tough-guy Daddy commander a succession of boats and takes us on a punishing tour of Micronesia, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Japan. Garrison's no Hemingway, but the action—courtesy of cops, hired guns, and storms—keeps you sailing right along. (Avon, \$15.95)

—Steven Kotok

## INSIDE THE COVERS

# GIRLFRIEND IN A COMA

Maxim takes you between the pages of Douglas Coupland's bizarre new novel.



It's 1979 and Richard Doorland is cruising through his senior year of high school with nothing on his mind but partying and getting laid. It's a slacker state of grace that Coupland, inventor of the dreaded Generation X label, could probably evoke with his eyes closed:

"I heard a hiss—my friend, Hamilton—my own personal patron saint of badly folded maps, damp matches, low-grade pornography, bad perms, tetracycline, and borrowed cigarettes. He beckoned me from inside a hedge of laurels just ahead of the parked car, hissing, 'Richard, drag your butt in here.'

"I complied, and inside I found a branchy wigwam rife with headache-inducing Mexican pot of the weakest caliber. Roughly ten of Hamilton's drug buddies were taking furiously. In no mood for a headache, I said, 'Jesus, Ham—it smells like an egg fart inside a subway car. Come out and meet me and the girls.'"

One of the girls is Karen Ann MacNeil, Richard's Tab-drinking, pill-popping main squeeze, and the real story begins when Richard finally scores with her. The sex is mind-blowing: metaphorically for Richard, literally for Karen, who, with the help of some Valium, soon thereafter slips into a coma, just like the title says. But wait: The love of Richard's young life isn't just knocked out that night; she's knocked up, too, and gives birth to their baby 9 months later, without waking.

So, what'd you get for graduation? And then the weirdness really kicks in. Turns out Karen had

slipped Richard a note before going catatonic, a basic I-have-a-premonition-that-I'll-go-into-a-coma-and-would-you-mind-waiting-for-me-until-I-wake-up letter, so Richard waits 18 celibate years. Why? Well, while she's down for the count, Richard's having supervivid visions of her. And, like we said, the sex was amazing.

Though the waiting takes its toll ("I truly wondered if I was in some kind of coma myself, shambling through life with an IV drip filled with Scotch"), Richard bucks up a bit when he and his buds get jobs on a paranoid, supernatural TV series à la *The X-Files*. By the time Karen wakes up, midway through the book, their conspiracy-theory-entangled lives are as confusing and freaky as Scully and Mulder on acid. *Girlfriend's* plot twists are odd indeed, but Coupland's dark humor and wild imagination corral the chaos for a wild and woolly but very engaging ride. —John Searles

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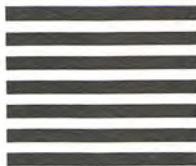
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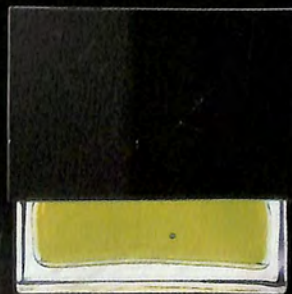


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